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MEMOIR OF THE REVEREND

CHARLES A. CHASTEL DE BOINVILLE.

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MEMOIR OF THE REVEREND

CHARLES A. CHASTEL DE BOINVILLE

COMPILED

FROM HIS JOURNAL AND HIS LETTERS

BY THOMAS CONSTABLE

AUTHOR OF

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS

WITH A PORTRAIT

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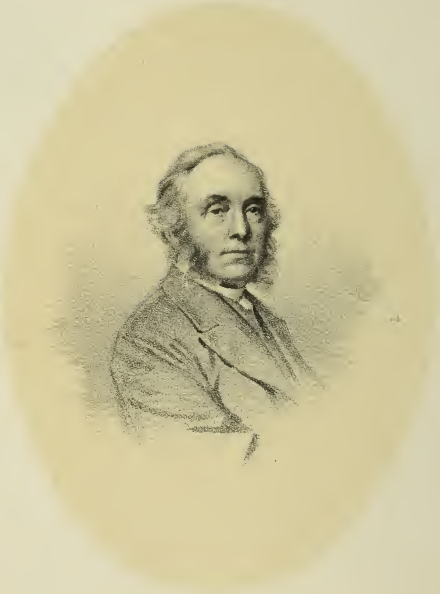

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PREFACE.

It is now fifteen years since I won the friendship of Charles de Boinville, whom I had long heard described, by an aunt who thoroughly appreciated him, as the most perfect Christian she had ever known. She it was who introduced us, saying, "You will love Charles." In 1864 I visited him at Bar-le-Duc, and spent several days as a member of his family, never to be forgotten for the enjoyment, while they glided by too quickly, and for the elevating memories they have left behind.

Our intercourse has since then been frequent, and the estimation in which he has been held by me rose steadily with every opportunity afforded. His loving nature led him to reciprocate esteem, perhaps unduly, and while shrinking from the responsibility involved in an acceptance of her proposal, I felt both gratified and surprised when invited by the widow of my friend to edit a Memorial of his life.

Of the status of M. de Boinville as a theologian I am incompetent to speak; his efficiency as a pastor will be

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evinced by extracts from his private Journal, and corroborated by the testimony of those who came under his influence in that capacity, while his character as a man shines forth in every action of his life. A spiritual telescope of no mean power would be required to enable me to follow him to those spiritual heights where he breathed freely, and habitually lived. I feel indeed like the feeble copier of a portrait originally produced by heavenly art, and if I shall succeed in rendering its mere lineaments correctly, must leave my readers to realise the picture as they can.

If neither a hero, a martyr, an orator, nor a leader and commander of the people, according to the world's acceptance and definition of its great ones, Charles de Boinville possessed a heroic nature and a martyr's spirit, and he had the eloquence of the eye and heart, by which—when he felt himself to be proclaiming the truth of God—he swept away barriers of prejudice and error that the subtlest logic might have altogether failed to move. He abounded in the grace that "never faileth."

T. C.

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES DE BOINVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

Jean Baptiste Chastel de Boinville, born and brought up at Metz—Marries Mademoiselle de Domangeville, but is soon left a widower—He becomes acquainted with M. de Lafayette, and is closely associated with him in political matters, as one of his aides-de-camp—Attack by the mob on the royal family at Versailles—M. de Boinville's property confiscated by the Revolutionary Government—He finds himself penniless in London—Marries Miss Collins—Matrimonial vicissitudes—Joins *la grande Armée*, and falls a victim to the cold in the retreat from Moscow.—Dr. William Lambe, Charles de Boinville's maternal grandfather, a distinguished physician and chemist—Is the first to introduce the springs of Leamington to public notice, and becomes an earnest advocate of total abstinence from malt and alcohol, and of the exclusive use of vegetables as food—He becomes a believer in Christ's Divinity at the eleventh hour.

I HAVE thought [writes the subject of the following Memoir] that after my death and that of my aunt Cornelia Turner, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to gather any certain information of the career of my grandfather, a man whose abilities and high connections, together with the part he took in politics and in some of the principal events of the French Revolution, would probably have brought him into greater notice had he been more fortunate in the declining years of his life; and it may be that our children and grandchildren will be glad to know something of one of their forefathers whose lot was cast in troublous times. From a few old documents,

and from the recollection of what my grandmother and my aunt have said and written to me, I have collected the following facts:—

Jean Baptiste Chastel de Boinville was born at Metz in Lorraine, on the 15th of July 1756. His father was Jean Baptiste Ignace Chastel de Villemont, Écuyer, Grand-maître des Eaux et Forêts du Clairmontois, et Trésorier principal de l'extraordinaire des guerres à Metz. His mother's name was Lucie Françoise Dupasquier de Dommartin. According to the custom of the time, and the rights of the French nobility, Jean Baptiste Chastel, who was the second son, took the name and title of *de Boinville*, from an estate and village of that name near Étain, about ten miles to the east of Verdun, and between that town and Metz. By some family arrangement, however, he received the estate of Oriocourt, which had been intended for his younger brother. Nevertheless, both brothers retained the appellation originally given them.

My grandfather was brought up at Metz, which was then, as now, a thoroughly fortified and military town, a circumstance which, I have thought, may have contributed to give him those military tastes which afterwards distinguished him. But he was often at Boinville, where the family had then an estate and a tolerably good house, built upon the site of the former Château de Boinville, a strongly fortified castle, which had been besieged several times, and was at last taken and burned to the ground by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus.[1]

[1] In an account of the Département de la Meuse there occurs the following passage regarding the Château de Boinville :—" Boinville est célèbre dans l'histoire de Verdun par la résistance de son château en 1543. Les hérétiques, commandés par le Comte Furstemberg, se présentèrent alors devant ce château, et fûrent obligés de se retirer après avoir essuyé

My grandfather received a good education, and was at the early age of twenty-one already employed as Fermier-général at Moulins, in which capacity he was in the receipt of a very large income—a great misfortune for so young a man—for, ample as were his means, they were insufficient to supply his wants. His chief defect was a too great ductility of character, and a too open-handed inclination to follow his tastes without regard to expense. His temper was remarkably sweet, his spirits even and cheerful; his mind was cultivated and intelligent, his taste exquisitely refined. In person he was tall and handsome; in manners and appearance he was singularly agreeable.

Whilst still young, M. de Boinville met in Paris a young lady—a distant relative, I believe,—Mlle. de Domangeville, to whom he became attached, and whom he asked in marriage. Difficulties were raised, chiefly on account of his inclination to extravagance; but he was just then expecting to enter into the office of Fermier-général, and the young lady, who was passionately attached to him, bore down all opposition. They were married, and spent a few happy years together, but after the birth of her only child, Eugène, the young wife fell into bad health, and died of consumption. Eugène Chastel de Boinville grew up, entered the army, and fell honourably in the defence of Paris against the Allies after the battle of Waterloo, leaving no issue.

de grandes pertes. À quelque temps de là, étant revenus avec des troupes plus considérables, et sous la conduite du même général, ni la force des tours, ni la bravoure de la garnison, ne purent garantir le château de l'incendie et du pillage. Plusieurs prêtres et un grand nombre de seigneurs qui s'y étaient réfugiés, furent faits prisonniers. Le château a eu encore la gloire d'être attaqué et pris en 1639 par le comte Piccolomini, général fameux des armées impériales. Aujourd'hui le château de Boinville existe encore, mais ce n'est pas l'ancienne forteresse féodale."

The widower was thrown more than ever into the world, where he had now for some years been living in the midst of the most brilliant society, and had become acquainted with M. de Lafayette. They were mutually attracted towards each other, and a close friendship ensued, which lasted to the end of their lives.

Those were days of great political excitement. The French Revolution was beginning, society was split into various factions, and party spirit knew no bounds. This, however, was not the case with M. de Boinville; like Lafayette he belonged to the liberal and *constitutional* party, and, without holding as yet any well-digested or organised system of politics, was warmly attached to every principle of liberty. Yet was he never an exclusive party man, and never allowed party spirit to interfere with his private friendships. He continued on the most affectionate terms with his brothers, who were opposed to him in politics. André Chénier the poet, a royalist, was his intimate friend. The elder Chastel, and the younger brother, De Bazancourt, both in the army, were strong royalists; the latter fell in a political duel.

Lafayette was at the height of popularity. Just returned from the American war, a halo of glory shone round him, and his friends drew closer to him, and formed together a kind of social Band of Hope, and of defence against the rising storm of revolution which, rolling wave upon wave amidst contending parties, seemed to threaten the wreck and ruin of all. He and eleven others, of whom my grandfather was one, were the first to wear in public the badge of the Constitutional Government, the tri-coloured cockade. Shortly afterwards the national favourite was called to the command of the newly established

National Guard, and he at once named as one of his aides-de-camp his friend de Boinville.

My grandfather was present on the ever-memorable occasion of the famous attack by the Paris rabble on the royal family at Versailles. The populace were irritated by scarcity, which, by the intrigues and wicked devices of Philippe, Duke of Orleans, commonly called Égalité, the father of Louis Philippe, they had been led to attribute to the bad will of those in power; and believing that cheapness would be brought about by the return of the Court to Paris, the mob, headed by evil-designing agents, and a few enthusiasts, turned out at night, and thronged the road to Versailles, fully bent on forcing their way into the Palace, and laying hold of the King and Queen. On the 5th of October 1789, at early dawn, Lafayette, who had during the night received intelligence of the plot, started with his aide-de-camp, and arrived at Versailles in time to reassure the King and Queen. The Guards were doubled, and all necessary precautions taken. As the excited crowds poured into the town, each group was dispersed by the National Guards. The day was spent in strict watch.

Towards night all appeared perfectly calm. The streets were empty. The people had retired to rest; the lights were out. After repeated rounds, at one in the morning of the 6th, M. de Lafayette and his staff passed through the whole town; all was dark, silent, and apparently steeped in deep repose. General Lafayette had returned to his quarters; M. de Boinville threw himself still dressed upon his bed. He was very light of sleep, a quality which M. de Lafayette greatly appreciated, for in that respect the General could not place an equal reliance on his other officers. Had he been less so, possibly the Queen might

have met with a more speedy death. He had hardly slept an hour, when he was awoke by a confused noise. Jumping up, he quickly ascertained that there was an attack on the Palace. At the head of a few men hastily collected, while the drum beat to arms, he rushed with the General thither. M. de Lafayette entered by a secret door and reached the King's apartment, whilst my grandfather, with his handful of men, entered by the great door, which had been forced open. Hurrying up the grand staircase, he found lying upon the steps the mangled bodies of two gardes-du-corps. The head of one of them had literally been cut off. Reinforcements just then came in and joined them.

The Queen was especially obnoxious to the people, believing as they did that she hated them, as no doubt she did already to a certain extent, and gave bad advice to the King, which by many historians is believed also to be true. Like wild beasts in search of their prey, the mob had already broken open the door of the Queen's apartment, and by the time my grandfather arrived the rooms were full of ruffians, so bent on finding her, that they even stabbed the mattresses of her bed with their swords and knives, thinking she might be hidden under them. They were now, however, driven out, and whilst the Palace was being cleared of the mob, the Queen found her way to the King's apartment, while the crowd outside, composed not only of the ruffians who had sought to murder the Queen, but of a mass of poor men, women, and children, continued to call out for the King and *cheap bread.*

Thousands upon thousands were there at daybreak, whilst Lafayette, the favourite of the people, and trusted

by the King, but hated by the Queen, was consulting with the royal family as to what could be done. He advised satisfying the wishes of the people by returning to Paris, and trying to reconcile the two parties by assuring the crowd of his Majesty's goodwill, both as regarded themselves and the observance of the new Constitution. But how could he show his friendly feeling towards her? how convey to such excited noisy multitudes the assurance of his determination to satisfy them, and, at the same time, to protect the Queen? A thought struck him: taking the Queen by the hand, he walked with her to the balcony, and tried, but in vain, to harangue the multitude. Finding it impossible to gain a hearing, he spoke by signs. Presenting the Queen to them, he chivalrously kissed her hand, then taking off his tricoloured cockade he exchanged it for a white one, which he took from one of the guards, giving the latter his own tricolour. These signs were understood, and excited a roar of applause.

The journey of the King and Queen was safely performed under the escort of the National Guard. My grandfather was appointed to ride on one side of the carriage in which was Marie Antoinette, Lafayette being on the other. The Queen the whole time constantly kept her head turned away from the window, saying to one of her ladies, who afterwards told my grandfather, "Je ne puis pas souffrir de voir M. de Boinville." He could never tell in what this aversion originated. I believe it was simply because she felt, which was really the case, that she was more like a prisoner than a Queen. The King openly said so, though it was evident that Lafayette's conduct could only be explained by his sincere desire to serve his Majesty. It would have been easy indeed to abandon him. It was natural that a

woman of Marie Antoinette's character should convey her hatred of the position to the man next to her, who appeared to be her keeper, while she knew not that possibly she owed her life to him. Alas! might it not have been better for her had she been saved the few remaining months she had to live? On the 14th of July 1790 my grandfather was present at the ceremony of the first federation, and stood with Lafayette close to the royal family.

The Duke of Orleans was at that time in England, together with most of the nobility, and Lafayette was extremely anxious to avert the return to France of so dangerous an enemy to the royal family, and to the then existing order of things. The General felt that Égalité's absence was necessary, in the excited state of the public mind, both for the Duke's own safety and for that of the King. To urge upon him the various motives which should induce him to remain quietly abroad, Lafayette determined to send a confidential messenger, and for this purpose he chose M. de Boinville, as best able to fulfil so delicate a mission. The Duke received the envoy with all politeness, but the various interviews had no satisfactory result.[1] Philippe Égalité returned to France in order to

[1] The following extract from *Life and Times of Louis Philippe, King of the French*, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., deals with the same point of history :—

"The National Assembly now decreed that all the regiments of the line, and the national guards of the kingdom, should send deputies to Paris, who, in their own and the names of their corps, should take the civic oath; and the 14th July was appointed for the ceremony. The Duke of Orleans, knowing that the ostensible object of his mission was completed, and the prospect of an abundant harvest highly probable, was unwilling to be absent from a ceremony connected, in popular estimation, with the fondest hopes of national prosperity. He determined therefore to leave England in time to be present at this national fête. The Marquis de la

work the ruin of his royal kinsman: in so doing he rushed upon his own destruction, and died on the scaffold. My grandfather was at that time aide-de-camp to Lafayette in the regular army, having been appointed by the General himself, who, in the hour of danger from the foreign enemy, had, notwithstanding the King's repugnance, been called to the command of the army at Metz.

The tide of revolution was sweeping all before it with increasing violence. Though, while in London on the secret mission above mentioned, my grandfather resided at the house of the French ambassador, M. de Lauriston, a distant relative, his name was ere long put down by the Revolutionary Government on the list of Emigrants, and his property of Oriocourt confiscated, because he did not choose to run the risk of returning at once to France.

M. de Boinville found himself penniless in London.

Fayette, . . . who during the absence of the Duke of Orleans possessed an unrivalled influence in the capital, felt considerable alarm at the idea of his return. He was apprehensive lest the presence of the Prince might be made a pretext for an *émeute* during the meeting of the *Fédérés*. Anticipating such a misfortune, Lafayette directed M. de Boinville, one of his aide-de-camps then proceeding to London, in his name, to place before the Duke the interruption to be apprehended to the public peace from his appearance among the Parisians at a moment of such excitement. Boinville, warmly seconded by the French ambassador, waited on the Duke, and urged all those arguments with which Lafayette had supplied him. Having first coolly desired that they would reduce their reasons to a written form, and attach their signatures to the document, as soon as they had complied, the Duke addressed the envoys in the most playful mood, inquiring whether they had any commissions to execute at Paris, as he expected to be there in a few days.

"Before his arrival, however, he caused a pamphlet to be distributed, professing to be written by himself, and to contain an explanation of every act of his political existence."[1]

[1] Entitled *Exposé de la conduite de M. le Duc d'Orléans, dans la révolution de France. Rédigé par lui-même à Londres*, which was completely refuted by *Réponse à l'Exposé*, etc.

This stroke was all the more painful from the fact that he had sent back his infant child, Eugène, to France, in order that he at least might not lose his right to French citizenship, nor be deprived of his mother's property. He found himself alone in a foreign country, and with no resources but such remittances as his mother, who was still living at Boinville, could occasionally send him. To return to France was out of the question, as he learned ere long by the public prints that no fewer than seventeen of his relatives of varying political views had been sent to the scaffold.

It was about this time that M. de Boinville was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Collins, a gentleman whose house was the resort of many of the *constitutional* emigrants. Mr. Collins had travelled on the Continent, was a good French scholar, and sympathised with these emigrants in their political opinions. M. de Boinville became a favourite guest, was always spoken of with praise, and approved of as a high-minded gentleman, who had embraced the principles of a constitutional revolution, for the sake of which he had suffered the loss of fortune and of the brightest prospects.

It happened naturally enough that, in frequent intercourse, an attachment arose between M. de Boinville and the eldest daughter of the family, who was at that time not only an ardent admirer of all that savoured of liberty —which she remained to the last,—but an exceedingly pretty girl, full of generous feeling, and with a mind of unusual power. She had early imbibed the political principles of her father, which she carried indeed still further. Round her slight figure she wore the badge of republicanism, a wide red band, and I have often heard her call herself

une enfant de la Révolution. With this she had also unfortunately accepted the principles of the false philosophy of the age, but her general conduct, unbounded generosity, devotedness of character, and unfeigned modesty of nature, might well have put many professing Christians to the blush, for in the refinement and elevation of her sentiments she surpassed almost any woman I have ever known.

Authorised by Miss Collins to communicate with her father on the subject, M. de Boinville wrote to him asking the hand of his daughter. Mr. Collins answered that to himself personally he had no objection whatever, "mais qu'avec lui sa fille manquerait le pain;" and he at the same time requested the suitor to discontinue his visits, sternly forbidding his daughter to think any more of M. de Boinville. At this she was indignant. Her father had large estates in St. Vincent's: the marriage-portion she had a right to expect was amply sufficient to maintain a family. She had £200 a year of her own, left to her by her grandmother, and on this she determined to marry. One only objection she had to M. de Boinville: she would not marry a man in the army. In friendly correspondence with M. de Lafayette, my grandfather informed the General of the young lady's objection to his *épaulettes.* Lafayette advised him in these circumstances to resign his commission, and to marry in England if he could. This advice was followed.

Mr. Collins continued to oppose the marriage, and they determined to elope. My grandmother's brother and sister, who were much attached to M. de Boinville, were both in the secret, and one day, during the father's absence, they procured a carriage and four; the pair made off for Scotland, and were married by the famous black-

smith of Gretna Green. On returning home Mr. Collins heard of what had happened, and immediately followed the couple, but only met them on their return journey, when he witnessed their marriage according to the Anglican rite, I believe at Arthuret Church, Longtown. In the course of a few months, his anger being appeased, a complete reconciliation took place, and he brought his daughter and son-in-law to his country-house at Willesden. Their first child, named Cornelia, was born in Mr. Collins's house, February 23d, 1795.

Very different was the lot of my grandfather at this time from that of his dear General. Lafayette and his two aides-de-camp had been captured by the Austrians as they fled from the Revolutionary Government, and being, by the advice of the Baron Breteuil, who represented the King's family, thrown into prison, they suffered the most extreme hardship during a captivity of five years, at Magdeburg and Olmütz. My grandfather joined with many others in earnest and persevering efforts to obtain their release, especially that of Lafayette, and Mr. Collins subscribed a considerable sum with a view to procure their freedom. Two fruitless attempts were made, the first failing chiefly because Lafayette nobly refused to acquiesce in one necessary step, the killing of a sentinel; the second, because, after making their escape from prison, they missed their road, and were recaptured. Different Governments —those of England and of the United States in particular —tried without success to persuade Austria and Prussia to let them go free. But the aspect of affairs had now changed in France. Louis XVI. had been beheaded, the "Reign of Terror" had ended, and General Bonaparte was carrying his victorious arms into Italy, driving the

Austrians everywhere before him. It was to his country's victories, and to the voice of Bonaparte, that Lafayette and his fellow-captives owed their release.

During the most of this time my grandfather was leading a quiet life in England, though at times actively engaged in correspondence with Lafayette's friends on the subject of the deliverance of the General and of his former colleagues.

His life glided softly by, till news came of a rising of the negroes in St. Vincent's. Mr. Collins's estate had been laid waste, his buildings burnt to the ground, and it became necessary for him to go to the island with a view to repairing his losses and restoring order. He was very popular amongst the black population. While there he proposed to his son-in-law to join him, holding out the prospect that a part, and perhaps the whole, of his property might be placed under M. de Boinville's superintendence. This chance of an independence was not to be refused. They embarked with their infant child for the West Indies.

During those days of warfare merchant vessels never ventured on a long voyage without the convoy of a ship of war, which protected a fleet. In the present instance the place of rendezvous was Cork. Bad weather set in; the child fell ill, and change of air was recommended. Just about this time the famous French expedition attempted to land at Bantry Bay. A Frenchman's position under these circumstances was not a pleasant one, but it happened that they were well acquainted with Lord Jocelyn, the commander of the British troops in those parts, and Lady Jocelyn kindly took the sick child and its parents under her hospitable roof. M. de Boinville thus escaped suspicion.

The French having retired, and the wind changing, the trading vessels sailed. The passage was a stormy one, but they arrived safely in the seas of the Windward Islands. They crossed many vessels here, and one day there was an alarm of French ships in sight. All necessary preparations were made for an engagement, the gentlemen on board volunteering their services, and my grandfather among the rest, although by so doing he ran the risk, had he been taken by the French, of being shot as a traitor to his country. This consideration did not, however, prevent him doing what he felt in honour bound to do, and he took his part in the watch. Of the details of this anxious part of the voyage I remember little of what my grandmother told me, but I know that on one occasion she was placed at the bottom of a boat, and heard the balls whistling across from the ships of the enemy. No serious injury was done, however, and they arrived safely at St. Vincent's, where the chief event of the first year was my father's birth. The true reason for Mr. Collins drawing M. de Boinville and his family to the West Indies probably was that he might have the pleasure of their society, for his son-in-law was not calculated to direct the estate. He himself not only repaired all the damage that had been done, but rendered the property more valuable than ever, and soon returned with his children and grandchildren to England.

My grandfather thus remained in a great measure dependent on his father-in-law, and at last the situation became so irksome that he determined, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, to seek some means of gaining his own bread, and of living independently. The property of his son Eugène had been sequestrated, although he had

continued to live in France; but the "Reign of Terror" and of the Directory was over: Bonaparte was now First Consul. M. de Boinville returned to France to get his name struck off the Emigrant list, and found his way thither through Germany. His absence was protracted for many months longer than he had intended, and my grandmother determined, notwithstanding the opposition of her father, to join her husband in France. She sailed in a neutral vessel for Dunkirk or Boulogne, where M. de Boinville again met his family. Here, however, she was detained for some time by the suspicious police, and my grandfather was obliged to go in person to Paris to obtain leave to bring them to the capital, where at length my grandmother was introduced to her husband's family, who esteemed and admired her much, and also to M. de Lafayette, who ever afterwards entertained towards her feelings of the highest and most friendly respect.

M. de Boinville did not conclude his business so soon as he had expected, and Mr. Collins steadfastly adhered to a threat of stopping his daughter's allowance until she returned to England, which she was thus forced to do, leaving her husband on the Continent. Several times during the war, before and after the Peace of Amiens, she crossed the sea with her children, or with money; no easy matter in those troublous times, but her courage was great. On one occasion she was wellnigh shipwrecked with her little ones; on another she was taken prisoner at the Hague, but the jailer was so fascinated by her beauty, and moved by her sorrows, that he contrived to allow her to make her escape. On another occasion, when she had been to fetch money in England, and was on her return to France on board of a smuggling

vessel, rough weather came on, the vessel was driven ashore, and she had to get upon a sailor's back to land; just then a huge wave threw them all down, and she had the sorrow of seeing most of her bank-notes floating upon the foaming sea, without any hope of recovering them. Such were some of the hardships she endured with the most unflinching fortitude, and which ought to have prevented all disagreement between her husband and herself; but England had become distasteful to M. de Boinville as a residence, and war made travelling so irksome that he tarried long before he consented to return. He did so, however, at last, and it was during his stay at Watford that the news of peace, the famous Peace of Amiens (1802), broke unexpectedly on the world. The postmaster was the first to receive the joyful tidings, and wishing to have the pleasure of communicating the intelligence in person to my grandfather, he went to the house where the whole family were assembled, together with several French gentlemen,—amongst them M. D'Arblay, husband of the author of *Cecilia* (Miss Burney). Deep was the impression produced on all by the reading of the official announcement of the restoration of the blessings of peace—to be, alas! of short duration. M. D'Arblay was so moved that he went down on his knees, and thanked the Author of every good gift.

Notwithstanding the hope of lasting peace, M. de Boinville would not reside in England; he again left his family; war soon broke out, nor was it till after several years that they were once more brought together. My aunt Cornelia fell ill, and it was thought necessary to remove her to Lisbon. The family touched at Nantes, where M. de Boinville joined them, and where it was agreed that so soon as his daughter's health was restored

they should all meet in Paris, a plan which was carried out. Mr. Collins however died about that time, and it became necessary for my grandmother to return to England on business; the family took leave for the last time of my grandfather in Paris. During his wife's absence he determined to accept a good appointment which was just then offered him in the Commissariat department of the army, and was named *Directeur des Vivres*, a high and lucrative post. In this capacity he accompanied Napoleon and *la grande armée* in the disastrous campaign of 1812. He was then fifty-six years of age. Full of ardour still, and burning with the hope of regaining an independent position, he left Paris with the army, and shared all the hardships and vicissitudes of the famous retreat from Moscow. With hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen he fell a victim to the cold. In passing the Beresina his feet were frozen, and he was carried to the military hospital at Wilna, where, after lingering for a few days, and frequently calling out for his daughter Cornelia, he died as a prisoner of war, on the 7th of February 1813. Here I must leave him in the hands of a merciful God, with this only reflection, that it is better to be a soldier of Christ than to serve in the armies of this world, and that we cannot feel sufficiently thankful that in our days we have seen nothing but peace between the two great Western Powers of Europe. C. DE B.

WILLIAM LAMBE, the grandfather of Charles de Boinville on the mother's side, was born on the 26th of February 1765, and died on the 11th of June 1847, beloved and lamented, at the age of eighty-two. He is thus described by Dr. Francis Hawkins in the Harveian

Oration before the College of Physicians of London :— "Dr. William Lambe was an excellent chemist—his skill detected lead in water,—a learned man, and a skilful physician. His manners were simple, unreserved, most modest, and his life was pure." Samuel Johnson, quoting Dr. Parr, eulogises him as "a man of learning, of science, of genius, and of distinguished integrity and honour;" while Walter Savage Landor, in the introduction to a collection of his own poems, writes of Dr. Lambe as "the wisest and best man it has ever been my happiness to know."

As a boy, William Lambe was head of the Hereford Grammar School, and went when very young to St. John's College, Cambridge, where at the age of twenty-one he took his degree as fourth Wrangler of his year, and was elected Fellow of his College. At Cambridge he continued to reside until his marriage, in 1794, to Harriet Mary, daughter of John Welsh, Esquire, of Warwick, and he devoted himself while there with characteristic diligence to the study of medicine. He became a distinguished member of the medical profession, and was at a later period elected Fellow and Censor of the College of Physicians in London.

For some years after his marriage Dr. Lambe practised at Warwick, and there it was that he became the intimate friend of Walter Savage Landor, and of the celebrated Dr. Parr. Samuel Johnson attributes to "the exertions and publications of Dr. Lambe" the first introduction to general notice of the springs of Leamington, which was then only a village, and is now a large and flourishing town. When about the age of forty years he became an enthusiastic advocate of the use of distilled water as a

beverage, and of vegetables as food, to the entire exclusion of malt and alcohol, and of butcher's meat.

He rode his hobbies gracefully, and, so far as personal health was concerned, with complete success. Until the age of forty he had been of delicate constitution, but under the altered regimen he gained health yearly. His grandson tells us that at the age of seventy-five, after walking upwards of twenty miles in pouring rain, arriving at a hotel so late as "to deter him from attempting to arouse the servants" (!), he "turned into the inn-yard and deposited his exhausted body, wet and weary, in the corner of a fly which stood there. This night's rest cost him an attack of lumbago." Four years later, in the month of September, when seventy-nine years of age, having lost his way in a very dark night, and being much fatigued, he selected the driest ditch he could find, and lay down in it, with a double *Times* newspaper as his only covering,—escaping, wonderful to relate, without evil consequence.

Dr. Lambe, we are told, passed much of his time in chemical experiments, and continued these to the end of his life. The results were frequently disastrous, but his equanimity was never disturbed; and it is related that on the occurrence of an explosion which alarmed the whole household, his daughters rushed into the laboratory, which they found full of smoke, and in great confusion. Their father was breathing hard, with his head out of the window; his eyelashes and eyebrows were burnt almost off, his hair and whiskers singed, and his shirt-collar on fire. On their entrance he merely exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed; it is just what I expected, just what I expected!"

His diet was exclusively vegetarian, and although he

probably preferred to have his vegetables cooked, we find him telling a friend that he had breakfasted on one raw cauliflower, and was just going to dine on another! He did not even disdain uncooked potatoes; and however unpalatable and undainty such food may appear to us, it must have suited the constitution of Dr. Lambe, for he had reached the age of eighty years before his strength began to fail, and he followed the same diet to the last, enjoying life until a few weeks before he died.

His latter years were passed at Henwood, near Hereford, on an estate which had descended to him by inheritance from his elder brother, and had been possessed by the family of Lambe for upwards of two hundred years. His eldest daughter, Madame de Boinville, who resided near him, gives the following interesting account of her father's transition from the Unitarian creed to an assured faith in Jesus Christ as indeed the Son of God :—

A Saviour's love at the eleventh hour.

Dr. L—, a physician residing in London, was a man of great classical and mathematical attainments. He had been a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and fourth Wrangler in honours of his year. He was an upright, honourable, and irreproachable man in all the relations of life. He held deistical opinions up to the age of eighty years. At that age he was attacked by an illness which he bore with great patience and resignation, and which threatened his life, but from which he recovered, and was induced by his son to give up his practice and live with him on an estate of his own in the country. His eldest daughter resided in the same neighbourhood.

Though infirm from advanced age, Dr. L— retained

all his faculties, and his love of literature. Under his dictation, only a few weeks before his death, his daughter corrected one of his former publications for the press. One day, shortly after his arrival in the country, when she was alone with him, she reflected painfully on the unbelieving state of her father's mind, and though it was a trying effort to probe the conscience of a revered parent, she felt it to be her duty to make that effort. She therefore addressed him as follows :—

"My dear father, you well know how many sorrows and trials I have had to endure, yet I should be perfectly happy, but for one sorrow that still weighs on me."

"What is that?"

"It is that *you* are not a believer in God's revealed Word."

"Well, my dear, I have no desire to disturb your faith."

"But *I* want *you* to have the same blessed source of peace and happiness."

Presently her father rose from his chair, and walked up and down the room with an air of agitation. Suddenly he turned round on his daughter, and exclaimed in a voice that startled her, "Do you believe that I shall be damned because I can't believe that God came into this world as a little child?" Faintly, she replied, "It is not for *me* to say that you will be damned, my dear father; but *I* should be condemned if I did not thus believe."

Again he paced the room, and there was a long silence. At length he stopped, and said, "I hope I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that I know better than Locke and Newton, and many other great men who were believers."

His daughter then urged, "There is but one thing I wish you would do."

"And what is that?"

"I wish you would once more read the Bible carefully, and with prayer for the aid of God's Holy Spirit to teach you to understand it."

He replied, "I promise you I will, my dear."

That was enough. She knew that this man of truth would keep his word. She said, "Will you allow me to read a portion of the Scriptures to you now?" He consented. She read the first chapter of the prophet Isaiah and the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. He said they were very remarkable. From that day he began to "search the Scriptures," and an attendant who waited on him said that he kept his Bible by his bedside, and read long in it every morning.

His daughter had been earnestly praying for his conversion, but she thought it wise when visiting him to say little on religious subjects, unless he himself led the conversation to them. Time rolled on, and she saw with thankfulness that he attended the Lord's Table. One day she found him alone, standing with his hands placed on the great Bible which lay open on the table, and the first thing he said to her was, "I find from this book that I have been all my life long in error. I have done every action for the sake of man; I ought to have done all for the sake of God!"

Another day, reading in the book of Job, he remarked what a clear statement of the gospel there was in that ancient record. At another time he asked to have passages pointed out relating to the resurrection; at another he would, aloud, call over in his mind some former actions

of his life, probing his conscience. For upwards of two years he continued thus employed in a diligent search after truth, with childlike simplicity, and at the same time he read the New Testament in Greek; but his son remarked to his sister that he had never yet observed any clear acknowledgment of faith in the atonement of Christ. At length came the day of trial: he again fell seriously ill. His daughter was sent for, and the son and daughter watched over him day and night. He often called the latter to read and pray with him. On one occasion while she was reading some passages of Scripture in a book of selections for the sick, he said, "O yes, we are all sin; God is all good; we need a righteousness not our own."

The evening before his death he called his daughter to him; she placed her hand in his, and he exclaimed, with great earnestness, "I go along with you heart and soul. The Saviour contends for us to the last hour; the grace of the Saviour is with me to this very moment."

CHAPTER II.

1819–1841.

Charles de Boinville's early years—His mother's confidence in him—Determines to become a farmer—Letter from his grandmother—Account of his home life, and of the effect produced on him by reading the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—Seized with a strong desire to preach the gospel in France—He joins the Wesleyan Methodists, who offered at the time the only open door—Conversation with a Roman Catholic priest—He studies at Lille under M. Marzials, becomes acquainted with Caroline Marsh, and records a curious social experience in a French family—Interesting letter from his grandmother, and reminiscence of him at Lille by the Rev. R. B. Watson.

Alfred Chastel de Boinville, the only surviving son of him whose chequered career has been narrated in our introductory chapter, and which had so sad a close, married in 1818, while still a very young man, Harriet, the eldest daughter of Dr. William Lambe. Of this union were born four sons and one daughter, of whom the eldest, Charles Alfred Chastel de Boinville, the subject of the following memoir, was born at Ashwell, in Hertfordshire, on the 1st of July 1819.

Of Charles's early years there is scant record, but we know that, although by the serious and disabling illness of their beloved and admirable father, he and the other children were thrown, when he was not above eight years old, on their mother's sole care, it was in repeating the Lord's Prayer along with his father, and by his side, that the earliest religious impression was made and left upon his mind.

Madame de Boinville felt no anxiety about the younger ones when Charles was with them. Her children were all devoted to her, and an aunt who had been left in charge of them during their mother's temporary absence writes :— "Their perfect integrity is delightful : they are delighted at the prospect of seeing you. Charles (then in his tenth year) will come up to me from the garden, 'to talk,' as he says, 'for a few moments of my dear mamma.' 'There 's no one like her,' he said to me this morning; and he is quite longing for a letter from you. The other day he said, 'I am afraid she does not love me so much as the others, for she does not write to me as much.' He is certainly uncommonly fond of you, and he is the kindest little fellow that ever was. He heard me say one morning, with a half-groan, 'Now, I must get up and go to work!' 'Oh, aunt Anne, *how* I wish I were old enough to help you! and then you would only have half as much to do,'—and he looked so kind when he said it, and so sincere."

At the age of thirteen Charles had already begun to keep a journal, and in it, on Sunday the 12th of May 1833, he mentions an arrival in Paris in company with other members of the family, under the guardianship of their tutor, M. Gollet; and a very lively time they seem to have had during the nine weeks they spent there on a visit to their grandmother. The entries in this early diary are of a different character from those of later days, but Charles appears even then to have begun to render obedience to the injunction of Solomon—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." On the evening of arrival he saw with great admiration the fireworks at Tivoli, on the following day visited Notre Dame and the Tuileries, on the next the Jardin des Plantes, and went

again to Tivoli at night. In short, what with theatres, museums, bathing, lessons in dancing, and the caressing attentions of kind relatives and friends, in Paris and elsewhere on their homeward route, they had no leisure to mark the flight of time, until on Sunday, the 11th of August, they found themselves once more at home in Hereford.

Charles having determined to devote himself to farming as his life-pursuit, he was placed with a farmer in the neighbourhood, that he might acquire a practical knowledge of agriculture. His mother removed her whole family to Dilwyn, that she might give him a home, and also continue to him the benefit of home-education from the family tutor. On the 15th of May 1834, his grandmother in Paris—the Miss Collins of our opening chapter—writes to him: "This has been an important year in your life: you are growing fast into a man—a good and valuable one I feel assured you will be; you have decided an important question, that of your occupation for life. I have no doubt you will pursue it with steadiness, and you will find in it some lasting pleasures and a never-failing interest in a thousand details that will keep you always busy. M. de Lafayette, in the midst of the great interests that have busied him, thinks with delight of his farm, is eager to improve his breed of merinos, and to regulate his crops in the best manner. The brother of the poet Burns says, 'I can say, from my own experience, that there is no sort of farm-labour inconsistent with the most refined and pleasurable state of the mind, threshing excepted—glory be to the threshing-machine!' You, my dear Charles, will ally the cultivation of the ground to the cultivation of your mind, and out of this will spring pure pleasures and sound health, I trust. The removal of your dear good mother to Dilwyn

is an important thing for you, as it will enable you to spend your leisure hours most profitably and pleasantly."

Mrs. de Boinville was indeed a "dear good mother," and she was also very judicious in the training of her sons. Having decided to give them a home-education, she desired that they should pursue together hardy and manly sports, and allowed them great liberty in going about the country without control. One of their chief pleasures was to rise at five or six o'clock in the morning, and take long walks, thereby acquiring that love of scenery which continued to be one of Charles's greatest pleasures to the end of life. She imbued them with the highest sentiments of truth and honour, and made them feel that she relied on them that they would do nothing when out of sight of which she could not approve. "Few women," says her son Alexander, "have ruled their children with a firmer hand, but it was done chiefly by the confidence she manifested, and by the strong affection and the profound respect which she inspired." "When Charles was with us," writes William, "our mother was sure that all was right, and I can testify that her confidence was not misplaced,—for, as far back as my memory reaches, I cannot recall receiving anything but a good influence from my dear, dear brother Charles. In my boyish troubles, which arose from having a much more rugged and irritable disposition, it was to Charles that I looked for comfort and protection, and I always found it." So complete was his mother's confidence in his discretion that, when Charles was only seventeen years of age, she allowed two of his younger brothers, under his sole guidance, to make an extended tour in England, Scotland, and Wales, in the course of which they visited Staffa and Iona, and most of the Scottish lakes.

Charles himself gives the following account of his life, and of that of the family, about this time:—

"I spent almost the entire day in the fields among the work-people, having risen before sunrise in the morning to study Latin, and in the evening, after one or two chapters of the Bible, our mother read aloud to us the novels of Walter Scott. We much preferred the novels; but after a time I began to weary of them, and used often to leave the room, that I might read in private books of a more serious kind, of natural history or narratives of travel. On Sunday, after morning service, my mother would assemble us round the table for a time, that we might read the Bible aloud together by turns. After this we were at liberty during the remainder of the day to read or play, and in the evening we had a game of cards; but our mother always taught us to respect those persons whose views were stricter than our own."

In a diary which begins with these words, "The way the Lord hath led me," he writes, "Towards Christmas of 1836, being in my eighteenth year, I was led by the drawing of God's Spirit to inquire after the way of peace." He had vainly sought spiritual comfort and enlightenment from works which many other persons have found helpful to them, and even from the Bible, which he had "always heard that religious people loved," until at length his interest was arrested by St. Paul:—

"I was working hard at a threshing-machine in a barn —for I thought work might make up for the want of a good and happy conscience, and drive away the reproaches of a bad one,—when I drew from my pocket a present that had just been made to me. It was the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. I read a chapter, and was so much

pleased that at every interval of rest I read some verses, till I arrived at the third chapter, when suddenly, as though by a miracle, a new light burst upon me, and it was as the dawn of heaven to my soul; the burden of my sin seemed lifted off, with all my sorrow. That day I thought was the only happy one I had ever known. The Bible was no longer a sealed book for me. It was the first religious book I had ever understood; I thought it clearer than any other, and I have thought so ever since."[1]

He was not left, however, in undisturbed enjoyment of his newly-found possession; manifold trials assailed him; inwardly by waning interest and a temptation to spiritual pride, outwardly by the openly expressed distress of a mother whom he fondly loved, from her fear lest "the change in my religious views should weigh down my spirits and make me fit for nothing." Ere long, however, he was enabled to hold rejoicing communion with a brother; and we soon find the following record in his diary,—"My devoted mother, a most simple-minded and humble woman by nature, such an one as might put many a professing Christian mother to the blush, has gradually yielded to the influence of God's Spirit, and is now a faithful follower of Christ."

In the year 1838, at the age of nineteen, Charles entered on the charge of a farm at Dilwyn near Leominster, in the

[1] Thirty-two years later, when speaking of glorious Continental scenery, he writes as follows:—"Certain views in Herefordshire I take to be as perfect as any I have seen, superior in woods and fine timber to anything elsewhere; the course of the Wye is not to be surpassed, and no spot is more fraught with interest to me than the barn with its large waterwheel and threshing-machine just below Little Dilwyn, for there I first learned the way of salvation through faith, while reading at the resting hours between the hard work of feeding the *machine*, that glorious Epistle to the Romans, which has ever since been so dear to me."

county of Hereford, belonging to his granduncle, and during the short period of his occupation, exerted an eminently useful influence on neighbours and dependants, by his loving and genial nature bringing into friendly Christian intercourse persons of various denominations, who had been accustomed to look askance at one another; but in his journal he writes, after two years,—"Being of a feeble constitution, I found farming injurious to my health, which was growing weaker and weaker, and feeling myself unable to remain at work, I left home, by advice of my physician, to take a few months' recreation in France.

"When I bid my mother farewell, I must however confess that I had a presentiment that I should never return to Dilwyn as my home. I went out, not knowing whither I went; but I had not been long in Paris when I was seized with an earnest longing to labour for God in the country of my ancestors, and I wept with joy in the Chapelle Taitbout on hearing for the first time the gospel of salvation in what was still to me as a foreign tongue. I thought of many plans for gaining a livelihood, being unwilling at once to follow the bent of my inclinations, which had led me for some time past to desire to enter the ministry, as I feared that the wish might not be purely spiritual. I wrote to my mother many times on the subject, and after much striving in prayer, when at length I could say, 'Lord, do with me as seemeth right unto Thee!' I felt convinced that I was called to the ministry of God's Word, and my mother readily agreed."

A brother who has been already referred to had decided to take orders in the Church of England, of which Church Charles was himself a baptized member; but he writes in his journal: "I felt a strong desire to

preach the gospel in France, the land of my fathers, which, after many shiftings and much argumentation, it was agreed that I should do. During these discussions I became assured that the Lord had begun a work of grace in my mother's heart, the only thing that was needed to perfect one of His most noble works."

During his stay in Paris Charles won, as was his wont, and was indeed his due, the warm affection of the relatives among whom he lived, and I have often in later years heard his aunt Cornelia, than whom I have never known a nobler or more devoted woman, but who was far from being in perfect sympathy with his theology, speak of her nephew Charles as "indeed a perfect Christian." To the interesting daughter of this lady there is evidence that her young cousin was privileged to be spiritually useful.[1]

It was from love of country, and not from any sectarian preference, that Charles had chosen to become a French pastor, and at a later period he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, who offered at the time the only open door. We find this from the answer to a friend of narrower views, who counselled his secession from the Church of

[1] Among the papers in my hands I find the following fragment of a letter from Pauline Turner, written three months before her death :— "MON CHER CHARLES,—Je t'ai dit que je t'écrirais à la première occasion. Comme la maison va être triste, car il n'y aura à Paris que maman, M. Robecchi, Élisa, et moi ! Je pais attention à tout ce que tu m'as dit sur la divine religion chrétienne, mais tu ne peux pas t'imaginer comme je suis distraite quand je pense à choses. Plusieurs fois tu m'as dit que je devais être docile et polie avec tout le monde ; mais pense donc, nous avons une maitresse qui est ce qu'on appelle en Anglais *fretful*.

"Tu me disais que tu comprends tout ce que tu lis dans la Bible, et pourtant on m'a dit qu'il y a des passages que personne ne peut comprendre. Comment cela se fait il ?" This letter came to light only after her death. Her mother showed it me, and I prize it as proving that her mind had evidently been working on the subject of religion for some time previous to her death.—C. DE B.

England, as a Church which he deemed in thraldom. "I told him my way of thinking, and remained in the Church, free to hold communion where I would, whether in church or chapel." From first to last he was of a wide and catholic spirit, recognising as Christian brothers all who evidently loved their Lord, to whatever denomination they might belong. In a note to his journal I find the following passage, in allusion to the time when he was a farmer at Dilwyn :—

"The Primitive Methodist Society, with all its faults, had done more for the conversion of souls at Dilwyn than the Church. I at that time held the same views with regard to toleration that I still entertain, and I remember being so convinced of the usefulness of this Society, that, poor as I was, I could not resist giving a guinea for the repairing of their chapel ; and on another occasion I lent my waggons and my meadow for a camp-meeting. I know that the spirit of prayer was poured out on many who were present, and God Himself stood by the preacher of His gospel." At another time, when the conversation of some clerical friends turned disparagingly upon *dissent*, he said : "Why talk of Church matters and dissent, when all the treasures of heavenly love are open for us !"

With a view to preparation for the career he had chosen, and conscious that the distractions of Paris had a deadening influence on his spiritual life, he left that city for Lille in the month of October 1841, and notes in his journal : "I found that he who easily falls back many steps in the Christian race must labour hard to advance even *one* step forward. . . . The outward means employed to re-establish me in faithfulness were the ministry of M. Marzials of Lille, his kindness and advice, frequent communion

with God's people, the being thrown into the way of active and useful work—'by works is faith made perfect,'—and last, not least, my acquaintance with Caroline Marsh, whom the Lord subsequently gave to me, a spiritual help meet for me. I was now frequently called to preach the gospel, which I did for the first time in French in the Methodist Chapel, and I soon became sufficiently ready with the French language—which, indeed, I had never forgotten—to speak without difficulty."

He records at this time a conversation with a Roman Catholic priest:—"Short as it was, I trust it may have produced some serious thought in his mind. Hearing that I was English, he said, 'No doubt, then, we are not of the same religion!' 'I don't know, sir,' said I; 'I was brought up as a Protestant, but I have since become a seeker after truth.' 'I have no doubt, then,' said the priest, 'you will embrace the Catholic faith; if you read sound theological works you cannot fail to arrive at the truth.' 'I believe it, sir,' replied I, 'and I have already begun by reading the Scriptures of God, and praying for the teaching of that good Spirit which the Father has promised to all who humbly ask it in the name of Christ.' The priest was silent. He had probably never before in his life met with a downright heretic, and perhaps this practical view of the matter brought serious thoughts into his mind."

Another episode during his stay at Lille so strikingly illustrates the generosity of Charles's nature that it deserves quotation:—

"My friend R— called on me one day at my boarding-house. He was the father of a large family, and found himself penniless. 'If,' he said, 'you could lend me five hundred francs you would save me from great distress

of mind, and I promise to return it to you in a month.' I had six hundred francs, and I could not leave my poor friend in distress. I could easily lend him the five hundred, and the remaining hundred would keep me going for a month. Before the month was out he was at my house again, announcing the lamentable fact that it would be impossible for him to return the money unless I would go and live at his house, where I might board and lodge until the debt was paid. The thing appeared quite feasible, and whether pleasant or no, as I could not at that time ask my mother for a farthing, I had no choice left,—go I must; and a few days afterwards I was settled in my new abode. I at once perceived that I was in the house of a *poor* man, but that was a trifle, if I could only live in peace. I had been in the house about a month, when one day I heard noises in an adjoining room, which intimated that peace was not there. First came a sound of voices, as of a man and woman quarrelling, then the banging about of chairs and tables, as if furniture were overturned, and finally the screams of a female. I could stand this no longer; I rushed to the door, knocked, in vain turned the handle, called, but got no answer. I know they thought I was not at home, but I soon gave proofs of my presence, for with a kick I burst the lock, and entering, found my friend attempting to throttle his wife. 'Hallo!' said I, 'what are you at? are you mad?' The man let go his hold, and pale with passion, exclaimed, 'What business have you here? Get out of my room!' 'I shall not go out,' I said, 'till you have picked up the table, and all the chairs.' The man paused a while, sobered down, and began to do as I had bid him. I helped him to set the room to rights, and made my exit without further remark.

"An hour afterwards my poor friend came to excuse himself. 'Ah, Charles,' said he, 'it all comes from one thing—I cannot pay my debts.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am sorry for you, but strangling your wife won't help you out of your difficulties.' Presently the poor wife came to me. 'Ah,' said she, 'you see what a miserable existence mine is; my husband is half mad, he cannot pay his debts, and gives vent to his excited feelings by ill-treating his wife and children. I often seriously think of putting an end by poison to my own life and theirs, and leaving him to himself; he would then perhaps be happier, and we too.' Floods of tears ran down the poor creature's cheeks; I gave her the best advice I could, directing her to look to God for comfort. Of religion these people knew nothing, although they were professed Roman Catholics, and the man had written a learned history of the Bible.

"The idea of poisoning rather alarmed me, for I saw no reason why I should not have the benefit of that remedy as well as the rest, and as the proposal was more than once reiterated, our meagre dinners sometimes seemed to stick in my throat. I had but ten francs left in the world, and dared not yet ask for more. A few weeks later I was again applied to for the loan of a few francs, just to procure food for a few days, until my friend should receive his pay. This happened again, but I had not a sou. We went without breakfast, and the children cried for hunger. What was to be done? We must push on to the next day, when money was to be paid to the friend whom I now looked upon as a somewhat dangerous one.

"One comfort there was at all events,—that even poison could not be purchased without money. I was determined, however, to get my dinner, and a bright thought struck

me. I sold an old greatcoat for half its value to a tailor, and returned triumphant with five francs, when the poor wife promised me with a reassuring smile that no poison should enter into the cookery on that day. Thus we went on for several months: many a quarrel I overheard, and many a blow the poor innocent little children got, though from some I was able to save them, till by God's good providence my purse was replenished, and though the debt they owed me had not been repaid, I suddenly took my departure.

"Since then years have passed; the little ones have become men and women, and I had heard nothing of the family, until a short time ago, when Madame called on my aunt Cornelia, and told her to let me know that not only were their debts paid, but that she had learned to understand and feel the force of those truths which were formerly hidden from her eyes. If this be really true, God's name be praised!"

Ere long distractions of a different nature from those of Paris led Charles to record these words: "I had better leave Lille, where I am necessarily led off from study. I do this not without sorrow, for the Lord hath nowhere manifested more of His loving-kindness towards me. . . . I have heard of my sister Cornelia's conversion, and God hath betrothed to me one of His most faithful servants, a true handmaid of the Lord."

It is doubtless to the troubles and distractions just mentioned that his loving grandmother Madame de Boinville refers in the following extract from a letter dated Paris, 6th January 1842:—

"How different the opening of this year from the last, when we had you just arrived amongst us, with your

troubles that were soon assuaged,—or rather transmuted into others of a higher order and more obstinate,—with your pleasant humour, which we all enjoyed, and shall ever miss. And now you are away, not comfortable in any way, so that you are a subject of varied anxiety and regret to me. Our poor little girl gone for ever![1] and some little circumstance perpetually starting up to bring her suddenly and painfully before us. These days have been hard to get over; and now, what will '42 bring? Let us not *think* of that, but hide our faces thankfully in the obscurity of the future. . . . Some of Emily's kindest thoughts on her birthday flew off to Lille to visit her absent friend, and mine were fixed on him all day, and sad I was to think of him without any circumstance to cheer. A dear friend of mine used to say that a loving unsullied soul carried everywhere a paradise within itself. *Is* that true? *You*, dear fellow, can tell. . . .

"The cold has set in with a vengeance. *Do* tell me if you have plenty of firing, a warm room, and all-sufficient covering at night; these little things are most important to your old anxious granny,—so mind you answer categorically, or I shall conclude that all is going wrong. Tell me too about your money; a great part of it, I dare say, has found its way into pockets more empty than your own. I wish you had some watchful loving sister to examine your hoard, and make a calculation for you as Mr. Venn has. . . . Yesterday's post brought a few lines from R—, despairing over the want of money to go to the end of the month. I fear by this time you repent having gone to live with them, for I suspect their roof affords no quiet of any kind. . . . God bless you, dear boy, and preserve you

[1] Pauline Turner.

from the dangers of your best qualities, but, 'Nul ne peut sortir de la région intellectuelle qui lui est assignée, et les *qualités* sont encore plus indomptables que les *défauts.*' Write, write, write,—tutto, *tutto*, TUTTO!". Hers was indeed a noble nature, and a loyal, loving heart!

"It was at Lille," writes the Rev. R. B. Watson, "that I first learned to know and love Charles de Boinville, and felt the elevating influence of his pure and noble nature. One Sunday I remember walking home from church with him; we and most of the people in the streets were dressed in our best, while there, lying in the gutter, in the face of midday, was a very dirty old drunkard, unconscious indeed, yet pitiful. De Boinville was too good to leave him there, and enlisting my help—not over willing—he drew him out of the dirt, and with each an arm round him we held up his tottering steps—an amazement to all passers-by—till we persuaded a friendly cabaret to shelter his disreputability.

"From that year, though occasionally I heard of him, and exchanged greetings through some common friend, we never met till 1875,—thirty-four years, the busiest and most changeful for us both. I went to dine with a friend, knowing whom I was to meet, but he was kept in darkness. I walked straight up to him, held out my hand and said, 'How are you, de Boinville?' For a moment he looked blank, then interrogative, and then a perfect flush of sweetness broke over his face as he said, 'What! no—it can't be—yes—Robert Watson!' Was it not characteristic that his heart thus helped his memory?"

CHAPTER III.

1842–1843.

His humble estimate of himself—Determines to be moderate in all things—Records conversation with an old *Invalide* in Paris—Preaches at Roubaix, Mézières, and Corcelles, visits Strasbourg, and settles for a time at Lausanne—Correspondence with his mother regarding study and his matrimonial prospects—Becomes acquainted with Alexandre Vinet, lives under his roof, and expresses his reverent admiration of that great man, and deep debt of gratitude towards him—Vinet's high esteem for C. de Boinville—Congénies—Madame Scaulmes and her silver spoon—Death at Cambridge of his sister Cornelia.

SCOUGAL, in his treatise on the Life of God in the Soul of Man, alleges that the truly humble have unfailing comfort in the assurance that no one can think more lightly of them or esteem them less than they esteem themselves,—and to this humble estimation was Charles ever seeking to attain. In his journal such sentences as these often occur:—"When shall I learn to be altogether indifferent about the judgment of men? When shall I be humble, and have no pride to be hurt?" "Real humility consists not in *saying*, 'I am nothing!' but in *being* nothing, in the willingness of the heart to be nothing, and to remain nothing in one's own eyes and in those of others." His private diary is full of self-accusation and self-reproach, and it is true that the heart knoweth its own bitterness, yet we find it impossible to indorse his severe indictments. In conscience and at heart he was alike tender.

He writes, "I am apt to do very good-naturedly what costs me nothing; ill-naturedly I refused last night to walk with William, because I was a little tired; I forgot 'If he ask thee to go one mile, go with him twain.'"

In the spring of 1842 he visited his mother and sister in England, and was much cheered by observing the manifest increase of their sympathy in spiritual things, and all the more, in the same paragraph he records, because "most of my friends in Hereford have followed either the Puseyite movement or the Plymouth Brethren." He met at this time the Rev. Charles Bridges, and says, "I found myself greatly refreshed and confirmed in my views, and determined, after the example of this holy man, to be moderate in all I think and do. The Lord will give me grace, for it is well-pleasing in His sight that I should be so."

Yet, in the early stages of his Christian career, Charles was apt to be more abrupt in his attacks on the fortress of the soul than he became in later years, when indeed he was eminently disposed to be "all things to all men, if by any means he might win some." The following racy incident probably conveyed a lesson to him, although he made at the time no comment:—

"In the evening took a walk to the *Invalides* (Paris), and met one of the old soldiers, whom I asked what figure was carved over the gateway, to which he replied gruffly—

"'Louis XIV., to be sure!'

"'It is a fine building outside, and I suppose very comfortable inside, is it not?'

"The man seemed very cross, and replied, 'There is no such place in your country.'

"'You don't know what country I belong to,' said I.

"'What country do you belong to?' said he, looking

me crossly in the face, and I perceived that the hardships of his past life had soured his temper.

"'I belong to God's kingdom,' said I, as quietly as I could.

"'Let alone,' said he; 'I know that we ought to honour God as our Creator!'

"'Yes, but we must be born again of the Spirit to enter into His kingdom.'

"'Allez-vous-en,' said he, shaking his stick, and walking away as fast as he could."

In the summer of 1842 he preached at Roubaix and Mézières, in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, and he seems about this time to have had intimate intercourse with M. Rostan and Mr. Cook, both respected members of that body. In December he records, "Went on a missionary tour to Morat. In preaching at Corcelles the Lord was evidently present; a backslider was reawakened, and it was long ere we could part. This little missionary tour has greatly encouraged me, and it shows how devoted I should be, since the Lord blesses such slight efforts."

In the same year Charles visited Strasbourg with a view to study, and writes thus in a letter to his mother:—"I found that Strasbourg would not do; it is necessary to learn German in order to study there with profit, and I have enough to do with French,—so I left for Lausanne, where I now am." With the single exception of his Parisian grandmother, who may have been biassed by affection in her desire to keep him in France, all his relations were anxious that he should complete his education in England, and his mother would have greatly preferred that, like his brothers, he should go either to Oxford or

Cambridge, and take a degree in an English University. Such a course would have been more comfortable, and, in some respects, more agreeable to himself; but he had in heart devoted his life to the country of his ancestors, and he withstood all arguments, even such as he could not reasonably answer. After balancing the *pros* and *cons* of a pastor's life in the Church of England and in France, he says, "The thoughts of home often disturb my judgment, so that I am on the point of yielding; but when my soul is in its best state, it resists with ease the temptation of a snug English parish. My way lies clear before me."

To his mother he writes as follows:—"The grand question is, Am I to live in France or England? I answer, In France, for several reasons, which you know; and that being the case, I should be obliged to leave England sooner or later for good, and it would be as painful hereafter as it is now. If I am to work in France, there are many advantages, for my own sake and for that of others, in my studying abroad. I have considered all the details of the question, and I think there can be little doubt of the truth of what I say; but I wait in order to get more light on the subject before I decide, for if I thought the two sides of the question at all equal, I should not hesitate a moment.

"I am getting on well with my studies. I work eight hours a day without suffering: my health has very much improved. I go on with the meetings regularly now, and the room is always full." He had hired a room in which he gave evangelistic addresses.

To the above his mother replied:—

"My dearest Charles,—*Eight hours a day!* This is the way in which you abuse the gifts of a merciful Pro-

vidence, that has restored you to health! Will you never be a moderate man? Considering your delicate constitution, and all the circumstances, you are in your own way the most licentious young man I know. Frank and Alexander never exceed six hours, and for Frank even this is occasionally too much. Yet he gets on so well that his tutor strongly advises his working expressly for a scholarship, which he assures him he will easily obtain. . . . As for your argument, that intending to minister in France you had better be educated there, I think that with that end in view you would have a double advantage in being ordained *here*. In France they sadly want good English ministers, and they would hear you without prejudice if you were in the Church of England. You would try to get a regular appointment, and then you could preach with great advantage in both languages. . . . What you say of the pain of parting—as we must at last if you should come here—holds good as to every time we meet, dear fellow; *that* we must bear."

Mrs. de Boinville was a liberal-minded woman, but she was a hearty member of the Church of England, had therefore no special favour for dissent in general, and certainly none for that body with which Charles had elected to connect himself, as we may gather from the following passage :—"I rejoice with you that you have a prospect of regular employment, and you do not depend on man; otherwise, I confess that for myself I should wince under the method of the Wesleyans, of keeping their ministers in pecuniary subjection. I heard a bad character of some of them the other day from a gentleman who professed to know them intimately,—of their ignorance and avarice. We are however such blind and prejudiced

mortals, that he may have judged of the mass by a few, and on all sides there is but too much zeal without knowledge. God will be ever with you, dear fellow, and I hope you will not neglect all honest means of securing a subsistence, and the power of education for your children."

Charles, as he has himself already told us, had given his heart to a young lady whose acquaintance he had made in Lille, and as Caroline Marsh was of delicate constitution, he may naturally have been biassed in the selection of his field of labour by a desire to secure for her a milder climate. To her, when comparing the advantages of the National Reformed Church of France with those offered by the Wesleyan Methodists, he says: "I come to you with the same idea that I once before mentioned to you, and in which I am now confirmed, that it were a waste of precious time, and, as I now experience, of health, that I should study for the National Church. I desire to do in France the work of a missionary, and especially to remember that one of the chief characteristics of the gospel, and yet the one that is most ignored in all our smart churches—under the plea that the doors are open to all—is, that *to the poor* the gospel is preached."

"I do not think that in my case the advantage of gaining more head-knowledge would make up for the loss of time and health. If I desired to distinguish myself as a learned doctor in the Church, or if I aimed at obtaining what is called a good income, the time would not be wasted —humanly speaking; but I am convinced that the part in the Lord's work which I feel to be committed to me would prosper the less,—because, on the one hand, if I do not work very hard, I shall not get through college, and on the other, if I do pass, it will be at the risk of utterly ruining

my health, so that my way is hedged in all round. Felix Neff was not as learned even as I am, and he was despised and opposed in every way for many years, but he prevailed against every enemy, because he leaned upon the Lord."

Charles, not unnaturally, had become desirous to persuade himself and others that matrimony is not of necessity expensive, and that it need not interfere with the pursuit of learning. Hear his mother on the subject:—"Remember that a man takes a wife, not only to live with him in joy, but also in sorrow. Many a woman might make him happy while all goes smoothly, but can she endure with him the rough storms of this world? I see you are already in love with the lady you allude to;—if she *can*, then, dear Charles, win her heart, and wait patiently till you are ordained before you marry,—not fanning your passion at her side, but pursuing your studies honourably and indefatigably till you are fit to enter the ministry. Pour out your heart on paper to your beloved, and visit her occasionally, *for a short time*. This will be the manly course to take; in the meantime keep up your spirits, lean on the strong arm of your Saviour, who will keep your soul, and submit humbly to the necessity entailed on us by the first Adam, to war against the flesh. The best arms are hope and industry; but do not try experiments upon your poor body, which is weak enough without starvation."

In his journal at a later period he writes as follows:—"I arrived at Lausanne with my mind considerably harassed and unsettled by what I had seen of the University of Strasbourg, but with a strong desire to prosecute my studies here. I had no letters of introduction to any one in the place, but M. Vinet I knew by his works, and judged that as he was one of the greatest in

Christian learning, he would probably prove to be so also in grace. Hoping therefore that he would not despise a little one, I thought it best to repair at once to head-quarters, and go where I was sure at least of not receiving bad advice.

"A letter from M. Marzials to M. Cuvier of Strasbourg, which I had not been able to deliver, served me as an introduction. I was most kindly received, and was soon encouraged, not only by his affable manner and words, but by the remarkably benevolent expression which irradiated his somewhat rough exterior and his thoughtful brow. In answer to my question, where he thought I might find lodgings, he replied, after some consideration, that if I could be contented with a small room in his house, I was most welcome to come under his own roof. He then took me up-stairs, and offered me, at the low rate of eight francs a month, a very nicely-furnished bedroom, with a splendid view of Lake Leman. Of course I at once accepted with gratitude, and then asked him if he could give me the address of Pastor Bridel. He said he would do so if I would come with him; and then, to my utter confusion, he conducted me himself, without taking off his dressing-gown or putting on his hat, all the way up the street, and round the Cathedral, until he pointed out the house itself to me.

"Vinet's admiration of others and low estimation of himself were most remarkable: he begged me one day to lend him the Reverend Mr. Cook's little work, entitled *L'Amour de Dieu pour tous les hommes.* I lent it to him early in the morning, and in the evening of the same day, when I returned, I found him reading it. 'This is an admirable little book,' said he; 'I have not been able to

take my eyes off it since you lent it to me.' On a later occasion, in conversing with Mr. Cook himself, when that gentleman remarked that, with all his admiration for M. Vinet's work on the *Manifestation des convictions religieuses*, he had not been thoroughly convinced by the arguments, Vinet replied, with his usual humility, 'Perhaps I should have done well to have waited a little longer before publishing my opinions.' He had been upwards of sixteen years reading, praying, and writing on the subject! I shall ever esteem it one of my greatest privileges to have learned of such a man, not only how to prepare for the pulpit, but also how to think humbly of myself."

Years afterwards he writes:—"I saw lately a print of A. Vinet, which brought him back vividly to my mind, and I felt that though I had spent but a few months under his roof, I owed much indeed to his instructions, and especially to the influence of his example. I never felt any man's holiness so much as his. The depth of his thought, the precision of his style, the earnestness of his teaching, were useful to me; but what has exerted most power over me, and produced an impression which time can never efface, was his humility and charity, his modesty and tenderness. I never knew a man so severe on himself, —never missing a duty, yet so disposed to think and speak well of others,—to see their good qualities, and to excuse as far as possible their defects, even when he was the one to suffer from them. He did not wish to be the first, nor care to be the last; and he loved retirement and quietness, though he got little. He was a good friend, and his friendship was tender, faithful, and lasting, though not exclusive,—and although he often had to oppose the world, he was desirous of being the friend of all. All

these qualities seemed to flow directly from Christ, and were to my soul, though I drank of the stream for but a short time, like living waters, which produced life, and made me glad.

"I remember Vinet used to ask us at the Academy of Lausanne to bring notes or an analysis of a sermon on a text which he gave us. Very few of the men could be induced to do so; but one day I ventured to bring up some notes on Micah vi. 9: 'Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it,' which I had endeavoured to analyse, according to the rules he had laid down,—one of which was that we should never add anything to what is contained in the meaning or intention of the text, or that flows necessarily from it.

"Having received praise for my first attempt, I was bold to try again a few weeks later, when Heb. x. 9 was given us,—'Then said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God:'—but he that exalteth himself shall be abased. My performance was found wanting, and was criticised by the Professor and the pupils, one chief defect being that I had not pointed out Christ as setting us an *example* of ready obedience and self-denial. On our arrival at home, however, I began to excuse myself to M. Vinet, on the ground that *that* was not contained within the meaning, and was not the intention of the text, and that I dared not but abide by his own rule; whereupon he quite unarmed me by one of his broad open smiles: 'Ah que vous êtes malicieux!' said he; 'je vois que vous prenez tout ce que je dis au pied de la lettre, mais vous le savez, il n'y a pas de règle sans exception!' I felt no longer inclined to enter into an argument.

"Switzerland is associated in my mind with all that is

magnificent in nature, even to oppression,—and with Vinet! Though I knew him but for a short time, yet it was long enough to learn much from him that was well worth learning, and that from personal intercourse. I saw him not only at his house, where I lived—and would always gladly leave even the sight of Mont Blanc to go and talk with him on the best of subjects,—but also at Montreux and Veytaux, where we spent some time together. I was sorely tempted to pride, on opening two letters of introduction from him to MM. Verny and Lutteroth, in which he gave me a character I little deserve."[1]

In the month of February 1843 Charles accompanied Mr. Cook to Nîmes, was examined there before the District Meeting, and was received by Conference in July following as a preacher on trial. "Whilst at Nîmes," he writes, "I took a trip to Congénies, a village in the Département du Gard, remarkable for the piety of many of its inhabitants. There it pleased God, I have every reason to believe, to set a seal to my ministry. I was both delighted and edified whilst I was among this loving people.

"The old couple who lodged me sold their house and the chapel to our Society. Madame Scaulmes was one of the nicest women I ever saw—neat and clean in her house and

[1] "CHER AMI,—Je recommande à votre meilleur accueil M. de Boinville, français d'origine, anglais de naissance, qui fait des études de théologie à Lausanne, et qui vit sous mon toit. Il m'intéresse beaucoup par son caractère, ses sentimens, son zèle, ses talens; il vous intéressera de même, et bien vite; j'ai désiré qu'il eût le plaisir de vous voir, motif désintéressé; un autre qui l'est moins, c'est que je serai heureux de voir quelqu'un qui vous ait vu. Cela vaut plus et moins qu'une lettre; mais rappelez vous que l'un n'empêche pas l'autre.—Très à la hâte, votre affectionné VINET.

"15 *Février.*

"M. le Pasteur Verny, Paris."

person, though nearer eighty than seventy I believe—kind, hospitable, sober, and far advanced in grace. I was struck particularly with a little incident that happened during my stay there.

"One fine spring morning, having walked many miles, I was surprised to find the door of their house closed. Feeling fatigued, I walked to the outskirts of the village, and there rested myself on a stone. It had grown quite dusk when the small but still active figure of the old woman appeared in the dusty road. 'Oh,' said she, as soon as she saw me, 'I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. I know that you are hungry and tired; I came home as fast as I could, for I half expected you to-day. My weary old legs will not carry me now as fast as I wish. If you did but know how I have sinned to-day, you would think it right that I should suffer, but *you* must not suffer for *my* sin. Please to forgive my being so late, and I will tell you all about it whilst I am making the supper.' So I got snugly into the chimney-corner, and begged the chatty old woman to tell me her story.

"'You know,' said she, that I have but two silver spoons in the world. Well, this morning a young knife-grinder came into this room and asked me if I had any work to give him to do. As I shook my head, he said, "I am willing to buy or exchange silver spoons." I told him I had only two, which (as you know) I cling to very much, because they were left to me by my mother. So the young man took his departure. Half an hour afterwards I missed one of my spoons. I looked for it, as I thought, everywhere, but in vain. Then the wicked thought crossed my mind that the knife-grinder had taken it. I went to the neighbours' houses to inquire if they had seen the man.

"Oh, yes," replied one, "and he offered me a spoon, which I thought very like yours, and now he has gone off in a hurry towards Anjargues." So I was confirmed in my wicked suspicions. When I returned home, my husband said to me, "Suppose you were to saddle the ass and go after him, for it is three miles off, and the weather is hot." I was soon off at a trot, and coming upon the young man, I said to him, "I have lost my spoon, have you taken it?" He blushed, and replied indignantly that he was as honest as I was. He was an honest-looking fellow, so I begged him to forgive me for suspecting him, and rode sorrowfully back. I had not been at home half an hour, when I found my spoon at the bottom of a bucket, and in my joy I rushed out into the vineyard to tell my husband. 'Only,' I remarked to him, 'I cannot be quite happy till I have told that poor lad that I have found my spoon, and that I hope he will forgive me." My husband said that the ass was too tired to go again, and that I might feel quite sure that the lad would sleep soundly. Still, however, when I got home, the thought pursued me that *I* should not sleep soundly till I had seen the knife-grinder. I would not, upon any account, displease my husband, so I thought I would leave the donkey in the stable and go on foot; and I am very glad I did, although I am tired, for the poor boy seemed as glad as I was myself, and he forgave me, and I was able to speak to him of that forgiveness of which we all stand in need.'

"Whilst she was giving me this simple narrative of the incidents of the day, I thought it carried a useful lesson. How unwilling most of us are to acknowledge error and to make reparation for wrong! This poor woman was restless till she had sought pardon for her unjust accusation.

Let us feel thus in regard not only to actual wrongs but to ungenerous suspicions towards others. I could not help also admiring the effects of God's grace in this guileless character. She seemed sensible only of her shortcomings, and exclaimed, 'How merciful is the Lord, who has enjoined us to pray every day, Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"[1]

In April, after two months of useful work in France, Charles was called to Cambridge by a very solemn occasion, and the critical condition of his sister Cornelia, whose end was indeed rapidly approaching, detained him there until her disease, which was consumption, had had its fatal issue.

Cornelia de Boinville was only sixteen years of age, but under suffering had been perfected in faith, and left a blessed memory in the hearts of those around her deathbed. Charles writes, "Her patience, her kindness and thoughtfulness for others, which went so far as to restrain all expression of pain, her humility and her simple and unwavering trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, were most striking and edifying to all who beheld her. Her smile when speaking of heavenly things was itself heavenly." She died on the 7th of June 1843.

[1] See *Sunday at Home*, March 1st, 1870.

CHAPTER IV.

1843.

Visits Paris with his mother and his brother Frank—Intercourse and association there with Frank in evangelic labours, chiefly among the poor at Batignolles—He mourns over the want of spirituality in France—Appointment to Vauvert—Frank accompanies him thither—Intercourse with a Capuchin monk by the way—Frank's zeal—Brother Gabriel.

A WEEK after Cornelia's death, Madame de Boinville, with her sons Charles and Frank, set out for Paris, which they reached on the 17th of June, and on the 22d Charles writes that he has already preached twice, that his mother is happy, and that "Frank is suffering less from depression of spirits, and has had opportunities of bearing testimony to the truth."

Frank de Boinville was by nature tender and loving, and though his brother had some months before him accepted the salvation offered to all through Christ, we are told by Charles, "I soon found myself far behind Frank in holiness and love and faith. His remarkable simplicity and great faith wrought on me, however, and set me once more to work in earnest, and with fear and trembling. I enjoyed much true communion with him; we were indeed constant companions, and became closely united."

About two years later (1838) both brothers had been seized with a strong desire to devote their life to mission work in foreign lands, and Charles writes: "Thinking it would be right to acquaint our mother before forming any definite plan of action, I told her one evening all that had been passing through our minds. She would not hear a word upon the subject, and forbade us even to *think* of such a project. . . . We therefore abandoned it for the present, convinced, however, that it was God Himself who had implanted the desire in our hearts, and that if it were His will, a way would open for its realisation, when we should have become better qualified for the work. This conviction, in part at least, has been made good."

Charles must have rejoiced to meet his *fiancée* in Paris, but ten days after his arrival there he writes: "A day of temporal grief, though of spiritual joy: my Caroline left Paris for England. Her energy and devotedness delight me; she is gone to do good, and to do her duty, being called thither by the physical and spiritual state of her sister and other relations, and that should be sufficient consolation for me."

Two days later he writes: "My soul was greatly blessed in the usual morning prayer with Frank. We walked together afterwards, and distributed some written tracts. I write out a few lines of gospel truth and give it to any one I meet, thinking this better than a printed tract on many accounts. It is a sign of personal concern; it is something new, and therefore more likely to fix the attention. Frank approves and follows the method. We met a beggar-woman, an old acquaintance of mine, whom I asked where the poor with whom she was connected lived, being desirous of visiting some. She said if I would

call on her she would show me plenty who were in a wretched state of misery and poverty. I shall go. In the evening Frank expressed some desire of remaining in France to labour in the gospel. I did not press it, but if this be the work of the Spirit on his mind, it will not end here."

"*Tuesday, 4th July.*—Went with Frank to the house where the beggar-woman lives; asked for the proprietor, and had an interesting conversation with him on the poor. He has eight families of chiffonniers in his houses, which are very small and dirty. We proposed holding a meeting there, to which he consented; then we went to the Commissaire de Police, to inform him of our intention. He referred us to the Préfet, on whom I intend to call as soon as possible."

"*7th July.*—We spend much time together. Frank began to pray in French to-day, and was able to do so very well, although he finds much difficulty in conversation. Took a walk together to Montmartre, and met a man with whom I entered into conversation on religious subjects. Two or three more soon joined us, amongst whom was an infidel, whose arguments were most blasphemous against God and the gospel. Frank joined in the discussion, which became very warm as the disputants increased in numbers, and some took one side, some another. We remained about half an hour, and then took our departure, thankful for an opportunity of declaring the truth. In the evening preached in French.

"Next day I read with Frank. Afterwards in our walk talked on subjects on which we disagreed, and suffered in spirit by disregarding the apostle's exhortation concerning doubtful disputations. It began by Frank

finding fault with certain views held by Wesley on election and predestination. I pray God to forgive me, and that this destroy not our communion."

"*Tuesday*, 11*th July*.—Packed Frank off alone to meet our poor at Batignolles, that he might speak French freely to them. I followed in about half an hour, and found him preaching the Word of Life to thirteen persons. They all seemed pleased, and one or two touched. We were able to pray fervently for them afterwards. Next day we went again to them, and found the number increased to sixteen. Oh, if the Lord should save any, what thanks shall we render to Him for ever! Lord, increase our faith! After prayers we departed, promising to return, if it should please God. We have not seen my old beggar-woman there yet, nor her husband."

"*Friday*, 14*th*.—Met Frank, who had been to the chiffonniers at Batignolles. Several strangers were present, which excited the anger of one or more of the inhabitants, and there was like to have been a disturbance, but they conducted themselves well *during the preaching*. Afraid lest the number should exceed that allowed by law, I advised that we should consult Mr. Toase,[1] who proposed that we should exclude all who did not live on the premises, and offer to go and preach to them at their own homes. This advice seems wise and prudent, and we intend to follow it. . . . Determined on trying to get at some more of the poor. We must not neglect to do as much good as possible during our short stay in Paris." Charles meant only to remain there until he should be appointed to some station by the Wesleyan body, and

[1] Mr. Toase was at this time General Superintendent of the French Wesleyan District.

meanwhile, besides frequent clerical duty during the week, he officiated in Mr. Toase's chapel every Sunday. He had not long to wait for an appointment.

"*Thursday, 20th July.*—Frank and I visited our poor at Batignolles. Some seemed astonished and touched at the story of blind Bartimæus. We both addressed them. F. seemed discouraged about his French, but my soul was overjoyed at the power of the gospel. I went afterwards to seek out more poor, and found some, whom I hope Frank will be able to visit regularly. We have had several discussions on *system*. Frank considers all rules as a hindrance to the free working of the Spirit, but I do not see it so unless they be put in its place. Seeing that the Spirit teaches as a *principle* that all things should be done decently and in order, it will be a matter of conscience with me to follow all such rules as I feel to be in accordance with the Word of God. I think time and personal experience will teach Frank also the necessity of this."

"*22d July.*—Went to the poor at Batignolles, and met two who were strict Roman Catholics. Frank got rather warm when one of them spoke of the Virgin Mary as *la Mère de Dieu*. I thought myself obliged to interrupt him, and to show that we believe her to be 'blessed among women,' but that we desire neither to add to nor to take from the Word of God."

"On considering the general state of the French people, I am appalled at the difficulties that lie in the way of doing extensive good in this country. There is not much religious hypocrisy, because the gospel is out of repute, and but little known; there is however but one mass of *moral* hypocrisy throughout the whole land. The standard of morals and honour has become particularly low amongst

the people, and that standard is so often broken, that men have agreed that it is advisable either to deceive one another, or to pass the matter over unnoticed. The love of money also exceeds all bounds. Ambition—even in science and art—no longer prevents this vice laying hold of the heart. It is almost the only point on which general indifference does not manifest itself. A beautiful letter from my mother brings old England, with all its spiritual privileges, so vividly before me as to melt my heart with gratitude and longing. Oh, when will France respect and honour religion! The laws forbid field-preaching, and if they did not, it would be difficult to bring people together. The greater part of those who call themselves Christians manifest little personal zeal in works of active charity; the few churches where pure gospel is preached are crowded with smart bonnets; it is not preached *to the poor*. The labour of getting at the poor is certainly immense, but there is One who can help, and if He pour out His Spirit, none can resist Him. Let us knock at the door of heaven until He hear us; this is the only means, and it is the sure, the appointed means; let us not despise the day of small things, for I am persuaded that if we labour in small things great things will imperceptibly grow out of them, and if we are unsuccessful other men will enter into our labours. I long to be established in the French work, but begin to fear I shall need to remain still a year in Paris. I feel it however to be a comfortable thing, and an honour, to be labouring in union with such a respectable and Christian body of men."

"*Tuesday, 5th September.*—Read Romans i. and ii., with notes, being indisposed to study the Greek. Prayed with Frank with more faith and comfort than latterly. We

took a trip to Meudon and walked in the woods. We lay down on the grass and enjoyed the silence, unbroken except by the chirping of birds, and the murmuring of the wind amongst the boughs. How delightful to leave the bustling town and take part in the repose of the country! This is by far the prettiest spot I have seen near Paris; the woods are wild, the ponds are natural and large, and the lines of the hills intersect each other, and completely shut out the plain; the outline is broken and bold, and the woods are lightened by certain open spaces covered with beautiful heather, which enable you to look down on other woods and valleys. Such scenes often make me long for the beautiful country in England, and I am able to resist the temptation only by a struggle. But what is a still greater trial is the difficulty of obtaining access to the people here; it is so much easier in England. Oh, when will France possess that righteousness which exalteth a nation! What honour and dignity would it add to the natural cleverness of the French! They will be light and little till they understand that God made and redeemed them. If religion were more honoured here, and purely taught, God would bless the land. May they soon learn to fear God and honour the King, and may England be wise to know her day of grace, lest the Lord cut her off! There seems much danger of it."

"*Tuesday, 12th September.*—Received information of my appointment to Vauvert, contrary to my expectation, and owing to Mr. Toase's kind influence on my behalf."

On Thursday the 28th of September 1843 Charles and Frank went together for the last time to Batignolles, to take leave of their poor chiffonniers, but "found only Madame Sara, one of the proprietors, at home, who, while

pleading a good heart, admitted feeling hatred for one individual, and he, I fear, is her husband!" On Sunday the 1st of October, his last day in Paris, Charles preached three times, and on Monday morning he and Frank set out for Vauvert, which was now to be his field of labour.

"On the Rhone at Valence we took up a Capuchin monk, a poor man, and uneducated. Hearing him conversing with some travellers on the rules and dress of their order, I at last ventured to ask him what they *did*. He said the priests acted as missionaries, and that the poorer brethren waited on them. We got the knowledge of many facts from him. Having heard him say that they were forbidden to touch money, and that he intended to beg a lodging of the priest, I offered to pay for a bed and supper for him, which he accepted. On questioning him in private on the first principles of the Christian religion, he seemed perfectly to understand them; but he afterwards added things which overthrew the whole. We read the Scriptures to him, and spoke to him in all love, advising him, as Christ's unworthy servants, not to add to God's blessed Word, 'lest God should add to him the plagues written therein,' but to give up all for Christ. I heard a priest say to him when on board that the Jesuits would soon carry all before them in France."

On Sunday the 8th of October Charles preached at Nîmes *en route*, and on the following day they reached Codognan, where, he writes, "our simple Wesleyan brethren received us lovingly."

"*Vauvert, November 10th.*—Since my arrival I have been so busy that I have had no time to write my journal. . . . I have been much blessed in preaching, being able now to rejoice in the depths of God's ways and words. But since

I came I have seen no fruit of my ministry in conversion. Before leaving Paris I went to take leave of M. Vermeil, to whom I had written a letter acquainting him with my intention of going to Vauvert, and with my motives in joining the Wesleyans. He received me with great coldness as a Wesleyan, whereas he had been all love of old, when he thought I should one day be a Pasteur de l'Église Réformée. He told me I was not going to do God's work, and that I ought not to put division in the Church. I replied that my work and my heart lay open before the Lord. He said he hoped I should come to my senses. I answered, 'Well, God bless you and your work, for I believe it to be of God,' and took leave. Why did he not give me his blessing as heretofore? God's Spirit has been with me hitherto, testifying that I seek not to put division anywhere,—and indeed, it would be difficult to do so where there is but little union,—but only the conversion of souls.

"Frank has preached several times in the street here. I admire his zeal, and I wait to see if it is according to knowledge, and if God blesses his words; but in this, as in all other respects, I feel that I must *follow* conscience, and not outrun the Spirit. If I saw the Spirit working on the minds of the people, and *circumstances forcing* us out of doors, as in Wesley's time, I should be quite ready. We shall see. I have to preach seven times one week, and nine times the other. This is nothing to what I would do had I strength sufficient. It is remarkable how the character of each little church differs from that of the neighbouring Societies in the different villages: some loving and zealous, but fearful,—others knowing, but in a great measure wanting in love and zeal; others again

loving and active, but ignorant, or superstitious and bigoted.

"The day I arrived at Vauvert, somewhat fearful because of the well-known hatred of the people to the Methodists, as I entered the village up jumped a man who was working in a ditch, and asked if I were not a missionary. I expected to get a blow from his pick-axe, for they are not very scrupulous in this country, but instead of that he hugged and kissed me after the fashion of the country, called me 'dear brother,' and led me to the place where I was to remain. It was a thousand to one against my meeting a friend here, as there is only one male member of our Society at Vauvert, and the man I met scarcely ever works where I met him. The same thing happened to me at Aimargues. The first person I met in the village, which contains 2500 inhabitants, was the person at whose house we hold our meetings. Again, at Montpellier, just as I arrived, and was looking round, not knowing Mr. Handcock's address, and aware that scarcely any one in the town did know it—even at the post-office,—almost the first person I saw was Mlle. Hinch, whom I recollected to have met at Nîmes last year. I see the hand of God in all this, that He should always have led me directly to one of those whom I wished especially to see.

"On Sunday we held our Love-feast. Frank came, and confessed the good he had received there, and spoke of his experience. All the members spoke but me. A converted Spanish priest was present. . . . My courage was increased by seeing eight strangers in the chapel, a thing unheard of of late at Vauvert. . . . In studying and praying over Luke ii. 25-32 for to-morrow, my soul has been wonderfully blessed. I would not give up the privi-

lege of such preparation as this for anything, so long as the Lord provides me time and opportunity for it. My soul is so fed by the Word of God that I can scarcely bear in mind the preaching. It was not so formerly, but just the contrary. I read the Bible, and the devil kept on whispering, '*This* is a good text; you could make a good sermon out of *that!*' just as an artist looks with delight on a beautiful landscape, and flies to put it on canvas. Thanks be to God, this is so no longer. I trust Satan has received a *death*-wound."

During the following months he preached more than once at neighbouring places—Grand Gallargues, at St. Laurent, and at Caylar,—besides his stated work at Vauvert, where he re-established the Sunday-school and founded a Tract Society.

"My brother Frank," he writes, "has ceased preaching in the street, and I am now pretty well convinced that although the principle may be right, it would be inexpedient at the present time. I have written to Mr. Cook on the subject, and shall wait to be better informed. On Sunday the 17th our local preacher, Gabriel, went to preach at Caylar. As he arrived before the chapel was open, he went to the National Sunday-school, where he found several persons of the Église Réformée, expecting one of *their* local preachers. As no preacher came, however, the pastor's daughter invited brother Gabriel to preach, not being aware that he was a Methodist. He expressed astonishment, and refused three times, but at last, as every one said the Lord had not sent a preacher there to be idle, he began. In the midst of the sermon a whisper of horror on the part of some, of delight with others, went round the church. 'He 's a *Methodist*,—his doctrine and his zeal

betray him.' This is a curious circumstance, and would be worthy of a place in the annals of French Methodism. I trust many present may have imbibed a little of his doctrine and zeal. There were several poor women, members of our Society, present, who are persecuted by their husbands, and kept away from our chapel. On visiting their class the day following, I found they had been greatly blessed, strengthened, and comforted."

"*Dec.* 28.—On Christmas Day my thoughts were homeward. At 10 A.M. I preached at the Caylar, at 2 P.M. at Codognan, where I afterwards visited the classes. I found them in a better state than I expected; but I fear I was too severe, or rather, I was not severe from pure love. . . .

"I feel the greatest cause for gratitude on looking back on the past year. Amongst its mercies I have to remember God's forgiveness of manifold sins and weaknesses, an increase of grace and knowledge, the being permitted to stand by my sister's death-bed, Caroline's preservation from many dangers, temporal and spiritual, the conversion of several souls by my instrumentality, and the providential manner in which I was united to the Wesleyan ministry."

CHAPTER V.

1844–1845.

A gap in our journal—Correspondence with Caroline Marsh, whom he marries on the 2d of April 1844—His health fails—They reside for a time at St. Chamas, and have interesting intercourse with M. and Mme. Faucher—Remove to Hyères—Letter from Charles and Caroline to Charles's mother—Eugène Faucher and M. Peyran—Journey to Paris—Their life there—Birth of a daughter, and death of Caroline—Estimate of her character—"My Husband!"

From January 1844 to August 1845 there is a hiatus in our journal that has to be filled up from contemporary correspondence as best we may. This gap is the more to be regretted that it arises immediately before that important crisis of his life, when—after three years of unwavering constancy on both sides—Charles was united in marriage to Caroline Marsh, a lady well worthy of his warm affection.

Proverbially, the course of true love never does run smooth; but in this case the difficulties which arose were nearly all pecuniary, and these, when laid before a family-committee of ways and means, were allowed to disappear, for the *way* was soon made clear, although to an onlooker the adequacy of the *means* may have remained somewhat doubtful. Mr. Marsh, who was very proud of his gifted daughter, and had besides no favour for the cloth and

calling of her suitor, took a parental and worldly view of the proposed alliance. Although he acquiesced at last with more of grace than had been expected from him, he gave some trouble in the course of the negotiations. Caroline herself writes: "I really don't think he knows his own mind for two days together; my poor dear Esther used to say, 'Carry, it is like living in a whirlwind to be with him.' No one knows what to expect; my father is one day a man of exquisite feeling and real delicacy, the next a terrible tyrant. He has always been more proud than fond of *me;* consequently, on an occasion like the present, he is likely to consult his own inclination rather than mine. I believe he is disappointed at what I consider my glory and honour; he looks upon ministers as he does on men engaged in any other profession, and cannot imagine why you have gone to France, and put yourself out of the way of all promotion; he sets you down therefore in his mind as a man not very fit to take care of a wife and family. . . . I cannot express how grieved I am that you do not enjoy the comfort in my father that I myself have found in the uncommon delicacy and warm affection of your mother.

"My darling, do not fear that time and distance will have any other effect than that of making me love you more and more. Whenever I think of you I always see you doing or saying something good, so clearly is your image connected in my mind with purity and holiness; only don't ask me if I am neat, or I shall say as you do of your studies—'It is contrary to the grain.' I believe I should sooner learn to dance on the tight-rope, or play at cup-and-ball—a thing I have never been able to achieve,—than I shall learn to be tidy, though I shall

do my best to give satisfaction to my lord and master. I am certainly more tidy than I was, and that is something,—don't you think so? As to the *h*'s, you know I can't say them all,—it is *too* difficult. I think with the French people, that it is very fatiguing, and enough to send one into a galloping consumption, an opinion which is extremely convenient."

Caroline must certainly have been a fascinating creature; wide in her sympathies, quick in her perceptions, she won at once the hearts of all her husband's family, from his brothers up to the dear old "Bonne-maman" of the Rue de Clichy. She was a woman of transparent and decided character, always tender, but varying in epistolary expression with her varying mood. Above all, she was impatient of being misunderstood, as will appear from the following quotation:—

"You seem to think I do not understand you or appreciate you, while an instant before you speak of my undevotedness to God through loving you too much. My sweet love, you have misunderstood *me;* I don't love you too much or too little; I thought I was being so good in leaving you so much to yourself, and you talk of undevotedness, etc., and all for a stupid letter I sent you when I was not myself. . . . I like you to tell me when I am wrong, but I don't like you to tell me I do not *understand* you. I am certain it is all that stupid Felix Neff! he has such ideas about women I shall wish you had never heard of him; he will end by making you wish you had no wife. I know you desire to be as like him as possible, but you are not at all fitted for it, and by following him too closely you may miss your way.

"I don't like you to talk about your studies as you do

in your last letter. It is very pleasant to give up what we do not care to cultivate, but I think it is your duty to make use of the talents you have, for as you get older you will find them very useful; it is not at all probable that you will be able to scamper about the country like Felix Neff! . . . Tell me if granny likes me. I will try, love, to be a good girl; you shall see!"

Again, from Lille, where they had first met: "It seems so cruel to be here alone, just as if I had come to see you, and you did not take any notice of me; I do so want to hear the sound of your sweet voice, even if it were only to hear you say, 'Carry, I am ashamed of you!' . . . I suppose it would be impossible for you to persuade your mother to come as far as Lille. Poor woman! I pity her so much; I think if I were in her place I could never endure to give my dear son away to a woman I do not know.

"I like being here for one thing: everybody talks to me about you, and they all seem to love you. Mrs. Cavalier told me of a sermon of yours which had made a great impression upon her, and that while you were preaching she thought how happy your mother must be; but *I* thought how happy your wife must be. . . . When your examination is passed—that is, if you pass it happily—you will take me to Mézières, and stay there as long as you can. Peggy and M. Faucher are very glad at the thought of our going back; and, love, if you should not be able to pass it, I still hope God will make us contented and happy, and show us the way we ought to take; you know we shall be together, and that is a great comfort."

The happy pair were married on the 2d of April 1844, in Paris, paid a short visit to England, and returned to

Vauvert. Charles's work there, and at Congénies and Grand Gallargues—preaching, as he was in the habit of doing, nine times in the week—was too much for his strength; his throat became seriously affected, and in the month of June he and his wife betook themselves to St. Chamas, a curious old town on the Bouches du Rhône. He describes the scenery of the neighbourhood as picturesque, some of the steep little hills being crowned by villages, and beautifully clothed with vines and olive-trees, while the tideless sea surrounds them like a lake.

In a letter to his mother he writes:—

"Our garden is situated on the side of a rocky hill facing the sea. Carry is going to fit up a cavern which is cut in the rock, and opens into the garden. The hills in the neighbourhood are covered with these excavations; the poor live in them, and find them more comfortable than houses, warmer in winter and cooler in summer. Just over our house there is a precipice with ten or twelve of those *baumes*, as they are called. M. Faucher[1] goes to visit the poor in some of them, and sometimes I go with him. I find him a very agreeable companion, and he is a good Christian; he preaches every Sunday to a few Protestants from the valleys of Piedmont, who are working on a railroad near St. Chamas. I help him when my throat feels well, as the doctor said I might do so. This place is filled with superstition, and the priest seems a very ignorant man; he is a great worshipper of Mary, and his chief argument is 'qu'elle est une si bonne mère.' They have spread a report that the books and tracts we give away encourage all manner of vice and wickedness. At

[1] M. Faucher, the husband of Caroline's sister Margaret, was a civil engineer in the employment of the Government.

La Francheville, where M. Faucher was last, the priest has had all the Bibles and Testaments which they distributed burned."

In the month of July Charles and his wife removed to Hyères, which he describes as "a beautiful little town near Toulon, where there are no winds, and the climate is more steady than it is even at Rome." It was at Hyères that he received a letter from his mother, from which citation has been made unfavourable to the Wesleyan Methodists, with whom he was still in relation, though no longer for the time officially connected. He says: "I am sorry you speak so of the Missionary Society. I am only on trial—my health as well as the rest of me. I think it is a very good and reasonable rule. People who know nothing about the Society, and are enemies to it, catch at anything to prejudice men's minds. Of a person who, having entered it, began to complain, it might be very fairly asked, Why, then, knowing the rules, did you enter at all? For my own part, my chief desire is that, whether actively or passively, I may walk as a worthy member of a Society which shows such disinterested zeal in spreading the gospel of Christ, and which, by the voluntary economy of its members and missionaries, is enabled to send more messengers of the glad tidings than any other, I believe, in proportion to its annual receipts, and in missionary work is allowed to have been the pioneer of all the Societies. I speak freely, being no longer employed by it. I trust God will soon give me health to return with renewed zeal to so good and excellent a work."

His health did gradually improve, and "Carry," he writes a few months later (October 17th) "is better than I have ever seen her yet, and is getting quite stout. The

mornings and evenings are delightful, 'The face of all nature looks gay,' and the orange-trees are coming a second time into blossom."

On the 5th of November he writes to his mother: "I am very glad you have gone to the Walkers. Old friends are the best friends after all. I could wish to be at Hereford with you; Hereford, Dilwyn, and Cherry Hinton are the places I love best, as far as this world is concerned. As far as the other world is concerned, that place is the best where God chooses us to be, and where we can serve Him best. . . . I am learning German, and like it very much. There is a young man here who preaches in German every Sunday, and I go to hear him. I am also going on with my Greek, and am greatly helped by Sir Charles Brenton, formerly a clergyman of the Established Church, and now a Plymouth Brother, highly Calvinistic, and somewhat melancholy, as they all are. There is an excellent clergyman here, suffering from asthma. He has got his wife and family with him, and we are likely to become good friends, as he is a liberal man, quite above petty controversies. His name is Wynch, and he is Lady Sale's brother. We also see a French pastor once a week, so that we form an odd company, reminding one of Joseph's coat of many colours, but affording a striking proof of what I have always thought, that contentions and divisions do not necessarily flow from diversity of opinion, any more than New-Zealanders are obliged to eat up Englishmen. Carry sends her best love to you. We are very happy indeed together."

While at Hyères, although he had no official duty, Charles preached occasionally, and was able to distribute a good many tracts and Testaments. He went also from

time to time to Toulon, and addressed the Protestant prisoners on board the convict ships. The pecuniary requirements of the young couple were very moderate, and the spirit manifested by them may convey an instructive lesson to others similarly situated; for while we find the admirable and generous mother anxious to supply their every want, her considerate children remonstrate against her liberality.

"*November* 20*th*, 1844.—You say you intend if possible to send us £40 in February. You have given us all that you promised us for this year, and we do not want any more. Far from being at a loss for want of present payment, I have just written to grandmaman not to send us yet the £30 now at Hottinguers'. I should press you a *third* time not to give us the £30, if it were not that we may find our doctor's bill fall rather heavily upon us in spring, and that I must go to Nîmes to our District Meeting in January. Carry is very well, sitting in the garden without any bonnet, and with a parasol over her head, at four o'clock in the afternoon. We find it most delightful to sit out of doors under some shady orange-tree. The rainy season has been unusually long this year, and the storms and inundations awful, but all is over now until next April. Cette, a town near Montpellier, where I used to preach, has been visited with a frightful electric whirlwind, which came rolling clouds and vapours about the town, sinking five ships, unroofing the houses, casting down the church-steeple, and killing twenty-five or thirty people."

Thus far Charles: Caroline finishes the letter:—"If you seldom hear from me, do not attribute it altogether to neglect. It is true that dislike for my pen makes me very

idle with it; but, believe me, the chief reason of my silence lately has been a fear lest I should not be able sufficiently to sympathise with one who has so severely suffered as you have.[1] You seem now more cheerful, for which I thank God, and it is this that encourages me to give you a short account of ourselves, as I think nothing more likely to contribute to your happiness than to hear of that of your children. In a few words then, with every necessary and many of the luxuries of life, with our desires moderated by the blessed gospel, and the light of God's countenance shining upon our happy home, we enjoy, I doubt not, as much prosperity as is good for us at present, and while we offer our prayers for those near and dear to us who are in trial, we endeavour to prepare ourselves—without anticipating them—for those evils which fall alike to the share of all. Charles is very much improved in his general health. I have been obliged to have all his clothes made larger. His throat is better, but I fear a long way off being quite well. I don't know if he told you that he has a learned fit, and that he is studying German, in which he makes rapid progress. He sits in an arm-chair wrapped in a comfortable robe-de-chambre—which, by the by, is the most becoming thing he ever wore,—and calls out German till he gives me such a desire to learn it that I don't know what to do with myself. My pretty red socks, according to your advice, are carefully put by, but I do look at them from time to time, and I feel that if I began German, and were ever so much interested in straining my chest and convulsing my muscles with the effort to pronounce words unpronounceable, I could easily lay it aside, and take up

[1] The state of Frank's health was at this time causing much anxiety to his family.

my knitting-needles. But I must not run off to this subject; whatever is, is best, and so I am quite contented. God bless you!"

Eugène Faucher, who had married Margaret Marsh, a sister of Caroline, was a member of a Roman Catholic family, who, from conviction, and in spite of violent opposition from his father, had been led to embrace the Protestant faith. All other arguments from affection having proved ineffectual to prevent a public declaration of the change by the Protestant baptism of an infant son, the imminent risk to his parent's life was brought forward as a preventive reason, his mother solemnly declaring that her husband would "die of apoplexy if he knew Eugène was *converted;*" but even that threat was vainly urged, and happily it did not receive fulfilment. While at Strasbourg, nearly two years previously, Charles had written as follows to his mother: "I was detained at St. Ponce by circumstances which I shall relate. M. Faucher was converted almost as suddenly as St. Paul on his way to Damascus. Within one hour all his philosophical notions appeared to him but vanity. The veil fell from his eyes, he received a key to understand the Scriptures, and he immediately accepted Christ. This happened a day or two before I went to Mézières; he met me with all the warmth of first love, and we had much communion. Hearing that there were a good many Protestants at Mézières, I proposed that he should establish a regular prayer-meeting there. To this he and all the Protestants consented, and M. Faucher asked me to preside at the first meeting on the following Sunday. After the meeting a consultation was held, at which some one hinted that M. Peyran, a pasteur living at

Sedan, thirteen miles off, would be displeased if we did not inform him of our intention. M. Faucher, although he could not imagine what M. Peyran had to do with the Protestants at Mézières, who scarcely ever saw his face, said he would go himself to Sedan, and speak with him. But it was too late; the very next day M. Peyran, who has never held a meeting at Mézières in his life, although it seems he has claimed authority over the Protestants there for upwards of twenty years, came in a great passion, and instead of speaking as a courageous man would have done to M. Faucher himself, he went to all the Protestants, saying to each, 'I order you not to go to any of their meetings at all; if you want a meeting I will come to you one Thursday in every month,' and when some of them complained that that was not enough, he only replied that he had been striving all his life to keep the Methodists out of his parish. Speaking to M. Faucher of my discourse, he remarked,—'That young man's doctrine is not orthodox; he said we must be justified through *faith only*, and that we were to make haste about it, for the world would soon come to an end. You are a Methodist too, and I order you not to put your foot within a Protestant's house.' M. Faucher said he had neither reason nor justice nor the law on his side; that he did not wish to oppose him, but to persuade him to help them. But he would do nothing. Next day M. Faucher wrote him a beautiful calm letter, in which he showed more firmness than in conversation. This matter detained me a week longer than I had intended, and I expect the end of it all will be that they will ask for a regularly ordained minister (but not paid by Government), and that this they will obtain by means of a newly established Society,—'La Société des intérêts généraux.'"

A warm friendship sprang up between Charles de Boinville and the Fauchers, and much good Christian counsel was from time to time received and given. On one occasion when Charles found it necessary to leave his work, without knowing when his health might enable him to resume it, words which brought much comfort were addressed to Caroline by her brother-in-law.[1]

Charles's time in the earlier months of 1845 was not altogether given to the care of his health, for after attending the District Meeting at Nîmes, and visiting St. Chamas, I find that he assisted M. Faucher occasionally in preaching to the Vaudois working on the railway, and did some literary work in the way of translation for the Methodist Magazine. On the 28th of May he writes to his mother from Montélimart: "Here we are on our way to Paris. We set out on Thursday in a gig, in which I drove Carry

[1] "Nous avons appris avec beaucoup de peine ce qui est arrivé au pauvre Boinville, et nous avons sincèrement prié pour lui et pour vous. Vous voyez que Dieu ne veut pas que nous nous hâtions de jouir, et que nous l'oublions dans nos comptes. Mais heureusement vous le savez, Celui qui fait la plaie est bon pour la guérir, et Celui qui crée l'attente est fidèle à donner la patience. Voici un des cas où la connaissance de Dieu facilite nos relations terrestres. Sans lui je ne saurais maintenant que vous dire pour vous consoler et vous donner du courage; mais en lui tout se trouve; adressez-vous à lui et il vous sera fait à tous deux *selon votre foi.* D'ailleurs, quoique nous ne puissions prévoir ce que Dieu veut faire de chacun de nous, peut-être ne nous serait-il impossible de pénétrer ses projets sur Boinville. Qui sait? Boinville est peut-être un vase d'élite qu'il destine à lui rendre un jour un témoignage éclatant! Dieu a besoin des témoins dans les villes comme dans les villages. Peut-être donc que s'il s'était maintenant livré totalement à cette prédication, quelque utile qu'elle puisse être, plus tard aurait-il à regretter d'avoir négligé des études, si non indispensables, du moins utiles; ce repos forcé de quelques années, c'est peut-être du loisir que Dieu lui crée pour ses études; car si Dieu nous promet de nous éclairer, il ne faut pas nous attendre que pour tous il le fasse miraculeusement, comme pour les apôtres; il peut donner encore aujourd'hui le don des langues, mais ses moyens d'action paraissent avoir changé."

to Arles, where we got into a steamboat for Lyons; but the boat was so overloaded, moved so much, and smelt so disagreeably, that as Carry was very nervous, we got down at Avignon and spent Sunday there."

"*Paris, June 12th.*—After a day's rest we went on eighteen miles further, and the next day to Valence. We found these short journeys quite enough for Carry. Sunday we spent at Bourg-Argental, where we saw an immense procession. On Monday, in going to Saint Etienne, we crossed a very high mountain. It is about ten miles up, and as many down, and twenty very nervous miles they were for Carry. From the top we had a fine view of the Alps. At St. Etienne we took the railroad to Roanne; the carriages are drawn by horses on the level ground, but to go down-hill is one of the most frightful things I ever saw. The horses are taken out, and you rush down the rails at immense speed, and as there is only one set of rails, death would be inevitable if there was any mistake in the train coming up; but they have only had two accidents in the course of many years. It is the oldest railroad in France. We arrived in Paris last night safe and sound. You must not be at all anxious about my health. I am quite well. I believe the irritation was brought on in rather a curious way. I had contracted the bad habit of preventing myself from sneezing by putting my handkerchief to my mouth in order to spare my throat when it was sore. One day as I was running fast up-stairs I did this, and I felt directly that I had done it too effectually, and had hurt myself. The doctor said I might have done myself serious injury, but fortunately the discomfort passed away in a week."

In a letter written on the same day as the above from

Henwood by his mother, she expresses much anxiety on hearing of the projected stay in Paris, lest her son should be led to accept too many clerical engagements, and thereby undo any advantage gained by the rest and comparative idleness at Hyères: the result of a medical consultation in Paris, when the doctor advised an entire cessation from preaching for at least three months, and said that Charles would never be able to lead a fatiguing life again, was not calculated to calm the fears of an anxious wife and mother. Viewed in the retrospective light of thirty-three years of labour, unremitting and exceptionally hard, the verdict of Dr. Monod does not tend to promote faith in professional infallibility,—and indeed we find it was reversed next day by another distinguished medical man, who, Charles says, "assured me that he could detect no complaint of the lungs whatever." His health continued to improve, and the summer months passed happily away, a happiness not diminished, though blended with anxiety, by the expected arrival of a baby to complete it in the months of autumn.

On the 18th of August Charles writes: "We had the pleasure of seeing a friend of Alexander's the other day, Mr. Blenkin of Corpus Christi College. We were much pleased to see him, but his entrance into our house will amuse you. At about half-past seven he came to the porter, and asked for M. de Boinville. 'Au quatrième, monsieur!' but poor Mr. Blenkin, not knowing the habits of the country, expected to be ushered into our apartment after the English fashion. How rude he must have thought the porter! There he waited, and waited most patiently, walking up and down the porte-cochère till it was quite dark, when the porter's wife, perceiving a mysterious-

looking individual groping about, slipped out, quite angry, half-inclined to think he was a thief: 'Monsieur, qu'est ce que vous faites donc là?' Mr. Blenkin, most meekly—'M. de Boinville!' 'Ah,' exclaimed the porteress, 'ce pauvre monsieur qui est là depuis une heure!' So she took him half-way up, and then counted on her fingers, '1, 2, 3, 4 étages!' and about half-past eight o'clock in came Mr. B., but not one word did we know about the difficulties he had encountered till next morning, when the porter's wife came up to tell us about 'ce pauvre monsieur, qui n'entend pas beaucoup le Français.'"

"*Sunday, October* 12.—In the morning I read with Carry the first Epistle to the Thessalonians. My experience with regard to the best manner of reading the Scriptures is, that it is of little use to study them, as many do, verse by verse, until you are first perfectly acquainted with the book or epistle you are reading. You cannot understand one verse without being able first to take a large view of the whole. It is of little use, and often very hurtful, to ponder and muse over a few verses, until your brain has worked out, by dint of labour, some definite but often erroneous meaning to the passage. I find it more profitable first to read the epistle through very attentively, getting a clear perception of the general tenor and bearing of the whole, and forming as correct an idea as possible of the chief divisions."

On the 6th October, to his mother: "Carry sends her best love. Pray for us, for her time is fast approaching. It is one of the strongest proofs that our religion is divine, that when all earthly hopes and creatures fail, we can be happy still, in patiently waiting for the restoration of all things to their right order, harmony, and beauty."

On the 2d of November Caroline gave birth to a daughter, and left her, alas! the same day as a comfort to her bereaved father for the loss of a devoted wife. The only notices I find in Charles's hand of this sad event are as follow:—In the Journal under November 2: "My dear wife entered into rest. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' I can say that; but I can say no more. God's will be done!"

Elsewhere: "*Nov.* 2.—Lost my dear wife in childbed; a great loss to me, and to all who knew her well. She died saying I should preach the gospel again, and be blessed in the ministry. My throat began to recover rapidly soon after, and I preached frequently both in French and English."

In a letter to his mother of December 8th he says: "I have begun a long letter to you, giving you some account of dearest Carry's death, but as I find it impossible to finish it at present, and as I know you must be getting anxious to hear from me, I write a few lines in haste to tell you we are well."

Somewhat later Charles writes: "I try to keep up my courage, and I feel thankful to God that, in spite of the severe trials that now press upon and surround us, my spirits are good, and the comfort I derive from dwelling on the glory that shall one day be revealed in us and all God's people surpasses all that I can describe to you,—the peace of God passeth all understanding.

"You ask me to describe my child; it is difficult to say who she is like at present. I think she has my eyes, and Carry's head and forehead. . . . She was baptized yesterday, and called Rachel,—the name her mother gave her.

I enclose her godfather's (Eugène Faucher) letter, which will show you what an excellent man he is. Please send it back to me next time you write."

"I remember a few days after our marriage, Dantan the sculptor said to me, 'Je n'ai jamais vu personne comme elle; elle a la tête si bien constituée et en même temps un véritable cœur de femme.' Such indeed I ever found her to be. She certainly united considerable talents, sound judgment, and almost manly vigour and strength of mind, with a great share of female excellence, the tenderest affection, and the most scrupulous attention to domestic duties. In these respects I never saw one like her. Her affection for me was very great; during her illness she frequently said, 'You are my best friend after Christ.' One day I said to her, 'You must pray to God that I may be upheld if I should lose you, lest I should fall into despair.' 'Oh no,' she said, 'you will not fall into despair; I know your quiet, calm mind; and God will be with you. You are blessed; you ever have been blessed; and you will be blessed. You will go on and be blessed in the work of the ministry. Remember what Cornelia said when she was dying: "Charles will have many jewels in his crown,"—and think how I shall love you there!'

"At Hyères just after her illness there she composed the following lines, the only verses she ever attempted to write. They serve at least to show how fond she was of me:—

"Who makes me honour'd and caress'd,
And says that in me he is bless'd,
And takes me to his faithful breast?—
My Husband!

Who watch'd me with a mother's care,
And begg'd of Heaven my life to spare,
And strengthen me my babe to bear?—
My Husband!

Who to make known God's holy Book
His native land and friends forsook—
His high commission in his look?—
My Husband!

Still true—when passion rules my heart—
To inflict a wound, but heal the smart,
Then most beloved by me thou art—
My Husband!

—Why hast Thou given me such a man?
No worth of mine e'er caused the plan;
And very frail thou know'st I am—
My Husband!

Oh when I join yon glorious band,
At Zion's gate I 'll ask to stand,
And meet thee, if I 'm first to land,—
My Husband!"

CHAPTER VI.

1846-1847.

Appointment to Lisieux—Some account of the place and district around it—M. and Madame B.—Progress of his work—Transferred for a time to Beuville—Mademoiselle Lucas—Hears of the death of his grandmother—Is recalled to Lisieux—Gives some account of the superstitions of the people—Notre Dame de la Délivrande.

THE baby Rachel was for a time intrusted to the care of her nurse in her nurse's mountain home at "La fontaine du parc," in the Commune of Aligny. An interesting account of their simple ménage will be found in Charles's journal, at a later date, and the tenderness with which the babe was treated seems to have been all that could be desired. After having been weaned, however, she was transferred to her loving grandmother at Hereford, and the bulletins of her welfare were thenceforth eagerly looked for and devoured by her doating father, at Lisieux, Caen, Paris, or wherever the lonely peripatetic Wesleyan preacher might for the time be placed.

In the month of March, Mr. Toase, General Superintendent of the French Wesleyan District, engaged Charles to assist him for a few months in Paris,—"a time," he says, "of great happiness and peace of mind, but, on the 14th

of September 1846, he left Paris for Lisieux, which was now for some time to be his field of labour. The circumstance which led to the appointment of a missionary agent in Lisieux by the British Conference of the Wesleyan body was the following. Admiral (then Captain) and Mrs. Wauchope, who had been for some time resident there, had taken much interest in the spiritual enlightenment of the inhabitants, an interest heightened and made actively permanent by the death at Lisieux of an only and beloved son. After their return to England they applied to various religious bodies to establish an agent there, and finally induced the Wesleyan Missionary Society to undertake the enterprise, themselves promising liberally to assist it. M. de Boinville's enthusiasm in the work, and his perfect fluency both in French and English, led to his appointment.

Four days after his arrival he writes thus of the condition of the town :—" This place seems to be wholly under the influence of the priests. I calculate that there are not less than 3000 persons who depend almost entirely on them and on the nuns for support. Nearly all the women go regularly to confession, and yet there seems to be little real religious conviction of any kind. Even among the English I can find but one or two who rejoice in the forgiveness of their sins through faith in the blood of Christ. Several of them have been baptized by the Catholics, and have died in that religion. I have found four or five Swiss, German, and French families, some members of which are Protestants, but they seem to be without religion, and live just as the Catholics do. These are coming to my room, however, this evening, to fix an hour for commencing our religious services. Lord, send down Thy

Spirit! Open their hearts to the truth! Appear among us in power and mercy, and grant me grace with liberty and *love* to preach Christ crucified to them!

"In my visits I have met with several Roman Catholics who pleased me by their simplicity, and by the manner in which they received my exhortations. But the work is entirely to begin. My courage almost fails me at times."

Same evening.—"We have just held our meeting. Two heads of families only came, but God was with us! They seemed desirous to learn, and willing to assist me. Let us not despise the day of small things, for a small beginning with warmth and life is better than great show with the coldness of death, and, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' For all that is past, I can say, 'My Father must forgive.'

"On Tuesday I went to St. Germain-de-livet, and called on fifteen Scotch and Irish families. I hope to be made useful to them."

"*October* 2.—I have just returned from a two days' voyage of discovery. Thinking I might meet with some Protestants in the towns in this neighbourhood, I determined to visit them, and have begun with Trouville and Pont l'Évêque. At the former I saw several of my English Paris acquaintances, who had spent the bathing season there without any public means of grace. I met also with two or three French Protestants, and told them that if they could get fifteen or twenty persons to meet together I would visit them from time to time. At Pont l'Évêque I did not find one Protestant, but gave away several tracts. As there was no coach, I was forced to walk back most of the way to Lisieux; which was well, however, as I had one or two occasions for speaking a good word; and seeing

a large factory at some distance from a village I passed through, I inquired if there were any English there, and was told, 'a great many.' I had asked the same question at Lisieux, and was answered that there were *none.* I purpose to visit them occasionally."

"*October* 3.—I met an Englishwoman to-day, who told me, with the utmost gravity, that when she came to this country she turned Catholic to find a husband! She is now a widow, and gives lessons in English in Lisieux to gain a morsel of bread; but she seems, poor creature, to be half-starved."

"*October* 8.—Went to St. Germain-de-livet. Several persons expressed a desire to meet in class. I read them the rules of the Society, and said I would meet them on Sunday evening. Most of the French receive me with pleasure. The Normans are a polite people."

"*October* 21*st.*—Sunday was a happy day with me, both for inward and outward blessings. After morning service I went home to dine with a man and woman whom I had invited from St. Germain-de-livet, French people, the man a Protestant. About four years ago the man had seduced this woman, who was a poor orphan, and they had since then lived together as man and wife, and such all took them to be, although they had not been married. When I came into the country, they say they felt as if I were a saviour sent to rescue them from their sins. About a fortnight since, the man told me they were not married, but desired to be so secretly. *That* I knew to be impossible in this country; I determined to be faithful, and advise them to bear the reproach. When we entered into conversation, I perceived that although they were evidently humbled, and to a certain extent convinced of sin, they

attempted to excuse themselves. I told them God never *excused* sin, and that they must not excuse themselves, or they would never obtain forgiveness.

"After about an hour's conversation they both appeared in deep distress. I said, 'There is a *free pardon;* believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved.' They could not yet understand this. At last the man said, 'In two years' time I hope to be altogether another man.' 'In two years' time!' said I; 'what right have you to expect to be converted in two years?' 'By the grace and help of God,' said he. 'Is it by *grace?*' I asked; 'then why not *now?* Will God be more merciful and more ready to be gracious in two years than He is now?' 'Well, but I feel that I do not deserve it.' 'That is *why* it is by grace, a pure unmerited favour,' said I; 'it is not by the works of the law, nor by anything you can do, even if you take twenty years.' Then I read and explained Romans iii. 10-20, and x. 4-9. Suddenly the man exclaimed, as I was explaining this last verse, 'I think that even now I *do* believe.' 'Let us then praise God,' said I, and down we fell on our knees. The man wept like a child, and when he got up, he said, 'I am happy now; I am not the same man.'—The woman also glorified God, and M. and Madame B. have not lost that which they then found. Great is the mercy and grace of God!"

"*October* 30.—St. Germain-de-livet: saw much wickedness, at which my heart felt sick and faint. On my return home I was inclined to murmur, because the Lord had laid such a burden on me. The country looked beautiful, and as I passed by a field and smelt the fresh mould which was being turned up by a plough, I envied the man who followed it, and said to myself, 'How quietly that man

spends his days! he has only his own sins to bear: why did I not remain a tiller of the ground?' But the Lord soon rebuked me, and I was deeply humbled as I remembered, 'Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses.' The Lord reminded me, that having put my hand to the Gospel plough, I must not look back, and that the seed I was sowing was not perishable, but would spring up unto life everlasting."

"*November* 2.—Began the catechetical instruction of three French lads of about sixteen years of age, to prepare them for receiving their *première communion*. . . . Seeing some time ago the children at St. Germain-de-livet running wild about the lanes without any possibility of obtaining schooling or religious instruction, I determined, as soon as I could procure a room, to catechise and teach them to read for two hours twice a week, and I began to-day. About seventeen attended, several of whom have almost forgotten English, their native tongue."

"*November* 28.—My mind has been disturbed of late by the cares of this world. I stood in want of money, having by force of circumstances got rather behind. I besought the Lord to deliver me from all carefulness, and, blessed be the good providence of God, I was not unheard: this morning brought me a letter from the best of mothers, enclosing a five-pound note."

"*Watchnight* 1846-47.—This time two years ago I was watching with my wife at Hyères; she is gone to glory, and I am now left alone with my God, but in spirit I unite with many brethren who, like myself, are watching for the beginning of another year. I have to be thankful for many temporal and spiritual blessings vouchsafed to me during the past one, and yet on looking back I feel as if my whole

life had been a mere dream. Will another year when past appear more substantial? will it not also be like a vapour which has disappeared, and left no trace behind? All things pass, and are forgotten; but, blessed be God, I am content it should be so, and to be lost in Him is to be lost in love and bliss."

On the 4th of January 1847 Charles went to Paris to attend the Annual District Meeting. He writes on the 6th: "Last summer, when in Paris, I visited a poor Roman Catholic woman who was dying of consumption. During my absence she had frequently expressed a desire to see me. On the 4th I arrived, and went at once to visit her. She said, 'I place all my confidence in the merits of Christ. I have no fear of death, and I have only one desire left,—that *you* should bury me.' She died just after, blessing her family. I buried her on the 7th, and preached in the churchyard, not far from my wife's grave."

"*January* 8.—The District Meeting has decided that Mr. Pilter's residence at Lisieux renders it unnecessary for me to remain there, and I am therefore to remove to Beuville, in the neighbourhood of Caen."

"*Sunday, January* 17.—Preached at Lisieux and St. Germain-de-livet, and bade adieu to my friends; on the 20th preached at Caen, and went on to Beuville. On the 22d January to Périers, where I visited all the Protestant families, and saw, amongst others, the famous Mlle. Lucas. I had conceived a prejudice against all *famous* Christian women, because I had hitherto been able to discern in them only one great gift—that of loquacity; but when I saw Mlle. Lucas, though she chatted pretty well too, yet all my prejudice vanished in a few minutes, for she knew when to cease talking, and when she spoke it was to make

mention of her Saviour's love. Her appearance struck me very much: she was ill, in bed; but happiness and a living hope of glory beamed in her eyes, and lightened up her whole countenance. She lay in a good bed, and everything was perfectly clean about her, but her bed was in the cow-house, as is the habit in this part of the country. Two customs I have observed here that I never saw elsewhere: one, that people sit and sometimes sleep in the cow-house for the sake of warmth, and the other, that the men knit, like the women."

After a severe attack of inflammation, he was able to resume his labours on the 21st of February. On the 24th he writes: "On walking into Caen, I met to my great delight M. B. and his wife. I thought I had observed some vacillation in his conduct before I left Lisieux; but they had come all the way from St. Germain-de-livet to pray with me, and to tell me they were fully determined to forsake all things to follow Christ. Oh how my heart rejoiced, and how earnestly I prayed God to teach them the way of the Lord yet more perfectly!"

On the 2d of March he made from Beuville a mournful announcement to his mother: "I do not know whether you have received the sad intelligence from the Rue de Clichy. The enclosed from Mr. Ruffini will tell you all. I received it this afternoon. Though this event was not unexpected, my grief is very great. I always met with such love and kindness from her. The mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of us all is gone. I wrote to Aunt Cornelia as comforting a letter as tears would allow."

From Mr. Ruffini's letter we learn that the dear, kind old lady had died on the previous day. He writes: "Je viens remplir un douloureux devoir au nom et lieu de

votre tante Cornélia, brisée par la douleur et la fatigue. Hélas! mon pauvre Charles, notre douce et bien-aimée Bonnemaman-à-tous n'est plus. Ce matin à 6 heures elle rendait le dernier soupir." She was, as she deserved to be, sincerely mourned.

On the 4th of March Charles received a letter from Mr. Toase, recalling him to Lisieux, in consequence of the death of Mr. Pilter,[1] and on the following day he writes: "The sorrow of many here at my being called away seems so sincere that it touches my heart. They long to have a minister among them, and the attachment of the people to the Methodist ministry in particular is very marked. I wish the Society could keep a preacher here for some time longer. The Lord once poured out His Spirit abundantly on these villages, and when I see the weeping, and hear the prayers of that holy woman Mlle. Lucas and of others, I cannot but believe that He would do so again,—but 'faith cometh by hearing,' and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

"*Lisieux, April* 3.—To-day I have witnessed as strange a piece of superstition as ever came under my observation. I was called by a German woman to baptize her grandchild, who was sick. 'The child does not *look* ill,' said I, 'what do you suppose to be the matter with it?' 'Oh,' replied she, casting her eyes towards the door, 'I can give a shrewd guess; I know—I am *certain*—it is that wicked woman. Look at these gimlets,' said she, pointing to two

[1] Of the Rev. Mr. Pilter M. de Boinville writes as follows:—"The Rev. Robert Pilter was an excellent minister, and though weak and infirm, was able to conduct the two little English services, so that, as far as the English were concerned, I was scarcely needed. He was willing, however, that I should take the chief part of the work, until I should have found enough to do amongst the French, to whom I wished chiefly to turn my attention."

gimlets, one enormous and another very little one, which she had screwed into the beam above the doorway. 'I'll keep her wicked spirit out. I 'm sure it was she; I know when she did it, but she 'll not come again.' 'And pray,' asked I in astonishment, 'what are those gimlets stuck up there for?' 'Why, don't you know,' said she, 'the blessed Saviour's hands were nailed to the wood? He remembers it well, and I have stuck the gimlets there that He may keep that bad woman out.' 'And do *you* call yourself a Protestant?' I asked; 'you are as superstitious as any Papist I ever met with.' 'No, no,' replied she; 'I am as good a Protestant as yourself; you are a learned man, and cannot believe these things, but I know them to be certainly true.' I was just going to reach the gimlets and pull them down, but the woman was in such a state I thought it better to walk away. It appears this is not an uncommon piece of superstition in the country from which she comes. On the following Sunday I baptized the child, Sophie."

The following extracts from a lecture delivered in England by M. de Boinville, on the state of religion in France, have special reference to Lisieux and its neighbourhood: —"Soon after I first arrived at Lisieux I remember that a lady, who desired to have a Bible, went to every bookseller's shop in the town, and that a town of 17,000 inhabitants, but there was not one to be had. A colporteur related that he had gone into one of the convents and sold a Bible to the lady superior, who actually shed tears whilst she told him she had longed for many years to possess one. The book was, however, taken from her next day by the chaplain, saying that although it was a

Catholic version it had been printed and sold by Protestants, and that she had *done* her religion very well hitherto (this is the literal expression—*faire sa religion*); and that she might be content to go on as formerly.

"So ignorant were they, that most of the people did not know the difference between a Protestant Christian and a Jew, and several persons asked me very seriously if the object of our worship were not *a pig*,—they had been told it was.

"As to *superstition*, it is most prevalent—it even abounds—in the provinces. It is indeed encouraged and turned to good account by some of the priests. By others it is only laughed at. Many superstitious observances, specially the veneration and supposed miraculous power of relics, are, as you well know, enjoined by the Church of Rome. At Lisieux on the first Sunday after Easter a priest goes to the top of the hill on the Paris road, where there is a plain cross most beautifully situated on a green eminence covered with trees, and commanding a fine view of the old church. He stands on the step of that cross, and a boy with a bag stands by his side. Hundreds of the faithful flock on an easy pilgrimage to the spot; they one by one approach the cross, and kneel at the feet of the priest, who recites over their heads *a gospel*, that is, a portion of the Gospel in Latin; they then drop a few pence into the bag, which is soon filled, and retire fully persuaded that good fortune will attend them in consequence. The cross itself, or rather I should say the ground on which it stands, is greatly venerated on account of its miraculous power of healing. Its history I have been able to gather only from a picture in one of the churches, and from oral tradition.

"During a prevalence of the Plague it had been revealed

that the relics of St. Ursin de Tours, from Bourges, would alone stay the fearful scourge. The bones were sent for, and as they entered the town, health and safety returned; not one other death occurred. Shortly afterwards the inhabitants of Bourges went for the precious remains, when, in grateful acknowledgment of benefits received, the whole town of Lisieux turned out to conduct in solemn procession the bones of the saint towards their former resting-place. Strange to say—miracle little less wonderful than the staying of the Plague,—when the chariot had arrived quite at the top of the steep ascent, the saint would proceed no further! So far all authorities seem to agree, but here tradition takes different roads, and I cannot vouch for the truth of what follows. The most current report is that the saint thought sufficient honour had not been done to him,—that something better than bullocks should be attached to his car, and that he intended to signify that some portion at least of his remains were to be left at Lisieux. The bullocks were then unharnessed, and replaced by twenty-five virgins,—which having been done, the saint once more rode on in triumph before the assembled multitude. Since that day the ground on which the car stood still has acquired a miraculous gift of healing: when doctors and medicines fail, a linen bracelet filled with this holy earth is placed on the arm of the invalid, and if he have but faith, he must recover. The bracelet containing the earth must then be carried back to the spot whence it had been taken. So widespread is the fame of this cure, so confident are the people of its efficacy, that numbers of sick folks in the town make use of it. I have myself counted four hundred and fifty of these bracelets lying round about the cross!

"Time would fail me to tell of similar specimens of Popish superstition, and of miraculous cures supposed to be wrought by St. Juste, by Notre Dame of one place, and Notre Dame of another, within a few miles of Lisieux; but the way in which the miraculous powers of Notre Dame de la Délivrande, so celebrated for its convent, were found out, is worth relating.

"A shepherd—so goes the story—was feeding his flock, and as he watched his sheep by day and by night, he perceived one which never grazed, but spent its time in scratching the ground like a dog. Days and nights passed, the shepherd tried in vain to drive the sheep home. It scratched and scratched without intermission, and never ate a mouthful. The shepherd expected it to die, but, lo! it grew always fatter, till at length the matter became noised abroad. Some mysterious power was believed to be there: a hole was dug, and deep beneath the earth was found an image of the Virgin. The visitor may see with his own eyes in these days the crutches and other proofs of miraculous healing which the impotent have left behind them at Notre Dame de la Délivrande! Hundreds from the neighbourhood of Caen and Lisieux, and thousands for many miles around, flock every year to obtain, by a pilgrimage to the famous Virgin of Délivrande, the cure of some disease of their own or of their friends, and not a few as an excuse for seeking a little enjoyment and recreation."

CHAPTER VII.

1847.

The Vallée d'Auge—Voilà le protestant—The four Convents of Lisieux—*Les dame utiles*, and *les dames inutiles*—A proselyte—reclaimed by her mother—A better spirit arising at Lisieux—Generous confidence—Chapel opened, and continues to be crowded in spite of opposition—The *frères de St. Yon* burn his books—Madame Quesné—A false alarm—Encouragement, and discreditable priestly tactics.

"I WELL remember my thoughts on re-entering Lisieux. It was a fine morning, and before I had visited any one, I walked up a hill to meditate on my new position and my duties. A beautiful scene presented itself,—the richest pasture-land in the Vallée d'Auge, and, indeed, in all France, slightly overshadowed by the rising mist. The wooded hills on either side, the pleasant orchards, the cream-coloured cattle, the sparkling brooks, and in the midst the busy town, embosomed among trees, with its beautiful churches, lay just below me. All external objects tended to raise my thoughts to the great Creator of them all. Of all the spots I had ever seen, none seemed to me more beautiful, or so invitingly to say, 'This is the place for thee to dwell in,'—'the land of Goshen,' and in Egyptian darkness. But has not God

perhaps a people here? Frequently afterwards would I wander up these hills and exclaim: 'Lord, teach my hands to war, and my fingers to fight for Thee; Thou seest the strength of the wicked ones, and knowest my weakness. Here I stand alone in the midst of thousands. But *who* sent me here—is not the cause Thine own?'

"Wishing to have intercourse with as many individuals as possible, I went to live at a hotel, dined daily at the table-d'hôte, made the acquaintance of several young men, conversed freely with every one I met, and spoke as often as I thought right on spiritual subjects. I obtained permission wherever I could to enter the factories, bought many trifles at different shops, and thus soon became acquainted with a vast number of people in the town. Many would say as I passed, 'Voilà le protestant!' I had precious opportunities of conversing with people about their best interests, and was thus the better able to judge of their wants, and of what was likely to enlighten their minds on religious subjects.

"Of the four convents of Lisieux, some were more popular than others. The congregation of the Sisters of Mercy connected with the hospital vied in labour with the Sisters of Providence, whose business it was to teach the young. The Sisters of the strict order called Carmelites spent their whole time in silent devotions, fasting, and prayer, to enable them to do which money was collected annually in the town for their maintenance. The former were justly preferred to the latter by the common people, who surnamed them *les dames utiles* and *les dames inutiles;* but the largest convent was that called the Abbaye, which possessed a large house and school, with delightful grounds and orchards overlooking the town. In this convent were

several English and Irish ladies, some of whom had gone over from the Protestant faith. I was therefore grieved when I was told that a young English lady of my acquaintance had resolved to finish her education at the school connected with this establishment. In vain did I and others advise, entreat, and warn her; she said she was to be left quite free; she knew from her late schoolmistress that the Sister who managed the school was liberal in her sentiments: she was to attend Protestant worship every Sunday, and might even at times receive the visits of her friends. Her mind was made up; she went; but soon she became unwell, and we saw her less regularly on Sunday at service. By degrees she grew worse. It was thought advisable she should lead a more secluded life. She was not then a deeply pious person. I began to fear for her faith, and wrote on the subject to her parents, who lived in the north of England, but received no answer. I believe her father thought nothing of it. At last, when at the urgent request of a common friend she was allowed to spend an evening at her house, I had some conversation with her. She seemed considerably reduced in strength both of body and mind, and confessed that she was reading books which I knew to be dangerous. She informed us that she was often pressed to enter the Roman Catholic Church, and we drew from her that she had been removed to a room at the bottom of the garden, adjoining the convent chapel, where she was kept awake, sometimes in great fear, by unaccountable noises which proceeded from it, and that the Sisters who brought her *tisanes* to drink at night would silently make the sign of the cross on her forehead. She acknowledged that her mind had been somewhat shaken by the books she

was reading, but said she had no intention of changing her religion. I believe she then spoke the truth, but I told her the time would perhaps soon come when, if she did not yield herself up willingly to the influence of her convent friends, she would find herself forced either to embrace the Roman Catholic faith or to leap over the garden wall, as some of my acquaintance had done before. We entreated her to remain at her friend's house, and not to return, but she would not.

"A few days after this her friend called at the convent to see her; it was said to be impossible: Mademoiselle was ill and cloistered. It was plain that no time must be lost; we appealed to the *Procureur du roi*, who with great difficulty, and only by threats, obtained admittance. The young lady spoke plainly: she was determined to become a Roman Catholic, and we soon learned that the day was fixed for her recantation. In haste her mother was written to; the preparations were going on, and great was to be the solemnity. *Tisanes* were now no longer needed; in a few days she would no doubt be quite happy and quite well. But had she opened her mind to her poor mother, or had she forgotten the revealed law of God, 'Honour thy father and thy mother'? Not one word had she written to her parents.

"Time crept on; the day was fast approaching when Mrs.—— called at the convent accompanied by an unknown elderly lady, and asked to see her young friend. No danger was now apprehended, or possibly they were afraid of the *Procureur du roi*. The ladies were allowed to enter, and Mademoiselle was sent for. She came forward. The elderly lady was her mother, but no emotion was depicted in her countenance, no eagerness in her embrace, whilst

her tenderest earthly friend clasped her in her arms. Little was said. 'You are coming with me, my dear,' said the mother. Probably it never entered the young lady's mind that she might perhaps legally have resisted her mother's will, for, I believe, she was of age. At all events she obeyed, and immediately left. In the course of a day or two they landed in England. Old recollections and other impressions rushed into the heart and mind of the poor girl as she saw once more the scenes of her happy childhood. She was free; no longer were there walls and bars and bolted doors, and of her own choice she is still, after the lapse of several years, a Protestant,—but narrow indeed was her escape."

"*June 8th.*—To-day I visited St. Germain-de-livet. Oh, what grief and sorrow I feel when I consider their hardness at that place, and their unbelief, and their misery and danger! How I pant for a revival of religion among them! At Lisieux I think there is a better spirit abroad. One thing that has encouraged me is the manner in which I have been admitted to see a prisoner. The keeper of the prison presses me to go every day, and the prisoner himself wept to-day whilst I exhorted him to repent and seek the mercy of God. I feel more happiness in visiting the poor than the rich, the sick than the healthy, the afflicted than the prosperous, and the prisoners than the free."

"I have generally met with more generosity amongst the poor than amongst the rich in this country. An example of this occurred when I was leaving Rue de Ponthieu, Paris. Not knowing that the law of France authorised the proprietor of the house to exact the payment of my rent on leaving, although my lease was not

out, I had packed up and got all my furniture ready to start, when the porter, a very worthy man, came with a message from his master, to say that he would not allow me to leave without paying all my rent. The poor man, who had never received any gift from me but that of a Bible—for which he was most grateful, appeared quite shocked at his master's suspicion. I told him to return and beg his master to wait only till the next morning, as I was not prepared at that moment to pay him the money, and it would put me to great inconvenience to get it at that late hour in the evening. But it was of no use; the poor man returned quite indignant, saying, 'They are all alike, sir; these rich men and misers don't know an honest man when they see him. But,' said he, thrusting his hand down one of his master's boots, which he happened to be brushing, 'look here: I have just got 200 francs which I had locked up. Now, there it is; pay your rent, and I know you'll return me the money to-morrow morning.' I found means to get out of the scrape without accepting this kind offer, which nevertheless remained engraved on my mind and heart, and led me to these reflections. The servant is often better than his master; honesty produces confidence, and engenders generosity, and he that is richest in this world's goods will often be found to be poorest in those of the next."

"On the 5th of September 1847 I opened in Lisieux a chapel for French preaching; but as I had met with considerable difficulty in obtaining an *authorisation* from the Mayor, and knew that the influence and opposition of the priests were strong, I did not expect many persons to attend. God, however, brought numbers to hear His blessed gospel. The room was crammed, as well as the staircase outside,

and more than a hundred were obliged to go away. I endeavoured to give them an earnest call, whilst I preached from 'This is none other than the house of God,' etc. After service was over several persons surrounded me, and said it was the pure Word of God, and that they had been deceived when told that Protestants did not believe in Christ or preach about Him.' Thus ended, without interruption, the opening service. From that time I met with no opposition of any kind from the Mayors of Lisieux, and frequently with great kindness and attention."

"*September* 20*th.*—What proofs I have of God's mercy and love! I had been obliged to advance more money even than I possessed, in order to fit up the chapel, when poor Madame Quesné besought me with tears in her eyes to enable her to pay a bill, as otherwise she must sell her furniture. I felt obliged to give her the last twenty francs I possessed, and I owed twenty in the town for chairs for the chapel. Not two hours afterwards a lady put into my hands thirty francs for the work of God, and two days later I received a gift from my mother for the same object."

"*Sunday, September* 26*th.*—The room still crowded, although the curé of St. Pierre preached against us in the morning, and told the people to burn our books. I think it is best to take no notice of this, but to preach the gospel, and leave the people to judge. What attention they paid as I preached from 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me'! Surely the bud of life is about to burst, and this desert shall at last rejoice and blossom as the rose."

His ministry at Lisieux was certainly most effective, and numerous instances might be cited, not only of slumbering

believers thereby awakened, but of others brought out of the darkness of unbelief or the haze of superstition to assured faith in Jesus Christ, as indeed the way, the truth, and the life—the only Saviour of sinners. It was natural, therefore, that the Romish priests should do all in their power—or rather, that they thought likely—to arrest his progress, though what they did turned out to be not for the hindering but the furtherance of the gospel. "To-day," he says, "several lads and a man have been to ask me for some tracts, which I readily gave them. They told me that the priests and *frères de St. Yon* had ordered all the boys who attend their school to bring the tracts I had given them, that several had done so, and that they had made a fire of them, whilst the children danced round it. Several other boys had promised also to bring tracts, because they get Roman Catholic books in exchange. I was also informed that some persons who had read the tracts, and found no evil in them, were indignant at this conduct. May God grant that this opposition may kindle a fire of holy indignation, and of zeal for the truth in many hearts! The Spirit is certainly working in the heart of poor Quesné. He has been very ill, and at the door of the eternal world; but, as he expresses it, 'God would not let me visit Him yet; it is not time to die; I have still something to do.'"

"*Wednesday, October* 6, *at* 10 P.M.—I had a call from Madame Quesné, who, of her own accord, entered into conversation about her soul. She told me that all day long, while at work, the subject of her soul's salvation pursued her, and she could not help thinking of all I had told her. 'Oh! how I wish I could understand,' she said. How welcome such words were to my ears, those only can

tell who have lived in such a spiritual desert as Lisieux. I once more explained to her the way of salvation through faith in Christ; and we knelt and prayed together. When she went away, her heart was too full to speak; but no one ever truly sought in vain." He tells, after seeing her next day, "What was formerly darkness to her is now light. Joy beams in her countenance, and I doubt if her joy is greater than mine."

"In reading the Psalms my soul has been greatly blessed and comforted, and I have found these words peculiarly applicable and consolatory: 'I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart. I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation. Withhold not thy tender mercies from me, O Lord; let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me. Innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head, therefore my heart faileth me: be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me; O Lord make haste to help me.' I never felt my weakness more than at present, and I wonder that people come to hear me; but I know that if the manner is bad, the gospel I preach is worth coming to hear. O Lord, I want to see souls turned to Thee. Lord, I will feel myself less than nothing though Thou bless my ministry, for what is man? Open my eyes to behold the height and depth of love divine, and give me a mouth to preach Christ to all, 'then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.'

"As we were singing this evening there came a tremendous peal of thunder, such as I never heard in my life before: the bolt fell very near, the people shrank, and appeared to sink under it, and some cried out. It put a sudden stop to the singing, but God gave me perfect calmness, and I took occasion to warn the ungodly and to encourage the penitent and faithful. I think a gracious influence was felt through the whole service, and we sang the last verse of our hymn with more than usual fervour, —'Qui croit en lui ne sera point confus.'"

"*November* 1*st, All Saints Day.*—At the request of several Roman Catholics I held a service and preached on All Saints from Rev. vii. 9-17. I was informed that the *Commissaire de Police* had received anonymous letters warning that we should have a row at the Temple, and advising him to attend. I believe it was a false and malicious report, for all went off quietly, although the place was crowded to excess."

"*Thursday,* 18*th November.*—Preached in French on Mark v. 25-34. On my return home I found a letter signed by eight persons, none of whom I knew. Its contents deeply moved me. They begin by professing affection for me personally, and their belief in my sincerity. They express a strong desire to see the cause of God prosper, and say that they consider the desecration of the Sabbath to be the chief obstacle to piety here. They advise that I should dwell at greater length on this subject. Surely God is now working in the midst of us. Whence these earnest desires—these expressions of love for God's law and word? Do such things come from earth or heaven? On the next Sunday I preached in French on keeping holy the Sabbath-day."

"*December* 22*d*.—About 100 lads have called to-day to fetch books, but as we suspected them we refused to give any; and we did well, for it came out before evening that the frères St. Yon had offered them tickets and books for every Protestant work they would bring, and that they had already got hold of a few, which had been burned."

CHAPTER VIII.

1848.

Would-be confessors, and honest inquirers after truth—The year 1848—Revolutionary disturbances—English work-people driven away—The Lord's Supper administered after the Protestant fashion at Lisieux, for the first time since the days of persecution—M. de Boinville goes to Paris for a time—Is received into full connection by the Conference—Temporary good effects of the Revolution.

"MEANTIME the priests were outrageous in their invectives against Protestantism. I answered them only by preaching Christ. The people were struck with the difference. They would say, 'The Protestant is not like our priests: he does not tell us to come to *him*, but to go straight to Christ.' . . . Many persons came to talk to me about religion, some of whom are evidently spies; others, even women, would confess to me all their sins with the greatest effrontery, as if to a priest. Often I sent them about their business, and told them never to return to me till they had really repented of their wickedness."

"*January* 19, 1848.—A poor woman who has been a constant attendant at our chapel, and who has already called on me several times, came to-day to beg of me to give her religious instruction. Her earnestness and simplicity please me much, and she seems determined to cast in her lot with the little band of Protestants.

"*Friday*, 21*st*.—A respectable woman, whom I have constantly seen at chapel, called on me to-day, and told me how her confessor had scolded her, and refused her absolution, because she had attended Protestant worship and had spoken well of Protestantism. She replied that she derived benefit from worshipping with us, and avowed her intention of continuing henceforth to do so."

"The year 1848 will long be remembered as being one of the most memorable epochs in the history of nations. Louis Philippe attributed his fall in great measure to the high price of provisions during the preceding year, and there is indeed no doubt that great discontent everywhere prevailed amongst the lower orders. In Lisieux itself a riot had occurred in which some 3000 persons turned out, and one baker, who had perhaps justly incurred the displeasure of the people, narrowly escaped with his life. It was said that his house had been set fire to three times, and I myself saw all the windows smashed with brickbats. Instead of dispersing the mob at once, the authorities acted with great pusillanimity.

"After several hours of deliberation, during which the concourse of people had more than doubled, they gave utterance to their terror by causing the drums to beat *la générale* for the National Guards, of whom there were about 1200 in Lisieux, to turn out. Only forty came to the call, and these would have been killed had not the *gendarmerie* on horseback come to their rescue, and given them an opportunity to escape. Night, however, dispersed the throng; and before nine o'clock next morning seventy of the rioters had been lodged in prison. Scenes of this kind occurred in almost every part of France. Nevertheless, when the Revolution in Paris was announced, it came

like a thunderbolt in the provinces. In Lisieux every fresh announcement was received by all parties, not indeed with stupid apathy, but with the greatest apparent submission to the all-powerful centre. Paris, as usual, decided everything. At length, after three days of painful suspense, the Republic was proclaimed; the greatest excitement prevailed; the bread and flour stealers of the preceding year were released, and a golden age was proclaimed."

"*April* 10.—The Revolution has driven away all the English work-people. Thank God, no harm happened to any of them but to one girl, who received a deep gash on the head. The agitation has not much affected our French congregation, and, while overlooked by the noisy world, we have enjoyed peace in the presence of God."

"*Sunday, April* 22.—M. Langlade has arrived to take my place here, while I go to Paris and remain there, to supply the place of Mr. Arthur. This day has been one of the happiest of my life. At nine o'clock we met to take the Lord's Supper. Several Roman Catholics having expressed a desire to be admitted, I visited them and conversed freely on spiritual matters, especially on those points which distinguished us from the Romanists. Some judged themselves unworthy, or not sufficiently grounded in the Protestant faith, to join us, and I thought it best not to press the matter, but ten of them came, and three Protestants, besides M. Langlade and myself. When we had sung a hymn, I asked the Catholics to stand up, and addressed them as follows :—

" 'Mes chers frères et sœurs, vous avez exprimé le désir de vous joindre à nous pour célébrer la mort expiatoire de notre divin Sauveur en prenant la sainte Cène. Par cet acte vous déclarez que vous faites cause

commune avec nous et avec tous les frères des églises Protestantes. En prenant la parole de Dieu pour votre seul guide, pour seul règle de votre foi et de votre conduite, vous protestez contre les erreurs de l'église Romaine. Vous reconnaissez Jésus Christ, Fils de Dieu et fils de l'homme, comme seul chef de l'Église, et comme seul Auteur de votre salut; vous voulez vivre et mourir dans cette foi, qui vous unit à votre Sauveur. Vous désirez glorifier le Seigneur par vos paroles et par vos œuvres, vous n' aurez pas honte de sa croix, et vous aimerez vos frères en la foi en cherchant à leur faire tout le bien qui dépendra de vous, comme vous désirez aussi qu' ils vous aiment. C'est là, n' est-ce pas, le sincère désir de vos cœurs?' They all answered with firmness, 'Oui.' I then said: 'Approchez-vous donc, chers frères et sœurs, sans crainte de la sainte table. Mangez de ce pain, et buvez de ce vin, en mémoire de Celui qui nous a aimés jusqu' à la mort, et nous a appris à nous aimer les uns les autres, et comme nous ne sommes membres que d'un seul corps spirituel, ne soyons qu'un cœur et qu'une âme.'

"We then sang the first verse of the 368th hymn, after which we partook of the Lord's Supper together. Several were moved to tears, and I myself could scarcely help weeping for joy and gratitude, while I reflected that now, for the first time since the terrible days of persecution, a little band of French Protestants had gathered once more together at Lisieux to receive the tokens of Christ's dying love."

On the 20th of June Charles returned from Paris, and on the 6th of August received a letter from Mr. Toase, telling him that he had been received into full connection by the Conference, with reference to which he writes with char-

acteristic humility:—"I have had many a doubt of late whether I was worthy and a fit person to be fully acknowledged as a Methodist preacher, but since the brethren receive me into their body, and that under peculiar circumstances, and when they might have kept me another year in probation, I have much reason to thank God and take courage. What little I can do, that let me do, and may God not let me feel my nothingness without causing me to experience His all-sufficiency."

"The Revolution having, for the time being, thrown down the barriers to the free celebration of public worship —a mere declaration of one's intention to preach at any given place was sufficient,—and the Lord having thus far blessed my labours at Lisieux, I became anxious to see the work extended to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood, and seized the few months of religious liberty for opening new places of worship; and had I been strong enough for the work, I believe we might have had a congregation in every town for thirty miles round. At Bernay, a town of 9000 inhabitants, about twenty miles from Lisieux, I hired a room where the gospel was blessed to the conversion of a man who became a member of our Society, and afterwards a most efficient colporteur. At Orbec the congregation was encouraging, and though subsequent trials and persecution scattered the flock after my departure, good had been done. We began a service at the village of La Chapelle, where some of our brethren were badly treated by some priest-ridden people, and forced to fly; and at La Carbonnière we had a small congregation. At Marolles our numbers were so large that I used to preach in the shade of a beautiful orchard. One day I found an unusually large congregation, brought

together, I believe, by the opposition of the priest, for on the previous Sunday, after bestowing all manner of contemptuous epithets on Protestants in general, he wound up by warning his parishioners against me in particular, saying that I was *Satan's eldest son.* I told them that if the priest had seen me, he would have perceived that I was too young to claim such primogeniture. One woman who seemed to have been much hurt by the insolence of the priest, I told that she should rather pray for him, as it was our duty to pray even for our enemies. 'Pray for him!' said she; 'I dare say! why, he is well paid, has plenty of time, and has nothing better to do all day than to pray for *himself!*'"

"No sooner, however, had the fearful insurrection of June broken out than both religious and political liberty began to feel the effect of the reaction. I was forced to give up outdoor preaching in the villages, and content myself with preaching in the towns."

CHAPTER IX.

1848–1852.

On the 14th of September 1848, happily married to Mary Léontine Graham—His ordination—The Evangelical Alliance—The cholera—Death of Madame Calbry—Unauthorised interference of the priests—Calumnious assertions—Would-be Protestants rejected—Real converts—Adèle Morin and the priest—M. Guizot—The curés of St. Pierre—Controversy and its effects—"Pourquoi je suis Protestant"—The spiritual influence of M. de Boinville on all classes.

CHARLES had led a life of solitude, and occasionally of what most men would have accounted hardship, since, on the 2d of November 1845, he lost his Caroline; but on the 14th of October 1848 we find him once more writing to his mother from a home which is brightened by the presence of a loving wife and a charming little daughter. Mary Léontine Graham, to whom he had been married on the 14th of September, was like-minded with himself, suited in every way to make him happy, and she cordially accepted a maternal responsibility which has been faithfully and tenderly fulfilled. Before marriage her prayer had been, "Oh that we may love each other as mother and child! May the dear child feel hereafter what I feel already in my heart, and all will be well!" This prayer has been answered.

Mrs. de Boinville tells me that during his widowhood Charles's life at Lisieux was one of great discomfort and

continual self-denial. She says: "Having given away all his money, he had no fire even at Christmas; his room was perfectly bare,—no curtains, no carpet; it was like the apartment of the poorest of workmen; to gain souls for Christ he would have done anything. I visited Lisieux," she adds, "before my marriage, and saw this myself; of course after I had been there things changed, for his friends found it out, and he was made more comfortable."

To his mother Charles now writes: "Whilst Mary is cuddling the child to sleep my heart feels inclined to tell you how happy I am. It seems as if it would be some kind of consolation for you to know it. I have been selfish in having taken my darling child away from you; but she is very happy, and is growing fatter. Lately, in a very sweet and tender tone, she has often wished you to come here; she never asks to go away, but she often inquires if grandmamma is putting on her bonnet to come to us. This almost makes me weep, whilst I wish that it were true. Mary takes all possible care of her, and is, I am sure, an example to many mothers; my fatherly heart is quite content.

"Gratitude and grief possessed me as I left Hereford with my precious ones, perhaps never to return; but in heaven we shall part no more, and baby often makes me sing, 'Oh that will be joyful!' We were very kindly received by our friends, and Mary seems as happy as the day is long." Unfortunately the journal has again gone missing, so that we shall once more depend for a time on epistolary gleanings for keeping up the thread of our biography.

About the middle of January 1849 Charles left Lisieux for Paris, in company with M. Lucas, a brother pastor,

and on the 23d instant, at the close of the District Meeting, was ordained. He says: "We had a very delightful service. MM. Frédéric Monod, Armand Delille, Audebez, and Edmond de Pressensé assisted in ordaining me, and have signed their names on my ordination paper, so that even an Alexander ought, one would think, to be satisfied with my consecration." His brother William had lately been ordained in the Church of England, and in reference to that event Charles writes: "Ever since dear William's ordination I have been half as happy again, and am constantly thanking God for it." The correspondence of the brothers, always affectionate, must have been mutually helpful, and was often very interesting.

"With regard to the Evangelical Alliance," of which Charles was not yet a member, he writes to his dear brother, "it is a subject which interests me. I do not know much of its spirit and acts, but I like what little I have heard and read of it. It ought, I think, to regard private individuals rather than sects or bodies, and the idea of the fusion of sects should be kept quite in the distance. I think it ought to keep up a high standard of *evangelical* character, and yet make as wide a basis of doctrine as possible. The only objection I have ever heard Christians make to it is contained in the question, What practical object is to be attained by it? It seems to me, *the highest practical object*, that for which Christ came and the Spirit was given, and that is *charity*. The moment brethren meet in love that object is gained. The Evangelical Alliance rests on brotherly love, and leads to brotherly love. As to whether it will last or not, I think that is a question which regards individuals; if they love one another, it certainly will last; if not, or if they despise

those who doubt its utility, it will fall." A few months later he writes: "I will tell you why I joined the Evangelical Alliance. In the first place, I like its principles. It seems to me that the only chance of a real union of Christians lies in allowing each to keep his private opinion, and to remain in his own particular Church, and therefore that the bond of union should lie in the adhesion of individuals to the common principles of Christian faith. I have thought it my duty, or rather privilege, to acknowledge this openly by joining the Alliance. I believe God will bless even the outward recognition of such principles, and that the mere outward union of Christians on such a basis is useful to them; that God blesses the meetings of its members is matter of fact.

"I am ashamed to say I have only lately begun to read through Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and I was struck the other day with a passage where he says—

> 'O shame to men!—devil with devil damn'd
> Firm concord holds, men only disagree
> Of creatures rational, though under hope
> Of heav'nly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
> Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
> Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
> Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
> As if (which might induce us to accord)
> Man had not hellish foes enow besides
> That day and night for his destruction wait!'"

On the 5th of March 1849 he writes from Lisieux: "The weather here is splendid, not a cloud to be seen. The leaves are peeping, and the banks and hedges are full of violets and primroses. Mary and I enjoy it beyond everything, and Rachel as much as either of us. . . . Last night

I had a large congregation, almost all men; I preached on 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,' and, after speaking of Christ driving the pigeon-sellers and money-changers out of the temple, I showed that He would drive all superstition, abuses, and false doctrine out of His Church, and all sin from the hearts and lives of His people, for that if Christ was zealous for His temple at Jerusalem, He is so also for the spiritual house of God and the temple of the Holy Ghost. We had the largest *morning* congregation I have yet seen, which is a good sign, as the service is at the same time as Mass."

"During the prevalence of cholera, which raged in May and June of the year 1849, I was weakened by a prolonged attack of cholerine, and went to England to recover strength, leaving my flock for six weeks under the care of M. Prunier, and rejoicing that none of them had fallen victims to the terrible epidemic. But, alas! when everybody thought that the disease had left the town, Madame Calbry, an old childless and almost friendless widow of eighty years of age, was carried off very suddenly. She had sought the Lord at the eleventh hour, and her death is worth recording.

"No sooner did M. Prunier hear she was ill, than he repaired to her bedside, read, conversed, and prayed with her. She expressed her conviction that she was about to die, and assured him that she had a good hope through faith. The parish priest also went to see her, and in vain endeavoured to induce her to return to the Church of Rome. He then left her, but returned an hour after, accompanied by two witnesses. 'I am come,' said he, 'to ask you, in presence of these two witnesses, whether it is your final determination not to die in the Catholic

faith; will you not return to the bosom of our holy Mother Church?' She shook her head. 'Then I warn you,' he continued, 'you will be eternally damned, and you shall be deprived of Christian sepulture—and how do you think to be buried?' The poor old woman gathered up all her remaining strength, sat up in bed, and extending her arms, exclaimed, 'You shall do what you like with my body, but you shall never have my soul.' An hour afterwards she was no more.

"Who was to carry the body to the grave? The *frères de charité*, whose business it was to do so, refused to pollute their funeral-pall with the body of a heretic, and it was soon suspected by M. Prunier that the priests and the friends of the deceased intended to have her buried as a Roman Catholic. A cross was placed upon her breast, tapers were lighted, and it being found, on examining her will, that she had provided that her body should be decently interred, her relations feared that they might involve themselves in a lawsuit by interference in the matter, and persuaded the *frères de charité* to lend us their aid. They brought the oldest rag they had in the shape of a pall, and whilst but a few mourners followed the bier, the crowd of curious spectators wondered that Protestants should allow their dead to be buried so shabbily. Soon after my return, I was deputed to call on the Mayor, which I did, when he promised to do his best to induce the town-council to grant us a cemetery and the use of a hearse, with every convenience for funeral occasions. The request was granted.—These things may appear trifling, but they materially improved our position in the place, and saved us from the possibility of the recurrence of such unpleasant interference."

Among other calumnious assertions made by the adversaries was this, that the Protestant pastor offered 400 francs, some said even 1000 francs, to all who would apostatise. "Alas!" wrote he, "I knew but too well that for much less I might have had hundreds of proselytes. . . . Occasionally, when I saw that poverty was the real cause of a visit, I would lay a piece of money on the table and say, 'I cannot give money to Protestants; now choose the money or religion, for you cannot have both! They almost invariably, after a little feigned hesitation, took the money and went their way. This, however, I did but rarely. A certain fish-woman came to me one day, saying openly, 'I am come to change my religion, because I understand you give 400 francs for a Protestant!' I told her I would not have anything to do with her if she herself would give me a *hundred thousand francs!* She opened her eyes in astonishment, and went and told all the people in the fish-market. Not less than two hundred persons called on me, hoping to receive money by becoming Protestants. Could there be a more convincing proof of the degradation of such people, or of the sincerity, I may say the *heroism*, of the real converts, who were willing to brave the imputation of having made so disgraceful a bargain!

"One of these had been in former years a notoriously bad character—a drunkard, who had gained a dishonest livelihood at fairs by cheating. The first time he entered our chapel his conscience was aroused; he returned again and again, until under the teaching of the Word and of God's Holy Spirit he became a new man. Of him indeed it might be said that 'old things had passed away, and all things had become new.' He was by nature a superstitious,

weak man, easily led astray, but with a warm heart. In the course of time he became a most useful member of our church, opened the way for the preaching of the gospel at Bernay, of which town he was a native, and by his example and zeal in distributing tracts, led several persons to become regular hearers, both at Lisieux and at Bernay.

"He said to me one day, 'Whilst I was digging this morning the thought struck me, and I must tell it you, although I am afraid you will think it a superstitious one, that if I could but save all the souls in Lisieux by so doing, I would willingly lose my own soul for their sakes.' What sublime thoughts does true piety produce! That is the very thought St. Paul had (Rom. ix. 3). That was the charity which led Christ to offer the saving sacrifice of Himself. Would to God I had more of that feeling! Then might I hope to do more good.

"One of our earliest converts was a servant, the youngest of three girls born at a birth. She was so weak that she was thought dead, and in the bustle occasioned by the extraordinary circumstances was left unbaptized. A few days afterwards her two sisters died, and Adèle was the only one who survived. When already thirty-five years of age she came as a Roman Catholic to our chapel, became convinced that ours was really the religion of Christ, and was then baptized—not with water only, but with the Holy Ghost. Her former confessor was greatly incensed, but instead of conversing with her openly, he devised a means of catching her with guile. He was the same man who had been so zealous in collecting and burning our tracts. He undertook to convert Adèle Morin, and got a common friend to send for her, while he secreted himself behind a large chest of drawers. When Adèle

was fairly in the house he popped out from his hiding-place and began to expostulate with her on her apostasy. She was amused by his having thought it necessary to hide himself, and remarked that *she* had nothing to conceal, and that she was not afraid to reason with him. She then promised that if he would allow her to go and fetch her Bible she would return. Seeing her openness he consented, and then began a discussion which she was forced to carry on, not then only, but frequently afterwards, with several priests at a time. Her faith was too enlightened and firm for them, and with her Bible in her hand, and, as she said, 'the religion of their Peter in her heart,' she was a match for them all.

"Since poor Madame Calbry's death my people have often had to bear severe trials, but if this makes me anxious on their account, it also acts as a sieve to separate the wheat from the chaff, for people will soon see that there are no temporal advantages to be gained by becoming a Protestant."

In August he writes to his mother: "We are now quite settled again in our snug little home; and though we still feel solitary after being surrounded with friends such as Avening affords, we are happy and contented. . . . I rode over on Monday to Val Richer, to call on Mlle. Guizot. I was very kindly received by all of them, and M. Guizot said he could not allow his daughters to go at present to our chapel at Lisieux, but that he was desirous that I should come and preach at his house. I felt, of course, some hesitation, which I expressed; but he took me kindly by the hand, and said, 'Come and dine with us on Wednesday, and we will then settle the day and hour.' To her husband's letter Mrs. de Boinville makes the following

addition : " Charles tells you of his visit to M. Guizot, but he does not tell you of the compliment that was paid him. M. Guizot had inquired very minutely about him of several persons—some friends and some known enemies—and Mlle. de Chabaud told him, ' M. Guizot n'a entendu dire que du bien de vous, par vos amis et même par vos ennemis.' In this time of persecution, I can assure you that such an evidence is to me truly comforting. For Charles's sake I am very glad he is to go to M. Guizot once a week, for though the preaching will be a fatigue, yet the comfort of friendly intercourse with such a family will be a great relief. He went there quite cast down, and returned encouraged.

" Towards the close of the year, the curé of St. Pierre, the largest parish in Lisieux, died suddenly of cholera, four months after it had apparently left the town. He was regretted by all parties. Though somewhat stern and dignified in outward appearance, he was simple, kind, affable, and discreet in private conversation. He was no great orator, and rather cold in his delivery, but there was a good deal of sense in his discourses, and he spoke to the point. He was rather narrow and bigoted in his opinions, but not sufficiently enthusiastic to annoy his opponents or his friends, and he was very charitable to the poor.

" Different indeed was his successor. Ambitious in the extreme, pompous in gait and conversation, he added to a corpulent exterior a coarse mind and an uncharitable spirit. . . . It was not likely that such a man would pass us over, and I was curious to watch the manner of his attack. It was just what I had expected. After inveighing against the Reformers and the Protestant religion in general, he expressed his regret that we should ever have

been allowed to set foot in Lisieux again. Soon afterwards he instituted controversies in his church. A priest was employed to personate a heretic, who threw out objections, which had previously been concocted in the curé's study, and which were no doubt easily answered. Although vast numbers were attracted by the novelty of the thing, I constantly heard people say, 'What a farce this is! there is a real Protestant minister in the town,—why does not M. le Curé invite him to join in the discussion?' I was asked by several Roman Catholics why I did not reply to these attacks. I told my congregation that as I was unable to hear the discourses myself, and could only judge of their character by hearsay, I would not deviate from my usual mode of preaching; that they knew I preached neither Luther nor Calvin, but Jesus Christ alone as the Author and Finisher of our faith, but that if anything tangible appeared in print, I would not fail to answer it.

"Then it was that I determined to write a tract on the Roman Catholic controversy, and having already made many notes on the subject, I was able in a short time to take my manuscript to the printer's. Ere it had been in his hands for two days the priests were aware of it. Indeed, I believe I never took a step or spoke a word without their knowing it almost immediately. The late Professor of Rhetoric at the College, the same who had played the part of heretic at church, called several times, first to beg that he might see the manuscript, which was refused him, and then the proof-sheets, which were also refused; lastly, the tract itself the moment it should appear, which was agreed to if M. de Boinville should consent. Of course I did so, informing M. l'Abbé that it was not my intention to spread them about the town, but

only to distribute them among my hearers, promising however, that if he answered it publicly, I should then feel myself bound to give it also to the public. Answer it he did not, but his friends of Saint Pierre advertised me loudly by forbidding the faithful to read it. It was reported in the town that even young priests under thirty years might not see so foul a production; curiosity was excited, and several copies were abroad before I received one.

"The effect of all this opposition was to bring more hearers to our little chapel, which became inconveniently small, and looked outside more like a badly-built stable than a place of worship. I began to think seriously of building a chapel, and soon found a suitable site within fifty yards of the same spot. Setting myself immediately to collect sums for the undertaking, I was enabled, in the course of a few days, by the kindness of my friends, and especially of my mother, to lay the foundation of the building. Up to this time it had been commonly reported that, though my arrival had created some stir, yet my stay hung upon a thread; that our chapel was but a temporarily hired room, and that we should not remain long in the town. Many were thereby discouraged and deterred from attending our worship at all; but when they saw that a burying-ground had been given us, and that a chapel was being erected, all hope vanished that the Protestant minister would soon be removed, and there was nothing left but to attack our reputation. They stated, and even caused to be printed in the *Normand* newspaper, that the Protestant propaganda was very active at Lisieux, that it was building a '*temple*,' was opening schools, and that as it had in its hands all the gold of the Bible Societies, who could tell but that some poor wretch, struggling with the

cravings of hunger, might be induced to sell his soul and his eternal happiness ?

"Now, it happened that I was in the bureau when a copy of this wretched production was brought in to be printed also in the *Lexovien*. The publisher nobly refused to insert it, and handed me the copy, assuring me, however, that it would certainly appear in the other paper, which was devoted to the priests. It did appear; and feeling that something must now be done to justify my ways before men, I wrote a reply, which the *Normand* declined to insert. The *Lexovien* also shrunk from the task; and a lawyer in the town having assured me that I could compel the *Normand* to accept it, I sent my letter with a threat, and on the following Saturday it made its appearance in print."

This correspondence was continued for some time, to the comfort of neither party, and certainly not to the credit of M. Cagniard, the curé of St. Pierre, while the public, "who cared very little who was really right or wrong, were very glad that somebody at least dared to withstand the domineering priest, and, as they said, teach him a lesson of good behaviour. I was sorry for the whole affair; but I hoped it might prove a lesson to all who thought they might with impunity attack the private character of honest men."

Although M. de Boinville's pastoral labours were for the most part among the humbler classes, and by them most cordially welcomed, his Christian love and interest were all-embracing, and his teaching was greatly prized as well as spiritually useful among those of a higher rank, as is shown by the following letter from an English lady whose parents resided for some years in the neighbourhood :—

"My mother has often told me that in a time of long-

continued trouble, it was M. de Boinville who taught her where to go for the only real comfort at such times. She was very young, and she always thanked God for having brought her under his influence. We lived eight leagues from Lisieux, and it was not often that my father could drive over for the Sunday service; but it was always an exertion well repaid. M. de Boinville taught her the full value of the Protestant faith; his pamphlet, *Pourquoi je suis Protestant*, was most valuable to her, placed as she was for years in an entirely Roman Catholic town.

"For years after, we were still the only Protestants and English the inhabitants had ever seen; we used to go by the name—among rich and poor—of 'Les enfans de la petite hérétique;' but my mother was loved and reverenced by all, and her name has not faded from their memories even now. Taught by M. de Boinville, she taught us what to say when we were talked to by the priests, as we often were; and as far as I can recollect, these answers were only texts out of the Bible. I know the priests always left off very soon, particularly if any Roman Catholic children were by, listening.

"Another thing connected in my mind with M. de Boinville's teaching is what charity really consists in, from an anecdote my mother used to tell us; that one day there was a poor family without clothes or food, when he had no money; he went to his children, and seeing they would not suffer, as it was warm weather, he took a garment from each of them, and at dinner carried off a dish from the table, saying to his family, 'You have had your breakfast, and will have your supper; if you eat this dinner, that poor family will have no food all day.' This story made a great impression on me.

"We lived in Paris at one time when M. de Boinville was there, and I remember even now the pleasure I used to feel when I knew that mamma was going to his service instead of to the other church,—I could not have been seven years old,—why, I do not know, except that I had a strong feeling of reverence for him, and Madame de Boinville used always to speak so kindly to mamma when coming out of church. I looked upon Rachel as a sort of angel. Mamma used to tell me how useful she was to her mother and father.

"This all seems cold and disconnected, but one cannot put feelings into words. My darling mother was all in all to us as a family, and she always said she owed her peace of mind to having been led by M. de Boinville to seek that true peace which passeth understanding. My dear father had his mother to lean on, but my mother's mother leant on *her*, and it was *Pourquoi* that saved my grandmother from perversion to Roman Catholicism. She died some years after my mother, in simple faith in Jesus; and often when we young ones were arguing about High Church and Low Church, she used to say, 'Cling to Christ; let *nothing* come between you and Him,—you 'll find it all you need, to believe in Him.'"

CHAPTER X.

1850–1851.

Threatened removal from Lisieux—Rachel and Elizabeth—Deputation to Guernsey—New chapel opened, and schoolmaster engaged—Watchnight—Death of Madame Bertre—Priestly interference counteracted—Jean Bertre overcomes all difficulties, and becomes a colporteur.

THE affairs of the Society with which Charles was connected appear at this time to have been in some difficulty. On January 25, 1850, he writes as follows to his mother: "We have had a dreadfully cold District Meeting. I returned on Wednesday morning, and have not yet recovered. I think good old Mr. Pilter was right, when he sent his love by me to the brethren, saying that he should be most happy to join them at the District, but that he did not feel quite sure that it was scriptural to take one's flight in the winter. At all events, it is not very comfortable." In consequence of some mismanagement on the part of the Missionary Committee, a serious diminution of salaries already too small was anticipated. There had been rumours of a threatened removal to Paris, but the state of Wesleyan finance was such that this could not be effected. "My removal from Lisieux this year is, of course, out of the question, as the Society would be obliged to buy furniture for the house of my successor."

"I have received a letter from Mrs. Wauchope, in which she says: 'We hope there is no danger of your being soon removed from Lisieux. When Admiral Wauchope wrote to Dr. Beecham (one of the Missionary Secretaries) in February or March, to send him money, he said he hoped you would not be removed; and his answer was that there was no intention to remove you from your present promising field of labour. Lady Anna Maria Donkin mentioned this to Madame de Witt (M. Guizot's newly-married daughter), who expressed pleasure at hearing it; and Lady A. Donkin *hopes*, as she is to return to Val Richer, that she will now (being married) feel at liberty more openly to show interest in the Protestant cause at Lisieux.'

"I pray with Rachel, and make her pray occasionally; but I do not yet follow the *regular* system. I am afraid of it at present. On Saturday she was alone with me, looking out of the window, when, of her own accord, she began: 'Papa, I want to be good so much.' 'Well, my darling, you must try.' 'But I cannot. Elizabeth always makes me naughty. I want God to make me good.' 'Then, my dear, you must ask Him.' 'Oh, but I don't like to pray.' 'Why not?' 'Because Elizabeth would hear me!' 'But you can pray quietly.' 'But I like to pray out loud.' 'You know, my darling, God can hear you without that; He knows all your thoughts.' 'Dear papa, will you pray for me now?' 'Yes, my dear.' So we prayed together. I thought it very pleasing, as it all came simply and spontaneously. I hate cant. It is the ruin of the children of religious parents. By cant I do not mean using religious expressions, but using them for no reason, or without feeling, or with a purely *sentimental*

feeling. It is a kind of religious prostitution of language."

In the month of March in this year he was sent as a deputation to Guernsey, and writes to his mother after a week's experience: "We have had a meeting every day since I have been here, except Saturday. My chief object has been to give the people some idea of the state of religion in France and other countries, and to contrast it with the privileges they enjoy here. I am very glad it is nearly over, as I am obliged to make a new speech every night, for the people follow me about from place to place, the chapels being only two or three miles apart. The Wesleyans predominate here, and have the greatest number of communicants, and although they are chiefly poor, they raise above £500 a year for missions. Their French is almost unintelligible. The barristers and preachers speak rather better. Their psalmody is extravagantly bad; they put English tunes to bad French verse, and in singing often pass over syllables, and even words. Two people may often be heard talking to each other, the one in English the other in French. At this season the whole island smells of sea-weed, which is used as manure. The sea is beautiful all round. The people are serious. The theatre is empty, and all the churches and chapels full. There is a considerable amount of gossiping and small-talk; disagreeable place for preachers' wives; much kindness, however, especially to young men, and overwhelming hospitality. There are pretty little farms and Guernsey cows. In some of the congregations I saw much good feeling and attention, and several men and women came to shake hands with me with tears in their eyes. Altogether, this is a remarkable little island."

He sailed from Jersey for St. Malo, where, at the Custom-House, he says, "we were searched inside and out. I never underwent such an examination; they were almost bringing an action against me for having a letter addressed to myself, and were so zealous in assuring themselves that the said letter was really addressed to myself, that they allowed cakes, ribbons, dress, etc., to pass free. When I got home Rachel ran out to meet me with delight, and when I entered the house I was introduced to a huge fat boy, who, I was told, was mine, and indeed such, after examination held, I found him to be."

"*October* 14.—We have begun to-day to build a new chapel. The land and chapel will cost £300. What induced me to begin was a letter from Admiral and Mrs. Wauchope. It is very possible, if not probable, that you will see me very shortly. The affairs of the chapel will call me to London, if not to the north, and I wish, if possible, to go and to return before winter has quite set in." An attack of illness prevented this journey.

"The new chapel was opened on Sunday, the 3d of August 1851, and the day was to me one of the most complete joy, and ever to be remembered with the deepest gratitude. My dear brother William was present on the occasion.

"It happened providentially just at this time, when I was through illness forced to seek rest, that M. Guiton, who had lately been appointed superintendent of the circuit, felt himself free to undertake my duty; and finding that I did not rapidly recover strength, he finally decided on taking up his residence at Lisieux till the District Meeting, which was held in January, and where it was determined that Lisieux should become the residence

of the superintendent preacher, and that I should take the Paris circuit.

"The prospect of having to leave a place where God had blessed me in many ways was a trial; but my comfort was that the circuit would be left in the hands of a faithful minister, who was acquainted with the wants of the people, and with the peculiar difficulties of his new post. I had entered on the work there as an utter stranger, and I was leaving the place amidst the farewell blessings and prayers of Christian friends, surrounded by a happy family, and having only to mourn over my own shortcomings."

On the 11th November 1851 he writes: "We are to leave Lisieux, our dear Lisieux, to go to Paris,—I suppose towards March 1852. Dr. Cook will have it so, and I must obey. M. Guiton is a truly pious and charitable man, and the people here seem to like him. I am getting tired, and shall leave Mary to finish this letter."

Charles de Boinville might echo with truth, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," for in addition to a lavish expenditure of physical strength, he seems to have been ready—perhaps too ready—at all times to ease others of their burdens, and take on himself responsibilities which they at least should have equally shared; *e.g.* he writes, "The cause is prospering here. We are going to have a schoolmaster, and I shall want you to try and get me annual subscribers. We have spent £120 more than we have received for the new chapel. I fear it will be a long time before we are paid—if ever. We must scramble out somehow. The Lord will provide." And He did, for in his next letter Charles says, "Mr. Duffrin, the owner of the mill at St. Germain-de-livet, has most

kindly offered to lend me for two years any money that I may want, *and that without security;* but I think I shall feel more comfortable if I send him the Policy."

"*New Year's Eve.*—In a few hours we shall be entering on a new year. With us it is called *Watchnight*, that is, as I suppose you know, because it is the habit of Wesleyans to meet together, and sit up till past twelve o'clock. We read, sing, pray, and return thanks for the past; one or two persons exhort. A few minutes before midnight all kneel in silent prayer, till the clock has struck. The hour, the silence, the entering on a new year, everything contributes to make it one of our most solemn services. It is now nine o'clock, and in about an hour many of our friends will be dropping in, for we dare not here—on many accounts—hold the service in chapel. . . . Do what you can for the school. It may interest you to know that our schoolmaster was, till he met with us, a Roman Catholic, has his diploma, and was employed in a Government school. He loses greatly at first by coming to us, but I hope, if the school prospers, that we shall not allow him or his family to suffer. He is a married man and has four children."

"*March* 23, 1852.—Last Friday a poor old woman who had joined us in her old age, and whose son, Jean Bertre, is now a colporteur, died at her house near Orbec, about thirteen miles off. She was eighty-four; we visited her for about six months regularly, and had held what we might almost call meetings at her house. She was taken suddenly worse, and, her son being absent, was exposed to painful trials. She had left a request, written by her son, and signed in presence of three witnesses, that if she died, she might be buried by the Protestant minister. On Friday the priest hearing that she was near her end, came

into her room and began to talk to her. At last the woman who took care of her, hearing the priest tell her that 'her son had given her to all the devils in hell,' interfered, and a friend who came in at that moment told him to leave the house. Two hours afterwards the poor woman died. Her death was, according to law, declared at the Mairie. You know, of course, that the French law allows that persons may be buried twenty-four hours after death. She died at half-past five on Friday, and therefore the earliest hour at which she could be buried was six o'clock on Saturday. On Saturday morning a messenger came bringing the news of her death, and a message from the Mairie, that owing to the lateness of the hour, we might bury the poor woman on Sunday morning if we preferred it. We therefore fixed on nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and a large party of us went over accordingly, when to our utter dismay we were told there had been a council held at the curé's, and that the Maire had buried the old woman at seven o'clock on Saturday evening. You may imagine our indignation. On Monday morning I despatched M. Grelley to Yvetôt, where the son is. It will bring him back to-day if possible, and I have consulted a lawyer to know if we may not have the body disinterred and brought to our burial-ground here. The effect of such a thing as this, if we took no notice of it, might be very hurtful and discouraging to the Protestants. I will let you know the end."

"*April* 16*th.*—The son came, and having obtained authorisation from the Sous-Préfet and the Maire of Lisieux, M. Guiton went over with several of our friends to bring the body to Lisieux, and preached to about two hundred persons in the garden which had belonged to the old lady.

They arrived here at three P.M. ; the corpse was left outside the chapel, under care of the commissaire of police, whilst I preached to a crowded congregation inside. We proceeded afterwards, followed by crowds of persons, to the burial-ground, where I again gave an address, so that we not only had our rights acknowledged, but some six hundred persons heard the gospel, who would not have done so if the priests had not endeavoured to molest us."

The following pages, contributed to the *Sunday at Home*, give some account of the widow's son :—

"Jean Bertre, the son of this good old woman, was by trade a weaver, and lived in a neat thatched cottage with his widowed mother, who was upwards of eighty years of age. The cottage and garden were their own property, and a sweet little dwelling it was. Honeysuckles and monthly roses were trained round the door and latticed windows, and a jessamine reached even up to the thatch, and ran along the eaves of the house.

"Every moment that Jean could spare from his loom he spent in his garden, which was well stocked with fruit-trees and vegetables. The hedge was neatly clipped; violets, stocks, and every cottage flower in its season sweetly scented the air. This peaceful little residence stood on a flat at the top of a hill, not far from the small town of Orbec, in Normandy; yet it was almost entirely hidden from view, because it lay in a sequestered spot, embosomed in trees,—fruit-trees chiefly, and beautiful orchards. But there were also here and there rows and avenues of beech, and oak, and elm-trees, which sheltered and hid other cottages, thickly scattered over the country round. Not a sound was heard there save the singing of birds in the spring, or the distant crowing of cocks in the

farm-yard, or the weaver's shuttle as you passed by the cottage-door. You would scarcely have thought that such rest could ever be disturbed. Yet in the revolutionary days of 1848 that quiet village had its political clubs—noisy ones too—where peasants spoke grand swelling words in broken French, the *patois du pays*, and were judged by their compeers as eloquent and as wise as the noblest statesmen in more august assemblies. Sometimes the postman called to leave a letter or a newspaper; but in ordinary times no footstep was to be heard, and he who sat indoors would hear naught but the rustling of the leaves in the gentle breeze.

"One day, as Jean Bertre was busily engaged at work, he heard a knock at his door.

"'Come in,' said he.

"It was a colporteur, who offered to sell him a Bible or a New Testament. After a little conversation the weaver was induced to purchase the Scriptures, and commenced at once reading them daily with his mother. The neighbours soon informed him that his book was a Protestant one; for some of them had already heard the Protestant pastor preach from a book like that at Lisieux, a curious old town situated in a beautiful woodland district in the valley of the Touques. Here a work had been commenced in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Society a few years previously. The congregation had been increasing, not a few Roman Catholics had joined the little church, several colporteurs had already gone forth from amongst them, and a new chapel had been built. It was about twelve miles from Jean Bertre's cottage; nevertheless he not only became himself a frequent attendant at the service, but he also brought with him several times

his aged mother. They loved the Word of God, and in course of time openly forsook the errors of Popery, and became recognised members of the little Protestant community in that place.

"After a time Jean Bertre, being earnestly desirous of becoming a colporteur, begged his minister to recommend him to the Bible Society as worthy of being employed in that capacity. The committee in Paris accepted the proposal; but then, as now, no colporteur was allowed to sell books as a hawker without the permission of the Préfet, and he must first obtain a certificate of good character from the Mayor of his parish, countersigned by the Sous-Préfet.

"Now our friend's conversion had produced considerable sensation in the village, and although the Mayor did not refuse to give him a certificate, some of his devout neighbours, in order to prevent his success, informed the Sous-Préfet that he had belonged to a club, and had meddled with politics. Those were what were called the days of the reaction. The priests were trying to regain their former ascendency, and, not content with their usual broad assertion that Protestant and revolutionary principles were closely allied, they cleverly insinuated that political designs were always at the bottom of every religious evangelical movement.

"When poor Jean therefore went to the Sous-Préfecture he was very roughly received. His request was rejected; and when he wished to know why, he was informed that he had taken too active a part in the political strifes of his village. He replied that he had always led a quiet life, had loyally sought his country's interests, had never under any Government been a rebellious subject, and

his desire was that the blessing of God might rest on Prince Napoleon, then President of the Republic; and 'if,' said he, 'I have formerly attended the meetings of one of the clubs, it was before I knew this book.' As he said these words he held out the New Testament for the inspection of the Sous-Préfet.

"It was of no avail; he was forced to return home empty-handed and disheartened. Yet, whilst working at his trade, or digging in his garden, or walking across the country to and from the place of worship, the thought, the desire still pursued him—'This blessed book was the means of my conversion; would that I were permitted to scatter the blessed seed far and wide!' And as he read the book the more difficult did he find it to divest himself of the conviction that he was called to be a colporteur. His mother, old as she was, was both willing and desirous that it should be so, and prayed that the way might be opened.

"At the end of a few weeks, Jean Bertre, thinking it possible that the Préfet might be more just than the Sous-Préfet, or that further information might have given the authorities a better opinion of him, walked over to the chief town, about thirty miles distant, and asked for the necessary authorisation; but here again he met with the same disappointment. To use his expression, he was received 'comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles (like a dog among ninepins),' that is, as badly as possible.

"He was returning sorrowfully home when, being wearied by the length of his journey and the heat of the summer's sun, he sought rest under the shade of a tree. There he read his New Testament, and prayed and mused upon the hopeless condition of his project; for there was no appeal from the Préfet to any higher authority.

"Suddenly a thought occurred to him; and at the same time, striking his forehead with his hand, 'Why,' said he aloud, 'should not I ask the Prince himself? The proverb says, "Il vaut mieux s'adresser à Dieu qu' à ses saints!" I am a bit of a poet; I will just write a few verses to the President of the Republic.' So he took out his pencil and wrote his petition.

"A copy of these verses, if such they can be called, lies before us in Jean Bertre's handwriting. Of the rhythm and rhyme we had better say as little as possible; nor will we attempt to give a translation, for half the interest of the composition consists in the ludicrousness of the Norman idiom. After pressing upon the Prince's attention the earnestness of his desire to spread the Scriptures, and the benefits that would accrue to himself, his old mother, and the world at large, by causing him to obtain the necessary permission, he ends the piece by calling down God's blessing on the brave French nation, through the special instrumentality of the great Napoleon's nephew. Now this last thought cleverly met the secret desire of Prince Napoleon's friends, and was calculated to overthrow the machinations of Jean's opponents.

"But how were the said verses to be put into the Prince's hands? A thousand difficulties lay in the way. On thinking the matter over, Jean boldly determined to go to Paris himself, and present the lines to the President of the Republic. He would not, however, undertake the journey without first consulting his pastor. So he went to Lisieux and stated his purpose, begging the minister at the same time just to look at his composition, and to give his opinion. The latter dissembled as well as he could the efforts he was obliged to make to refrain from laughter,

and charitably hinted that it would, almost to a certainty, be time, money, and talent, all thrown away.

"Poor Jean Bertre! The Mayor had deceived him, the Sous-Préfet had handled him roughly, the Préfet had cruelly rejected his demand, and now his own minister discouraged him; but he was not to be daunted. He had made up his mind to try, and try he did.

"With his stick in his hand, and a few francs in his pocket, having provided himself with a passport, the good man might have been seen the next day trudging over hill and dale in the direction of Paris, which lay about one hundred and fifty miles to the south-east. He had never seen the great city, and when he arrived at the gates his first inquiry was where the Prince President of the Republic lived! He was told, with a smile, that he generally lived at the palace called the Élysée Bourbon. He had still some miles to go through long crowded streets, though fortunately for him almost in a straight direction. Any other country clown might have felt somewhat embarrassed: but good Jean had but one thought, one end in view; 'and,' said he to himself, 'there is a true proverb, "Avec une langue on va à Rome (with a tongue in your head you may find your way to Rome)."'

"In the dusk of the evening he stood in the Place Beauveau, just opposite the palace, and, after considering all things, he determined to go to the nearest inn he could find, and rest till the next morning.

"When daylight returned—as soon as he thought he might decently do so—he sallied forth in quest of the Prince, and stood at the entrance of the palace. Here he entered into conversation with the military and the porter—who seemed highly amused—and protested that France

ought to have twenty Presidents to attend to such fellows as he was. He made a few vain attempts to gain admittance, but finding himself repulsed, and perceiving that the porter was getting cross, he reluctantly returned to his room, where he found it was easier to obtain access to the King of kings and the Prince of glory than to the President of the French Republic.

"The noise and bustle of Paris somewhat annoyed him; he did not care for sight-seeing, and as he had failed in the one object for which he had come to the capital, he prepared to depart.

"Before leaving he was obliged, like all others in those days, to go to the Préfecture de Police to have his passport signed. As he was going there a new thought struck him. The Norman peasantry are considered very *rusé*, or cunning. Jean Bertre determined to use a little of his Norman *ruse*. So when he got to the Préfecture he whispered to one of the officials that he wished to see Monsieur le Préfet.

"'Have you,' demanded the official, 'any important communication to make?'

"'It is necessary,' replied Jean, 'that I should have a private interview with him.'

"The state of the country in those days was such, and this man's manner seemed so mysteriously earnest, that he was admitted into the presence of the Préfet, who inquired what he wanted.

"'My business, Monsieur le Préfet, is simply this: I want an authorisation to sell Bibles in Paris.' Jean well knew that with a Paris authorisation he could easily obtain one in any of the departments. The Préfet declared he had no time to attend to him, expressed his surprise

that the man should have disturbed him for so trifling a matter, and bade him depart.

"'Ah! if I could but have seen the Prince,' exclaimed Bertre, 'as I hoped to do, he would have dealt more fairly by me.'

"'What claim have you on the Prince's kindness?' asked the magistrate.

"At this juncture our friend put his hand into his pocket and produced his verses.

"As the Préfet read them, the stern frown disappeared from his brow, by degrees his features expanded into a broad smile, and at last he laughed outright.

"'Well,' said he at last, 'my good man, you will return to the Préfecture at two o'clock.' At two o'clock Jean did not fail to come, and, as he passed along the passage between the offices, he found that his fame had spread amongst the clerks. 'Here he comes!' 'Here comes our poet!' said one and another, whilst a young man whispered in his ear, 'It's all settled; you'll have the authorisation!'

"Half an hour afterwards our good Norman was cheerfully walking back to Normandy; but fearing lest the permission might not avail him in his own department, he went to Rouen, where no difficulty was made, and a few days afterwards he walked over to Lisieux, and made his appearance at the pastor's house, clapping his hand on his pocket, and exclaiming, 'I have got it! I have got it!'"

CHAPTER XI.

1852–1854.

Claudine, Rachel's nurse—M. de Boinville transferred to Paris, but health gives way and he returns for a time to Lisieux—The dog Rover and his father—M. de Boinville preaches for Adolphe Monod—Trial of M. Jeanne and M. Grelley for doing good without authorisation—M. Jeanne on appeal acquitted—Grelley condemned—Returns to Paris—A sincere penitent—Lady H. Host—Health once more breaks down—Visit to Chambourcy—Settlement at Boulogne—The Emperor and Empress—Called to Bar-le-Duc.

On the 3d of September 1852 Charles writes from Nîmes, whither he had gone to attend Conference: "At the railway I heard a woman with a child speak of *Aligny*. I contrived to get near her, and found that she had known Claudine, who nursed Rachel. Judge what pain I felt when I heard Claudine had died of cholera at Auteuil, and that she had left her husband and four children in great poverty and wretchedness. My heart, if not my conscience, told me that I ought to do something for the poor man; so I gave the woman my address, and told her to ask the husband to write to me in three weeks, when I hope to be back amongst my dear ones."

On the 1st of May he arrived in Paris, his new sphere for labour which very shortly afterwards he found too severe, and in an undated letter he writes: "My plan is, to rest for three or four months, and then see how I am.

I have misgivings as to my strength and ability for the Paris work. I find the distances so great. I suppose you know that in coming to Paris I have been *promoted*, and have now to do the work of superintendent, having a younger man under me; but I would rather be as I was. We have fixed on Lisieux as our temporary residence."

This return for a time to Lisieux was a great pleasure to all, and there, on the 10th of January 1853, another son, William, was added to their family. He writes from Glatigny près Lisieux as follows: "Here we are, settled again near dear old Lisieux, about three-quarters of a mile above our old house, in the middle of an orchard. The change from noisy Paris to this perfect repose is indeed delightful. Fancy how glad we are to go down to our dear little chapel, and see the old faces all so pleased at our arrival. At this moment Rachel and Alfred are clinging together to defend themselves by mutual assistance from the bouncing attacks of a great Newfoundland puppy, five months old, of whose existence you have not perhaps as yet been made acquainted. His name is Rover." Five months later he says: "Our dog is now a splendid fellow; the breed is said to be crossed with the present St. Bernard breed. They are wonderfully powerful and intelligent, ours literally understands what we tell him, *the first time.* For instance, he used to annoy us by putting his head on the table at dinner-time. I told him to lie down, and only fed him when lying down; ever since, he lies down to be fed. Another time, the postman brought a letter, and Madame Piel told him to take it up to his master, which he did immediately. Again, when playing in the garden with Rachel's box, I called him in, but Mary said to him, 'Go, fetch the box;' he instantly brought it.

Yet, we have never *taught* him anything. His father—for whom Pierre Bonaparte offered 1200 francs—stops you in the street to beg a sou, and if you do not give it immediately, he puts his nose into your pocket. When he has got it, he goes to the next wine-shop to buy a biscuit, and if they have none, he goes to the baker's, drops the sou through the hole into the counter, brings his biscuit home, and eats it there. His master told me he had taken no *pains* to teach him. Ours is so faithful that he never leaves our door, and will not allow any one to molest our children, who really love him. He is quite a lesson of love and faithfulness, even for Christians.

"*Nov.* 17*th.*—I have had the honour of preaching in Paris, at the Oratoire, for Adolphe Monod, and last night we met *here*, at M. Quiton's, to pray for the Madiai, and for M. Jeanne, our schoolmaster, whose trial comes on to-day. He is guilty of having sent some copies of my tract to his old friends at Trouville, and the priest there used this opportunity for taking his revenge on the *apostate*, as he was called before the tribunals. Jeanne's son is included in the indictment, and Grelley the colporteur, who is also accused of having sold books before he was authorised by the authorities,—a more serious accusation. You may imagine with what anxiety I am waiting to know the result.

"*Nov.* 28*th.*—They have been condemned, M. Grelley to twenty days' prison and four-fifths of the law expenses, M. Jeanne to ten days' prison and one-fifth of the expenses, as being an accomplice with Grelley in *colportage*, which is false, and of which no evidence was given. We also feel it in fact to be merely an attack on religious freedom, and that they wish to terrify us. Jeanne will appeal to a

higher court at Caen, where we expect him to be acquitted, but in any event he must pay his lawyer's expenses, *i.e.* we, or in other words *I*, must contrive to find the money, for poor Jeanne has not got it. The feeling of the people is evidently with us, and perhaps that makes the judges the more bitter.

Dec. 18*th.*—To his mother: "I am rather surprised that you should ask to have it proved that Jeanne was unjustly condemned. The law forbids distributing books in the street, in cafés, or other people's houses, but says nothing about giving them in one's own house. I may also state that the above law was made to prevent the circulation of *Socialist* books. What Jeanne did was to write names on twenty-two books, and it is certainly a gross misapplication of the law to condemn a person for having had the intention of giving a few religious books to his private friends. That there is a *moral injustice* is evident, but as to whether by quibbling and making a somewhat obscure law the tool for bringing about the destruction of religious, and even of civil liberty, Jeanne may not be said to have been legally condemned, I will not pretend to say. Our blessed Saviour Himself was condemned according to *law;* law has nearly always been the excuse for persecuting Christ's people, and very often law itself is morally unjust.

"*February 4th*, 1853.—I have good news to tell you: M. Jeanne is acquitted, and to-day is a sort of fête for us all. The affair has cost me about £10, but the result is a sufficient compensation; we have saved both the poor man and an important principle. Alexander sent me some help, and he will be glad to hear how Jeanne's case has terminated. As for poor Grelley, he is condemned, which I

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expected; they have however diminished the term of imprisonment by one half. You will be amused to hear that my little book (*Pourquoi*) has been spoken of as quite a learned production; but I rejoice in this at least, that the attention of a great many persons has thus been called to the subject. All the judges and lawyers have had the tract, and the priests, I doubt not, have done their bad cause more harm than good.

"*Paris, March 2d.*—There is some improvement in our French congregation; it has nearly doubled, and seven members have been added to our little church. One of these is a very interesting young man. He was a Roman Catholic, and many years ago attended a Wesleyan school in Paris; when twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a tradesman, fell into bad company, and stole 800 francs from his master. He was sentenced to several years' confinement. Instead of hardening him, as is generally the case, by God's grace punishment softened his heart. The very day he left the prison he found his way to our chapel, and asked me after service where his former schoolmaster was. That is about eight months ago; he sought and found work, and, what is better, a changed heart, and the peace of God. He has not indeed been as yet admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper, but he has become a member of our Society, and has given, both by word and deed, good proof that his repentance is sincere, the real fruit of God's Holy Spirit. Amongst other pleasing evidences of this, I may tell you that he does not consider that his punishment has atoned even before men for his crime, and although he gains but thirty sous a day, he has already brought us a hundred francs for his former master, who is now rich and has retired from business. Such

proofs are as practical as possible, and rejoice one's heart. He intends to pay him all.

"Yesterday I had three soldiers at chapel, two of whom were converted in the south. I believe there are few French regiments where there are not one or two such witnesses for Christ. I should not be surprised if that dear young convert whom I mentioned in a former part of this letter became at last something great as well as good. He has a beautiful countenance, and perhaps we may see fulfilled in him that saying, which has sometimes no doubt been abused, 'The greater the sinner, the brighter the saint.' . . . I find that in Paris I have not time to attend to the children at all, so that we shall be obliged to pay some one to teach them if we remain here; in the country I could teach them myself, as at Glatigny. Rachel has already fallen off since our return. I am also terrified at our expenses in Paris; it is impossible for us to live on our income here; we should be obliged to have a *coup d'état* before long. I have been taken with a strong desire to labour in the villages near Caen—Beuville, Périers, and others. I see there a large field for usefulness, which I think suited to my taste and turn of mind. It would require a man who would live amicably with the National Church. The chapels were built chiefly by the Methodists, but legally, I believe, they belong to the National Church. There cannot be less than a thousand Protestants in these villages who are woefully neglected. The old pasteur visits each village only once a month, and he lives at Caen. I believe a good deal might also be done amongst the Roman Catholics, who greatly outnumber the Protestants; but I fear the Society will not think it worth while to go to the expense of sending a man like me. If I do succeed in

getting there it will be with the intention of remaining for good.

"Now for the chief object of my letter. The other day I called with Lady H. Host, of Hampton Court, on a poor woman whose history would be too long to tell you. She was a governess, and had a love-affair; being a natural child she had been nearly forsaken by every one. She came to Paris, and was conveyed one day by the landlord (now dead) of the house she lived in to a lunatic asylum. Whether she was insane at the time she was taken there seems uncertain; she says not, but that she was taken there to be got rid of by a certain man. Just then her father and mother died, and all she knows is that a Mr. ——, a native of Ireland, sends over £30 a year to the master of the Maison de Santé. This Mr. —— came to Paris two years ago on business, called on this poor creature, and was so distressed at seeing her that he begged Dr. Campbell, Mr. L.'s son-in-law, to attend to her, saying he would do anything in his power to alleviate her sufferings. Mr. L. has not himself had courage to call on her; it affects his nerves. She has been confined in this house for eleven years, was dreadfully beaten for crying—this is acknowledged by the doctor,—is wretchedly kept altogether, utterly forsaken, and never sees a soul. In conversation she told me much of her past history, and says that if her mind is affected, as it is occasionally by hallucinations, it is only since her arrival. She knows what true religion is, and had a Bible under her pillow. Lady Host is the only person who ever sees her, and she has determined to take her back to England with her, if she can obtain leave from the Préfet and the British Ambassador, but fears that she will have diffi-

culty in finding help to keep her. The case is a very distressing one."

In anticipation of a visit from his mother he writes: "Complete rest in Paris will do you good. By means of two or three bars on the staircase we can keep the children quite away from your room. Our house is a large one. The worst of it is, I think of leaving Paris altogether in three or four months, as I find the place disagrees both with Mary and myself. We shall soon be able to talk matters over with you. Oh what a blessing! . . . Our District Meeting ended yesterday. It was proposed by me, and agreed to, that I might rest for a year if I could not be placed in a circuit to suit me; and as I was chosen to be on the stationing committee, of course I shall have considerable influence in placing myself where I like, though perhaps it may only make the matter more delicate and difficult. The formation of the *Comité consultant pour la liberté religieuse* has been made quite public; the newspapers have even published our names, and the whole affair has found its way, with some incorrect statements, into the *Journal des Débats* and the *Siècle*, but I do not anticipate any interference on the part of the authorities, and if they should interfere, I scarcely see what they can do until we have begun to act.

"*September* 28.—Mary went with Piel, Marianne, and Rover to Lisieux; left them all there, and returned on Saturday night. I preached my farewell sermon yesterday, and we think of starting on Wednesday or Thursday, so that you may expect us in England at the end of the week. Last Friday I walked over from the Gatayes to Chambourcy, where I had not been for twenty-three years!

I went up amongst the *châtaigniers* and found there a new burial-ground, already full,—old Germain dead, and his wife too, several years ago ; a grandson of his—not born when we lived there—now a grown-up man. I saw the very trees we used to climb, and the window of the study where M. Gollet gave us our first lesson, and where I flung the book in his face. I thought what discipline the Providence of God had employed since then to change my heart, and how He was even then, without my knowledge, preparing me for that work which has filled the happiest years of my life. . . . It was a day I shall not soon forget on account of the extraordinary and, I trust, salutary impressions made on me by the scenes of my boyhood. I was able to say but little to the people I saw ; it was a day for receiving more than for giving. From Chambourcy I walked to Poissy, and rode back through the forest ; it did good to my body as well as to my soul."

How long he remained in England does not exactly appear ; but in July or August 1854 he writes to his wife from Boulogne, whither he had gone at the suggestion of his old friend Mr. Toase, then labouring there, but found on inquiry the expenses of living so great that he feared his wife might shrink from the experiment. "Why then, you will ask, do I think of remaining here ? First, because I think we may find a house within reach convenient and quiet. Secondly, because Mr. Toase has promised me £10 towards my house-rent before next Christmas, and to have one public collection made in his chapel every year towards the support of the evangelistic work ; also, because if we cannot find pupils, we may, I find, with some degree of certainty, depend on being able to let a room or two during the season. If it were possible for you to come

and choose your own house I should prefer it; and to-morrow I will see if it can be done. *Friday.*—My darling, I have taken a house for a year at 600 francs, which will be 350 for us.

"The English people seem most desirous to promote the good cause amongst the French. I have sought God's direction; and, judging from what I have seen and heard, I believe I do right in staying here. Five thousand troops of the line have come in to-day; about eight o'clock 1600 poor soldiers came into town dripping wet from a thunder-storm. Some from Verdun died of heat the other day on their way here. The town is full of soldiers. Poor fellows! they look serious, though they sing through the streets. Ten thousand sailed the other day; more are going. What awaits them? I pray for them; probably each one is loved by some one: how many anxious hearts! Sometimes I feel terribly cut up at leaving home; but when I get amongst these dear French people I long once more to preach to them the glad tidings. Besides, if we live at Boulogne we shall be within reach of those whom we love best, and there is certainly a wide field of labour here, which I should wish to see fairly tried. I hope, my precious Mary, that you are not anxious over-much; the fact is, there is very little cause for anxiety at present; and as for the future, let us hope for the best, as we have good reason to do."

On the 19th September he announces to his mother the arrival of his family at Boulogne. "By God's blessing we arrived here safe and sound; while crossing, we passed a man-of-war laden with poor Russian prisoners, and towed by two steamers." After two days: "We are getting a little more settled; Mary is better, because she was forced

by God's command to rest yesterday; reasoning with her was useless. All will be right in time; and if I can but be useful here I shall be happy. There are still cases of cholera in the town, and we are forced to feel how entirely dependent we are on God's protection. . . . Fanny finds the French people's dress *so* ugly, especially the women's short petticoats, and no bonnets—shocking!"

"*October* 3.—The weather has been glorious, and our town very gay. The Emperor and Empress live near us. I took the children to see 12,000 troops pass by at the end of the street—and they also passed by. The lady is certainly a most beautiful creature: as for the Emperor, he has a dull and sullen look; but it appears he is sometimes animated; he was so on Saturday at the Review, when he announced to the army the news, which I fear still needs confirmation, of the taking of Sebastopol. In the evening the town was illuminated. On Sunday we joined with you in the general thanksgiving for the abundant harvest."

"*October* 22.—My mind always turns towards you, particularly when I think of those things which are the best of all. I am very happy here. To think that God should have preserved us all in the midst of danger; to see our children looking better than I think I ever saw them before; to have Mary the joyful mother of another daughter [Cornelia had been born on the 11th inst.];—these are temporal mercies of so much value to me that I feel they ought to become spiritual blessings to my soul. I am trying to find a comfortable berth for poor Rover, whom it costs us too much to keep. I have offered him to the *Société Humaine* here, that he may be trained to save people who are drowning. In Paris they have got six of these animals for this purpose, and I should like to think

that our noble dog is thus employed. The Society here is very active, and saved thirty-six people last year. I am afraid they will not take him, and I know he would be well taken care of.

"Now with regard to my work. I was disappointed at the camp; the General received Captain Drummond and me well, but he explained to us how it was impossible for him to let me hold meetings amongst the soldiers: all meetings are expressly forbidden, except such as are authorised by the highest authority, and we must apply to the Minister of War and the Minister of Public Worship!—that is, practically, there is an end of the matter. Meanwhile, however, the colporteur has sold *six thousand* New Testaments amongst them, and a vast number of tracts have been distributed.

"My little French meeting, which I have held only three times as yet, interests me, but it is a very small affair; still, it has increased from five to ten and eleven. I have been unable to ascertain whether the French meeting was ever authorised, and therefore, if I get the police after me, I shall run the risk of getting into trouble, even into prison for a few days; and if so, I should not call it *persecution*. Why then not ask permission? First, because it would to a certainty be refused. Secondly, because the meeting being held in an English chapel—which is beyond doubt authorised—would be a protection. Thirdly, because it is a notorious fact that the French meetings have been held there from time to time for years past. Lastly, I had rather run the risk of getting into a little trouble than throw away, to a certainty, all chance of preaching to the French. As long as the meeting remains so small, we shall not be interfered with.

"Another work connected with the same I have also undertaken. Poor Samuel, who was taken up for distributing tracts in the camp, was afterwards employed as a kind of Scripture-reader amongst the English, for which he received fifty francs a month from Captain Drummond and others. This man has left for America, and, as they have not found any one to take his place, I have offered to do the same work, on condition that the French might have their share, of which they appear very glad, and I am to do the work as I please and when I please. I do not know what you will think of it, but my object is to do all the good I can in connection with these good men, and, whilst I shall be doing a little towards helping us out of our present difficulties, I shall perhaps be opening the way for something better in the future."

In the postscript of a letter written to his mother on the 1st of November, he says:—"*Novr. 3d.*—Two days sometimes bring forth great changes, for in the last two days all our plans have been changed. A presentiment of this had already passed through my mind a few days ago, when I received a letter from M. Gallienne pressing me to go to Bar-le-Duc, which is without a pastor, to succeed poor Ogier. A visit from M. Lucas has pretty nearly decided the matter. Bar-le-Duc is in great want of a pastor, and there is nobody else to send. Is it not a call? The people are longing for some one, and the brethren naturally look to me, so that I scarcely dare refuse, lest God's blessing should not rest upon me. There is, it is true, much of personal enjoyment to give up, in so far as the happiness of looking forward to a visit from you next spring is concerned, and I fear that you may not be able to go so far as Bar-le-Duc. But I find that I shall after all

have to choose between two things,—either going on for the present in my old course or changing it altogether. I would willingly, if God by His providence opened the way, go and live for the rest of my life in England, if I could there exercise the ministry, in order to be near you; but if not, I must abide in my present calling, in which indeed I have been greatly blessed."

CHAPTER XII.

1855–1856.

Bar-le-Duc—Is joined by his family there—Describes the place in a letter to his brother William—Burial at St. Mihiel—Verdun—Mr. Newenham—Visits Boinville—Where are the good Samaritans?—The burials question solved—Love of scenery—Dr. Liandon de Dangeau—The Calvary at St. Mihiel—An interesting funeral.

In his next letter to his mother, which is undated, and in which he tells he has decided to change his field of labour, he writes: "Let me set your mind at rest about the work I shall have to do at Bar; it is the easiest station in all France. I have just returned from thence, having spent four days there to see how matters really stood. I find I have only two services on Sunday and one in the week. Of course there is the general pastoral work besides, which consists of baptisms, marriages, funerals, etc., but in so small a flock there is little of this. Visiting is the only work likely to take up much time. A singular thing happened to me between Paris and Bar, which gave me much pleasure: four English people, two gentlemen and two ladies, travelled with me. At Meaux I pointed out to them the cathedral, of which Bossuet was bishop. This led to some religious conversation, in the course of

which I found that they were good people, and one of the gentlemen proved to be a member of the committee of the Bible Society. He asked me many things about colportage, and the Bible in France; he inquired if I knew M. de Pressensé, and if I happened to know M. de Boinville. To the latter question I answered that I ought to know him, for I was he, at which they seemed much pleased, and said they had known you years ago at Odsey and Ashwell. One of the gentlemen said his name was Shepherd, and the other of the Bible committee wrote his name in my passport as Joseph Beldon. After this interesting little episode I got to Bar-le-Duc. The country was ugly all the way till we entered Lorraine, and half an hour later reached Bar, which is a very pretty town, situated partly in a valley and partly on a hill surrounded with vineyards, which of course are bare at this season. The town is cheerful, and contains 18,000 inhabitants; there are some beautiful walks around it, for, although the vineyards alone are not picturesque, the town itself is so, and there are orchards and hills covered with wood, steep little ravines, and public walks shaded by trees, two of which I observed were very large. The people I found were very pleasant, earnestly desirous to have me amongst them; attentive to my sermon. There were about 150 hearers, all work-people or tradesmen, respectably dressed. There are thirty-five children in the Sunday-school, who came and shook hands with me. All the people seemed to be most affectionately attached to the memory of M. Ogier, whose grave I visited, and not without tears."

Bar-le-Duc, 15th December.—To his mother: "We arrived here safely yesterday afternoon, after a most fatiguing journey; we are however so glad to have it over, that we

are happy. I in particular feel quite joyful to be at my post, and know not how to be sufficiently grateful. We had a narrow and providential escape of running into a luggage-train in the misty night. The engine-driver fortunately was looking out, and was able to stop in time. We found the luggage-train unable to get up a hill: we helped it on, and all we lost was three-quarters of an hour. I was quite glad Mary was not with us, though she had been obliged to come on all alone from Boulogne."

Bar-le-Duc, January 25, 1855.—To his brother William. "How wonderfully God has led us,—you to the immediate neighbourhood of the old family estate, where the portraits of our English forefathers still hang, and me to the neighbourhood of the château of our French ancestors,—both of us in the exercise of the blessed ministry of the gospel of Christ! Boinville is within about ten miles of Verdun, to which place I shall occasionally be called, there being there some few Protestants, one of them an English gentleman, who pays the expenses of the journey. If we are favoured, as I expect we shall be, with a colporteur, I intend to send him to the village with Bibles. I feel my present field of labour to be a most interesting one in every respect, and especially so to me; if I can I shall remain here a long time. We have at Bar about 300 Protestants, including sixty children. Of about 100 constant hearers, one-half seem to be uncommonly well-disposed people. There is a pleasant religious feeling amongst them; one-half are from the very borders of Germany, and speak broken French and German. The German blood, I suppose, gives the congregation a serious tone of feeling, pleasant to behold, and to their singing a *musical* tone, pleasant to hear. There are about seven very pious converts from Popery. This

place was taken up by the *Société Evangélique* some twenty years ago, and abandoned after twelve years; after an interval of two years it was adopted by *us*, and has prospered ever since, especially since M. Ogier came. I have to preach three times a week, twice on Sunday, when I also attend the Sunday-school at one o'clock, and lead a prayer-meeting at seven. On Monday evening I lead a class; on Thursday from two to four I have a catechumen class consisting of the elder children of the Sunday-school. One good feature amongst the people here is that they seem very generally to love one another."

"*March* 28.—A fortnight ago I was called to bury a man at Saint Mihiel on the Meuse, a town of 6000 inhabitants. There is some extraordinarily beautiful sculpture in the church there, and there are rocks which give a picturesque appearance to the place. I knew nothing about the poor man who died, except that he was a wheelwright, and was astonished to find quite a commotion in the town. I was suddenly surrounded by the National Guards, and had to walk between two rows of soldiers and behind two drums to the cemetery. They fired over his grave. I was, however, able to keep my ground amidst a throng of at least a thousand people, who pressed around. Some got upon the walls, and some into the trees. The Lord stood by me, and I rejoiced to be able to preach to so many who had never before heard a Protestant minister deliver the message of salvation. Some women wept, and one man said: 'Cela vaut mieux que *De profundis*.' Beside me stood a young man of the town who had been driven away by his father when he was converted, and became a member of the church at Bar, but his father was now dead, and great numbers of people recognised him,

and stopped to speak with him. Thus it is that by different means God spreads the savour of His name in places where He was not known before. May the seed spring up!"

"*May* 2, 1855.—Having long had a desire to visit Boinville, the land of my forefathers, I took the coach to Verdun, the chief town of the *arrondissement*. There is here a citadel and fortifications, though it is not a Sebastopol! The population is about 12,000, and there is a garrison of 2000 soldiers. Bar-le-Duc is somewhat larger, and in my opinion more picturesque. At Verdun there were about 1200 British prisoners during the late war, one of whom, Mr. Newenham, an Irishman, still resides there. He is a man of property, and a truly Christian man. His history is in many respects remarkable, and his sojourn at Verdun has been blessed in a wonderful way. His wife and his daughter-in-law, both originally Roman Catholics, have become Protestants, and he has been the means of converting several other persons, among them a Romish priest, who is now a Protestant pastor. I slept at Mr. Newenham's.

"*May* 3.—Next morning, having bought half-a-dozen Testaments, I set out for Boinville. The road from Verdun lies first across the valley of the Meuse, and then rises over a ridge of hills, from whose summit you have a fine view, extending for miles over the plains of the *pays de Woeuvre* to the Moselle, and in clear weather into Belgium and the borders of Prussia. In the middle of the plain of Woeuvre lies the village of Boinville, about three miles south of Étain, a small town containing about 3000 souls. The plain is the most fertile I have seen on this side of France, being of a heavy clayey loam, producing great

quantities of wheat. The little river Orne runs by Étain and Boinville, and falls into the Moselle below Metz. The meadows on its banks are the best pasturage I have yet seen in the Meuse. The country is gently undulating, not picturesque, but fine, rich, and smiling, and from Boinville you have a distant view of the wooded hills that lie between Verdun and St. Mihiel. The woods, which are chiefly oak, give variety to the scene.

"The château, if it can be called such, looks on one side over the meadow towards the distant hills, and, if the grounds were planted and properly laid out, it would be still a pretty place enough. At present it is in sad want of repair. A gardener lives in the château, which resembles a neglected farm-house, nor could one guess that it had ever been a place of importance, except from some indications in the ground of the spot where the walls of the old château stood. To me, however, the scene was very interesting. To think that I was treading on the very ground where my progenitors lived, and perhaps fought in so bad a cause; to think that I bore the same name and that the same blood was running in my veins; it seemed a dream, yet it confirmed my faith in the electing grace and providence of God. The mayor of the village, whom I went to see first, said, 'Your forefathers did not know the extent of their domains.' 'Yes,' said I, 'they were like me, only that I am far richer, for my inheritance is incorruptible, and fadeth not away.' The good man stared, but I explained myself, and endeavoured to persuade him, and left him a Testament. He told me he had known very well M. Chastel d'Oriocourt, my great-uncle, and that the wife of the sous-préfet of Verdun was *une demoiselle Chastel.* I found the church in a most dilapidated state; it is a

building altogether devoid of architectural beauty. The priest does not live at Boinville, but at a neighbouring village called Warcq. . . . I found nearly all were poor, and most of them had been born and bred in the village, as were their fathers before them for generations past. I conversed on religious subjects with several persons, some of whom could not read, and all seemed to admit the truth of the things I said; but what will they say when the priest has been among them? I left Boinville at two P.M., and reached Bar at two o'clock next morning."

"*Ascension Day.*—In the afternoon I visited a poor Protestant girl at the hospital. She had been brought by her father in a *wheelbarrow* twelve miles across the country in a dreadful state of health; and he had been obliged to walk 140 miles in order to do this, so little humanity is there to be found among men! Where are the good Samaritans?"

"*July* 1.—Thirty-six years old! I thought when I left Lisieux that probably my best and happiest days might be past; yet these are every whit as good, and in some respects better."

"*July* 21.—Went to Joinville. Here stood, on a hill above the town, the magnificent château of the Duc de Guise, who massacred the poor Protestants at Vassy, on Sunday the 1st of March 1562. . . . Returning home, travelled by train with three maiden ladies, all cousins, and above fifty years of age, just starting, as they said, to see the world! One of them, a zealous Papist, lived with her brother, a country priest. She told me she had never read the Bible—not even the New Testament!!"

"*Thursday, August* 2. — At St. Dizier I preached to a congregation of fifty, chiefly Romanists. Just after

service a fearful thunderstorm burst over the town; the hailstones, or rather bits of ice, fell as big round as shillings, and as heavy as a good-sized marble. The storm increased during the night, the lightning flashing vividly, and keeping up an almost constant light. At Bar I found that it had fallen on three crosses in the cemetery, and destroyed them. It fell also twice on the Pont de Fains. Such a storm I do not recollect to have witnessed; and on the next night there occurred another fearful one. Torrents of rain have done much damage; trees and branches lie shattered everywhere; and I fear we shall shortly hear of much loss of life. An earthquake has been felt in various places in the Department."

"*Paris, Sept.* 3.—I have come in for the last day of the Evangelical Alliance meetings. It was a feast indeed to partake of the Lord's Supper at the Chapelle Taitbout on Saturday evening. There were Krummacher and Tholuck, Bergmann from Sweden, De Sanctis from Italy, and brethren from all parts, most of whom spoke, and amongst them Dr. Duff, who was quite extraordinary; and John Bonar, who also preached an excellent sermon at our chapel yesterday morning, on the excellency of the gospel, from Galatians i. 9."

"*September* 22.—Was called to bury a child at Erige St. Dizier. The father is a Romanist; the mother, dangerously ill, a Protestant. The infant had been baptized by the parish priest while I was at Conference in Paris: this had been done through the father's weakness, at the priest's request, and in spite of the mother's entreaties. At the appointed hour I attended, and proceeded with the corpse to the burying-ground, where we were met by the priest, who addressed me thus—

"'You have no right to bury that child; he is a Catholic!'

"'His soul is gone to God, and, according to law, his body belongs to no Church, but to the parents, who have asked me to bury him. Here is the child's father.'

"'Monseigneur l'Évêque has given strict orders that none but Catholics are to be buried in Catholic cemeteries, therefore you cannot bury the child in that grave.'

"'You say the child is a Catholic; therefore, according to your own showing, the child *may* be buried there.'

"'Then *you* shall not bury him.'

"'I appeal to the father: Is it your desire that I, or M. le Curé, bury your child?'

"'I will have *you* to bury the child,' said he.

"'I forbid it, or you shall bury it *there*'—pointing to a corner reserved for still-born infants and suicides.

"'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,' said I; 'nevertheless, I shall do no such thing; allow me to say, M. le Curé, that this matter concerns neither you nor me, nor Monseigneur the Bishop, but the civil authorities: I appeal to the Mayor!'

"Meantime the people were crowding into the cemetery. After a few minutes the Mayor came.

"'You are no doubt aware, Mr. Mayor,' I said, 'that the commune is obliged to give a burying-ground to Protestants!'

"'I *am* aware of that,' said he.

"'Where, then, am I to bury this child? M. le Curé says *there*'—pointing to the *coin maudit.*

"'Is that the Protestant cemetery?' Several voices called out, 'No, no.'

"'Give us a cemetery,' said I, 'and I will bury the child in it.'

"'Mr. Mayor,' said the priest, 'he has no right to bury the child at all, because I baptized it.'

"'M. le Curé,' said I, 'I have already told you that it depends entirely on the will of the parents, and I cannot spend the whole day in discussing the matter here. Let the father now give me a letter to the Prefect of the Department, and I will ride back to Bar. We shall soon see who has right on his side.'

"No sooner had I mentioned the Prefect's name than the wind changed, and all went smoothly. The priest yielded, and with him the Mayor, who was in a 'fix.' A Protestant cemetery was measured out, a grave was dug in presence of priest and people. I then stepped forward and told the people, the priest standing by, that I was sorry such a scene had occurred in such a spot; that I had intended to avoid all allusion to any difference of religion, but that the subject was now forced upon me by the contempt with which we had been treated. We had however, I said, gained a cemetery by the circumstance, and being now on our own ground I would speak openly, and desired all who did not wish to hear to remove. None moved. I then stated what Protestants were, and why we were such; and after exhorting the people, who were most attentive, to repent and believe the gospel, I concluded with prayer, not forgetting to intercede for the Mayor and the curé; and after saluting the latter, I left them to their own reflections, thanking God, who brings good out of evil."

October 6.—To his brother William: "One of the things I most enjoy in this world is scenery. I enjoy it more and more, and I find nothing else—except the Bible, when God grants me a happy frame—so refreshing. I want more of God; and where does He manifest Himself so conspicuously

to the Christian as in the spiritual hills (or *delectable mountains*) and in the works of Nature? Sometimes I feel as if the latter produced more impression on me than the former; the impression is made on the senses, and is therefore more exciting—one feels more conscious of it; but what comfort and what sanctifying influence would one derive from nature, were it not for the Word and Spirit to reveal Nature's God to our mind and heart, and throw a ray of eternal glory over this vale of shadow by the doctrine of redeeming grace, bringing hope and immortality to life? It seems to me, however, there is in Nature sufficient evidence of God's glory to make intelligent creatures inexcusable for not owning His eternal power and Godhead. Addison says of the stars:

> In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> For ever singing as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'

. . . . . .

"I sometimes think I might go to England and enter the Church, but some power, over which I have no control, keeps me here, and I shall probably live in France till I am called to a better land, for I cannot give up the work in which I am engaged. It sometimes seems to me a small one, sometimes awfully great; but at all events I am unworthy of it, and I often wonder that I have been admitted to a place in that band which is called from generation to generation to proclaim the Saviour. I suppose we must wonder till we die, and then wonder perhaps still more."

"*October* 23.—This day ten years ago Rachel was put into my arms, and I found myself a father, little thinking that, in ten days thereafter, I should be a widower. M.

Rostan baptized her, and returned her to me, saying, 'May God give you grace to pray much for this child!' Blessed be God, she has hitherto been only a source of joy and comfort to me!"

"*December* 14. — Dr. Liandon de Dangeau, at St. Mihiel, received me like a Christian into his house. He is a most interesting descendant of Du Plessis de Mornay. I visited with him Richier's *chef-d'œuvre*, commonly called The Calvary, and by others The Sepulchre. It is the finest and most complete piece of sculpture I ever saw. There are different groups, all cut out of the solid rock, representing, with admirable expression, the Saviour's body just taken down from the cross, Joseph of Arimathea, the women preparing the spices, Mary's agony, and the soldiers casting lots for the robe. These latter are said to be likenesses of the sculptor's personal enemies. At all events, they represent to the life every vilest human passion. Richier was a pupil of Michel Angelo, and is said by some to have been a Huguenot."

"*January* 5, 1856.—Went to St. Mihiel to bury a good woman, the wife of a Maréchal de Logis of the 2d Chasseurs. She had been an excellent mother, and had brought up five sons, all of whom are serving in the same regiment, two of them already officers, and all highly respected. Her good husband being about to retire from active service, the mother became broken-hearted at the prospect of being separated from her five boys. A mother's heart cannot always be reasoned with, and she said to her husband, 'My hour is come; I have brought up my children; I may say with my Saviour—I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and now, Father, I go to Thee.' A few days later she fell ill, and died praying, at

the age of forty-seven years. Every officer in the regiment attended her funeral, and about 400 soldiers, uninvited. There were in all about 1200 persons in the cemetery, to whom I preached the Word of Life, and I saw not a few shedding tears. A young officer spoke to the public very feelingly. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, when, at the widower's request, he and his five sons each cast a spadeful of earth on it as a last farewell. Several of the officers then came forward and embraced the mourning family, and we prayed and left the cemetery."

"*February* 7.—Preached at St. Dizier to about sixty people, chiefly Roman Catholics, from Proverbs xxx. 24-28, and there met an old man, aged eighty-four, with whom I had a most interesting conversation. I have only met with one like him among Roman Catholics. He appears from his words and conduct to have genuine faith in Christ. He is old and feeble, and may very likely go down to the grave a Papist, but he is an heir of life."

"*March* 9.—The last companies of the 2d Chasseurs passed through Bar on their way to Le Mans, and amongst them our young friend Édouard Roussel, taken by the horrible conscription to be a soldier, though as fit for the army as my daughter. It is a good thing that he is under the protection of such a distinguished man as Dr. Liandon de Dangeau, whose friendship I shall always remember as one of the chief privileges I have enjoyed in Lorraine. Descended on the mother's side from Du Plessis Mornay, he has not a few of the same traits in his character. He is a man of fine and vigorous understanding, of unwearying diligence, devotedness to his profession, unflinching moral courage and stern integrity. He has a high sense

of honour, coupled with deep Christian humility, and appears equally fitted for this world and for the world to come. It may be said of him, which can be said of few French soldiers in this age, that he serves his Lord as well as his country. He is besides a pattern of parental affection and wisdom. In religion he is a man of sound Protestant evangelical principle, without bigotry or intolerance. In the closet he is studious, being fond of literary pursuits, and has already distinguished himself with his pen. In society he is open, free, and lively. He was ever the first to call for me if any case of sickness or affliction occurred in the regiment, and he appeared to be equally beloved by his family and by his companions in arms. Some of the pleasantest hours I have spent since I have laboured here have been in company with this excellent man."

CHAPTER XIII.

1856–1858.

His ecclesiastical connection becomes uncomfortable, and he makes up his mind to join the National Church—On the urgent solicitation of his flock decides to remain at Bar-le-Duc, and is inducted in presence of a very varied congregation —Christian liberality and gratitude—A good shepherd, and his dog—Encounter with a wild boar—Homely hospitality—Invitation to Boinville—Mixed marriage—Borely—A railway accident—Strasbourg—M. Chèvre.

When Charles de Boinville had been earnestly desirous in 1841 to enter on his sacred calling in the land of his fathers, the one gate of entrance to the vineyard open to him—and *that* was only as it were held or left ajar—was in the keeping of the Wesleyan brethren, and in the paragraphs which follow he gives a succinct narrative of his connection with them, and of its dissolution, which came about in a perfectly natural way, and, happily, without breaking the pastoral tie to his attached flock at Bar-le-Duc. On February 11th, 1856, he writes :—

"Having entered on a new stage in my life, it will be well to note how this change was brought about. I have often thought that I was not perhaps sufficiently impressed with the importance of purely ecclesiastical matters. When I came to France and determined to labour here, one thing only occupied my mind, viz., how I might preach Christ to

the people. The Wesleyans first offering to employ me, I thought my object attained, and I entered in amongst them the more cheerfully and confidently, because I saw their zeal, and also because I did not wish to spend more money—having already spent much—nor more time in classical studies which I thought might be more profitably spent in acquiring an experimental knowledge of pastoral duties, by the active life of a Methodist preacher. Also, having no desire to 'naturalise,' I was precluded from entering into the National Church. Can I now say I repent of what I then did? I cannot; though I do repent of the spirit in which I did many things. But I will rather thank God for the way in which He led me. I would not now give up my eleven years of active ministry for an equal number spent in academical studies, though at the same time I would not judge any one who thought differently from myself in this respect. Had I been educated in France instead of in England, or had I received a public instead of a private education, it is possible that I should have taken another course. As it was, God blessed that which I did take. I entered on the ministry amongst the Wesleyans without caring much to sift and weigh the peculiarities of their discipline. I saw nothing to prevent my preaching Christ freely, and that was sufficient. It is true that the congregations were generally small, and I was struck and pained by a remark made to me on my arrival at Vauvert: 'We are glad to see you,' said the good people, 'but we will try not to love you too much, because they always take away those we love.' At that time, however, good Mr. Toase was the General Superintendent of the French Wesleyan District, and, in accordance with the directions of the Missionary Committee in

London, he rather discouraged frequent itinerating from circuit to circuit, though he counselled constant travelling within the circuits. When I was sent to Lisieux he took me by the hand and said, 'Now, my dear M. de Boinville, we send you to Lisieux, and you will remain there as long as you are blessed.'

"When Mr. Toase left, Dr. Cook tried to remove me every year; I remained, however, six years, Mr. Toase having remained eleven years in Paris. When the French cause became independent of the British Conference, it also became a question whether we should make a law to limit the duration of each preacher's sojourn in the circuits. We succeeded, however, in preventing any such law from being passed. I, for one, pleaded that the missionary committee had not carried out in France the English usage, that many of the English thought this a great evil, and that in the *missionary* work it was peculiarly detrimental to the prosperity of the cause. But it was evident that several of the preachers seriously contemplated getting the law passed. In the year 1854 I was a supernumerary, and, being absent, I wrote to the brethren in our semi-official *Correspondance fraternelle*, begging that if any law of the kind were passed an exception should at all events be made in favour of solitary or missionary stations, such as Lisieux, Calais, Bar-le-Duc, etc., but a sweeping law was passed comprehending all circuits without exception. At the following Conference I asked for the abrogation of that law, having previously resolved on sending in my resignation if I did not succeed in my object of getting the law at least modified with regard to all our stations in Roman Catholic districts. After a painful struggle, in which I failed to obtain what I wanted, I resigned my office; but

Dr. Cook having requested me to remain another year amongst them, I consented, and I obtained a promise that in the following year the law should be reconsidered.

"Two months afterwards, however, in corresponding with the brethren, it became apparent that I should have to fight a pitched battle with several, and amongst others with Dr. Cook, concerning whose letters to and about me I will say nothing, for I believe him to be an excellent man, though too warm on the subject of itinerancy. He being my father in the Wesleyan ministry, and having written that he would rather see me retire from the work than that the law should be changed, I wrote to him in January last to say that I did now finally send in my resignation, being thoroughly convinced that these regular and constant removals were hurtful to the work and to the ministry, and apprising him that it was my intention to connect myself with the National Church. What it cost me to sever myself thus far from my old and beloved colleagues, and what faith it required to cast myself afresh with five children on the providence of God, may I long remember, that I may praise God for His sustaining mercy.

"Considering that the law they have made cannot be greatly modified, and that the usage will after all remain, I praise the Lord for having given me the courage necessary to break through all barriers and get free. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that His blessing may ever rest on the Zion of Methodism, and that, with Providence for my guide, I may yet be enabled with more freedom to do my heavenly Master's work in bringing souls to Himself; and how can I doubt that Providence? I wrote only to two of my friends of the *Église Réformée*, and immediately three places were offered me, one of which, Fresnoi-le-grand, I

shall probably accept: I might also, if I chose, remain at Bar-le-Duc, for Government has created a pastor's post here, but as the Wesleyans will not withdraw their agent, prudence and delicacy forbid my doing so, lest an unedifying conflict should ensue in presence of the Roman Catholics."

Before the close of the next month the path of duty was made quite clear, by unanimous action on the part of the congregation to whom he had become deservedly so dear. He writes:—

"All doubt, however, was removed from my mind on the last Sunday in March by the step which was taken by the whole church in a solemn assembly. M. Larcher had preached in the afternoon, so that the congregation was a very full one. The men all gathered together after the service, and drew up and signed the following appeal, which they presented to me in the afternoon:—

"'Monsieur et cher Pasteur,—Nous venous vous exprimer le vif désir que nous éprouvons de vous voir accepter la place de pasteur à Bar, qui vous est offert par le Consistoire de Nancy. Vous savez l'affection que nous avons pour vous et le prix que nous attachons à votre ministère. Depuis que le Seigneur vous a envoyé parmi nous, vous avez été pour l'Église de Bar une bénédiction; vos travaux ont reçu du Seigneur la sanction que sa fidélité accorde toujours à ceux qu'il a choisis pour conduire son peuple, et il nous est impossible de vous voir partir sans un profond douleur.

"'Nous avons acquis la conviction que dans les circonstances graves et difficiles dans lesquelles la Providence nous a placés, vous êtes l'homme nécessaire et indispensable pour maintenir l'union dans l'Église et la conduire paisible-

ment dans la connaissance et l'amour du Seigneur. Nous espérons que vous prendrez en considération ce vœu unanime de vos paroissiens, et nous demandons à Dieu de vous mettre au cœur ce qu'il a arrêté pour sa gloire et notre plus grand bien.'

"This was signed by all the men present, the heads of all the families, and certainly the most pious members of the flock. On the following day I wrote to Dr. Cook: 'I have been invited and pressed by the whole church at Bar to accept the post which has been offered to me. *Individually* they had all begged me to remain, and some had warned me not to oppose myself to the will of God, as evidently shown by His providence; but yesterday the men who were at chapel, comprising the Methodist friends and the heads of all the families, made a united and solemn appeal to me, and having heard that I was this week to be appointed to the post of Fresnoi-le-grand, they one and all besought me, in the name of their best interests, not to forsake them, but to accept the place that has been created by Government. When the providence of God, who knows and directs all things, and the unanimous call of the church, which feels its own wants, and over which the Holy Ghost has made me overseer, seemed to require me to remain, I dare not refuse, let the consequences to myself be what they may, for who am I that I should resist God? I can indeed, though with some difficulty, understand that, holding particular views, and not seeing and feeling the position and wants of this congregation, you may see things in a different light, but no theory on earth, no human system, considerations, or motives whatever, must be allowed to interfere with the first and incontestable duties of a Christian pastor towards his

flock. I must and shall, if the committee of the *Société Chrétienne du Nord* hold me free, remain here, and do what in me lies to keep the church together among the peasants of Lorraine and Alsace. I can only thank God that I was thus preserved from leaving this dear flock in the hour of danger.

"My induction took place in presence of a crowded congregation. My good friend M. Henriot, several of the Professors from the College, and many other Roman Catholics, came to the service. This day will never be forgotten by me!"

"*January* 29.—Walked over to Vavincourt with the colporteur to baptize Marie Christine Lahm. Spent a pleasant, and I trust profitable, time amongst a little *flock of shepherds*, who gave me some interesting accounts of their encounters with wolves and wild boars."

The following pages contributed by M. de Boinville to the *Sunday at Home*, entitled "Among the Peasants of Lorraine and Alsace," were probably suggested by the visit thus alluded to:—

"Very clearly defined is the line of demarcation which separates the French-speaking villages in Eastern Lorraine, bordering on Alsace, from those where German, or rather a dialect of the German language, is spoken. The language, habits, manners, and costumes are as distinct as if the inhabitants were separated by hundreds of miles. Until the late Franco-German war, French was universally taught in the day-schools, was understood by all, and was pretty correctly spoken by the younger portion of the German-speaking population. But, though the utmost good feeling prevailed between the neighbouring villages, the customs were essentially different. Very rough and

rustic are many of the habitations and ways of the peasantry in the German-speaking districts. Yet amongst these country people many a rough diamond has yielded to the polishing influence of Christian piety.

"Through one of the retired villages, close by a large beech and pine forest, which extends for miles across the undulating country, and down the steep sides of the Vosges mountains, there passed some thirty years ago a French evangelist. He stopped at a friend's house, spent a week or a fortnight in the neighbourhood, and returned from time to time to speak of Christ to the people, partly Protestants, partly Roman Catholics, who all at that time lay in profound darkness. It pleased God to bless his words. Several souls were brought out of darkness into light.

"Amongst these was a woman of a poor but respectable shepherd's family. From father to son for generations these people had been shepherds. The wife, the mother of several children, was the first 'whose heart the Lord opened,' like Lydia's, 'that she attended unto the things which were spoken.' And she too, like Lydia, at once showed her desire to help on the work of the Lord by helping His servant.

"Here is an instance of the spirit that was in her. One day as the evangelist was crossing a bridge over the clear rippling brook which ran at the foot of the hill, about a mile from the village, early in the morning, cold and frosty, he heard the wooden bat of a washerwoman beating the linen, as is the fashion in that country, with earnest strokes, as if she would keep herself warm as she stood knee-deep in the crystal stream. Turning his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, our evangelist recognised the shepherd's wife.

"'What!' he exclaimed; 'is it you, already hard at work this morning?'

"'Yes,' she replied; 'I want to get all my washing done before breakfast, for the clothes to have the benefit of the sun during the day.'

"This reminded the evangelist that this good woman had been acting as his washerwoman for many months, during all which time she had never chosen to settle accounts with him, nor had he been able to induce her to accept anything by way of remuneration. She would always say, 'Under God I owe to you the knowledge of a Saviour,' or she would ask, 'Does not the Lord say, "Freely ye have received, freely give"?' or, 'I can do but little to show my gratitude. I feel it a pleasure and an honour to help God's servant.'

"But on the present occasion the evangelist waxed warm; and when he entered the shepherd's house, after earnest expostulations, he almost angrily threw on the table what he thought a sufficient compensation. The good woman's colour rose to her cheeks. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I would not wound you for the world. You look on this as mine. Well, as you will give it me, you will let me do as I like with it.' She took the money in her hand, walked across her kitchen, and cast the whole into a missionary-box which was placed on a shelf.

"It was my privilege to visit that household unexpectedly some years afterwards. The parents were not at home at the moment of my arrival. One of the daughters was preparing the evening repast for the family. She was attired in the *négligé* costume of that district, with a green bodice, indicative of the religious persuasion of the family—the Protestants wearing green, and the Roman Catholics

red. She told me in good French (better, probably, than her German) that her father was with his flock in the fields. 'He is not far off, but he will not return yet, I am afraid,' she said, 'for at least a couple of hours. He always comes in late, for the sheep give him a great deal of work.'

"I sallied forth in quest of him. Not finding him at once, I inquired of a farmer whom I saw at plough whereabouts I could find him. I might surely have thought myself amongst the colonists in the backwoods of America; for, instead of replying at once, he said to me, inquisitively, 'Who are you? and where do you come from?'

"'Why, my dear sir,' I replied, somewhat facetiously, 'I am only a shepherd myself, looking for a shepherd.'

"'That is it!' said he. 'Say rather you are a liar, or a thief, or both!' he growled out at me. 'You are like many more of late who have come to these parts. Since he has had those bronze and silver medals from the Agricultural Society, he has been known all round the country for a good shepherd that he is. Everybody wants to steal him from us. But he has been with us more than a quarter of a century, and he is the best shepherd in all the country round, and the most honest man in the place. I won't let him go, if I can help it, although he is a Protestant, and our priest does not like him; and I must own he has grown uncommonly devout since his wife has converted him.'

"My loquacious accuser was soon informed of what he had partly guessed, that I was only a Protestant pastor, and had no wish to steal either shepherd or sheep.

"I soon came upon the man I sought. He was standing, clad in a long cloak, with his crook in one hand and a

book of poems in the other. Now and then he lifted up his head to look after his sheep. His faithful dog walked slowly by his side, apparently ready to obey any order. In conversation I soon discovered how just was the farmer's appreciation of the good shepherd's character. Presently I noticed a wound on the dog's side.

"'Yes, indeed,' said the shepherd; 'we had a terrible affray only the other day. My faithful companion and I had a battle with a wild boar that came out of yonder wood. I heard the dog bark, and soon saw him in close combat with what I took at first to be a large black pig. The boar turned furiously on my poor dog. I rushed off to his rescue. The boar did not appear to hear my approach. Coming behind, with this stout crook I administered such a tremendous blow on his hind-legs that I broke one. The infuriated animal turned round; and, maimed as he was, began a violent attack on me. Had he not been so severely wounded from the first, I should probably have been killed by him. I defended myself by striking at his head. Then my dog bit hard at the beast's heels. The animal again turned round, and it became a real struggle for life or death for at least twenty minutes. The boar gave us no breathing-time. At last, as we were two to one, and that one a wounded enemy, he fell exhausted by sheer fatigue, and was soon despatched. I called for help, and we dragged him triumphantly into the village. And,' he added, after a few seconds, 'I thanked God for the deliverance.'

"'But,' I asked, 'what became of your sheep all the while?'

"'Oh, the sheep looked on in wild amazement, poor innocent creatures!'

"'Are there many of these wild boars in this neighbourhood?' I asked.

"'Plenty of them. Too many for our comfort. They do not hurt people unless they are attacked, but they do harm to the vineyards and gardens in the immediate vicinity of the woods. It reminds me of the Psalmist's complaint to the great "Shepherd of Israel:" "The boar out of the wood doth waste it"' (Psalm lxxx. 13).

"Conversing thus, we gradually drew nigh to the village, and I re-entered the shepherd's dwelling, where I found the family, now neatly attired to receive the stranger; and I was requested to partake of a humble meal. They would not let me sup with them, or like them, they said, for I should not like their fare. The gentle daughter took down the coffee-mill from the cupboard, and began to grind the coffee. Milk fresh from the cow was boiled upon the blazing fire. The shepherd now begged me to ask a blessing on their evening repast. I did so, and expressed a desire to join them at their table. 'Oh, you may try if you like,' they replied, with a smile.

"Two large dishes were placed on the table, with salt and bread. One dish or large pan contained potatoes boiled in their skins; the other, sour milk or curds. I did as they did: peeled a potato. Then each one dipped his spoon in the dish of sour milk, and conveyed it to his mouth. But after one mouthful, for courtesy's sake, I thankfully turned to the sweet aroma of a delicious cup of coffee, with brown bread and fresh butter.

"The conversation was cheerful, and yet serious withal. Care, order, and cleanliness were apparent all over the rough floor, walls, and furniture. That humble dwelling seemed to me, as indeed I knew it was, a pattern and a

model of a Christian home for all the neighbourhood, and to the numerous family of children the cradle of piety, industry, love, and virtue. When, on taking leave, I remarked how happy and united they seemed to be, the good woman replied, 'We owe it all to Christ and the blessed Book, and to those who brought it here.'"

"*February* 6.—The country is now beautiful, and never more than at present did I enjoy walking on the hills and in the valleys. This neighbourhood has many beauties, and now that I am accustomed to the vines, I cannot but admire how Providence has taught man to clothe with such riches the sides of these hills, which would otherwise have been but very meagre sheep-walks, whilst the fertile valleys and the magnificent forests add endless variety to the scene. In summer you may chat with the vine-dressers on the sides of the hills, and within ten minutes find yourself either on some wild common, or in the shady forest, where human footsteps seem hardly ever to penetrate, but where everything is teeming with life, and where the nightingale and the wood-pigeon, and the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree, recall to one's mind the pleasantest associations. At this season the valley has a dark shade, while the tops of the hills are still covered with snow, that glitters in the sun, and crackles under your feet as you walk along, until you plunge into the dark woods, where the atmosphere is comparatively warm, and the ivy and green moss relieve the eye, reminding you of more genial seasons. At this time, too, the woods are more open than in summer, you get glimpses down into the valleys, and at noon the distant village-bells call the labourer to return to his home, and the toiling woodman

to sit down by his forest fire and eat his humble mid-day meal. Then winding down some small ravine, by the side of one of those sparkling brooks which God sends into the valleys, and which run among the hills, you return to your own 'sweet home' among the haunts of men, echoing at heart the Psalmist's words, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!'"

"*May* 7.—Gained a prize of a bronze medal and thirty francs at the *Concours Agricole*, for our Dorking poultry,—fifteen francs for new chapel, and fifteen for the poor. Something better! our good friend the shepherd at Vavincourt got a reward for having been a faithful and intelligent shepherd in the same parish for sixteen years. This is for the good of our cause, and to the honour of religion."

"*July* 6.—Legrand, the colporteur, returned from the country pretty well satisfied with the result of his efforts. He has sold another Bible at Boinville, and while there he met a woman who told him that for several generations her family had served our uncles and grandfathers, and begged that if I returned I would go to see her, with the children. She took him up to a large and well-furnished room, and said that if I would go and spend a fortnight there with my family she would charge nothing for it, and that it would give her great pleasure. I thought this rather a rare and touching instance of gratitude and generosity—*too rare in these days.*"

"*August* 4.—Married a couple at Dammarie; felt both sorrow and pleasure—sorrow at seeing a Protestant take a Roman Catholic for his wife, and pleasure at seeing so many Roman Catholics bathed in tears at our simple ceremony, and a few words of exhortation. God grant they

may never forget them! There was something very pleasing in the fête that was given; to see the rich and the poor mingling together, and to witness the affection manifested by the labouring people for the bride, who is indeed a very interesting person. We sat down about thirty to dinner, under a tent in the park, and about two hundred work-people in an adjoining building. Food was distributed to about seven hundred persons, many of whom walked in the grounds. A musical band, composed of peasants, played very well, cannons were fired, and at night there was a display of fireworks."

"*September* 6.—Three interesting soldiers now attend our service very regularly. One is a Roman Catholic, who appears to be earnestly seeking the Lord. The second is a Protestant drummer from the south of France, and the third is a man named Borely, from Nîmes. Borely's father's house was plundered by the royal troops in 1815, for no offence except that he was a Protestant, and therefore presumably a Bonapartist. He himself escaped with his life by making a hole in the roof. The mother had two pistols presented at her, and was ordered to deliver up all her treasures. This event plunged the poor man, with seven children, into deep poverty and ill-health, from which he never recovered. After giving me these details, Borely added, 'I know it is my duty to forgive all injuries, but people must not be surprised if the Protestants of Nîmes, with these atrocities still living in their memories, should find it difficult to draw the line between the perpetrators of them and their religion, and know how to hate the one and love the other.'"

"*September* 19.—The *Moniteur de la Meurthe* of August 24th has the following:—'On se rappelle le malheur qui

arriva il-y-a quelque temps sur la ligne du chemin de fer de l'Est, et les condamnations prononcées contre quelques uns des agens de la Compagnie. Parmi les voyageurs se trouvait un Anglais [Dr. William Smith] homme de mérite et savant linguiste; il avait avec lui sa femme et ses deux filles. Lorsqu'on releva les victimes, Madame avait les deux jambes brisées. En reprenant ses sens, elle dit simplement, "Je suis bien heureuse! quand l'accident est arrivé ma fille Marie allait prendre ma place." Cette parole vaut tous les mots touchants et sublimes que l'amour maternel a dictés, et que garde l'histoire.' Mrs. Smith said the same with tears of gratitude in her eyes, the first time I saw her, and I rejoice to see such feelings appreciated; but what the paper does not say, and what the writer did not know, is that that mother had a Christian heart, and was upheld and moved by faith. Her husband also showed the power of Christian principle, for he might have obtained a large sum of money from the Company; but he only asked that *his expenses might be paid.* The Company, let it be said to their honour, treated the family as they deserved, with the greatest respect and kindness. By God's mercy Mrs. Smith is going on well, and is expected to walk soon. We saw much of this excellent family."

"*November* 9.—Went to Strasbourg to pass my examination, but had to remain a week before I went up. Fred. Monnier came on the 13th *pour soutenir sa thèse.* He attacked the doctrine of the substitution of Christ, of His vicarious sufferings and sacrifice, and tried to explain away *the atonement.* The learned Professor Reuss remarked that it was a serious thing to attack a doctrine which has been considered hitherto as fundamental; yet he commended

him for his courage. The Professor, however, though he did not himself admit the doctrine of substitution, stated that he thought it might be found in the writings of St. John and St. Peter, and in the Epistle to the Hebrews; but he remarked that the apostles might be justly considered as writing under the influence of their old Jewish prejudices. The discussion was deeply interesting. I felt pained at witnessing this sort of courage and independence. The old bulwarks, however, will stand firm against this small shot; and surely Peter and John may be considered as enlightened divines as Professor Reuss, however learned and clever he may be.

"Among the chief blessings I received at Strasbourg, I reckon that of becoming acquainted with several excellent Christians—French, Germans, and converted Jews, . . . and notwithstanding the unsatisfactory state of the theology of the *faculté*, several of the students are young men with whom I was glad to become acquainted."

"*January* 30, 1858.—M. Chèvre is one of the happiest men I ever saw. . . . The story of his maternal grandfather is worth relating. His name was Nicolas Ferry, and he was born the same year and in the same village as his friend Nicolas Blaise. Both learned at the same school, and celebrated their fête of St. Nicolas together through their whole lives. They were inseparable friends; and as they lived to a very advanced age, and felt their growing infirmities, they used to say, 'I wonder which of us will go first.' They agreed that the one that first left this world should come and tell the other what the next world was like; but both were spared the trouble either of returning to this world or of seeing the other depart, for both died on the same day, and that day happened to be the Feast of

St. Nicolas! The one was ninety-nine years and seven months old, and the other ninety-nine years and five months. 'Who knows,' said old Chèvre, 'but I may live to be as old. God will do as He sees fit.'

"M. Chèvre's mind was first awakened by reading an old Romish translation of the Bible whilst he was porter at the *Collège*. He said to himself, 'The priests say this is the Word of God: if it is, then they do not teach the truth.' Some years afterwards he spoke openly to several persons on the subject. A man who was present said to him, 'Why, you are a Protestant.' 'God forbid,' said he, 'I am a Christian.' The man replied, 'Come with me, and I will show you that you are a Christian and a Protestant too.' M. Chèvre became anxious to have a Bible. No colporteurs had yet arrived at Bar-le-Duc, but it was easy to procure one for him from Paris. Some time afterwards it happened that a good man, knowing that he had a Bible and read it, advised him to go and hear the Protestant preacher, M. Farjat. He did so, and found out that he was indeed a Protestant. About the time when he forsook Popery, Chèvre lost by a murrain two good milch cows. The calamity was at once attributed by the neighbours to his having become a Protestant. His reply was, 'Why, then, have those good Catholics at Naives lost so many?' A short time afterwards his neighbour there had both legs broken, and to Chèvre's great surprise sent for him to assist in setting and dressing the broken limbs. He would allow no one else to attend to him, saying, 'I wish you to remain with me, if you will; you are my best neighbour; and I feel now by my two broken legs that we serve the same Master who took your two cows.' Since then Chèvre has been so consistent that he has been thought

worthy to be named the first delegate to the Consistory of Nancy, which I take to be an honour both for him and for the Church which named him."

"M. Gangloff, the treasurer of our Conseil Presbytéral, was one of the most consistent Christians I ever knew. When the Church had to elect its Conseil Presbytéral, M. Gangloff got every vote but one, and that was his own."

CHAPTER XIV.

John Eisenmann—Born at Odeltshofen—Escapes the conscription—Is robbed by Cossack soldiers—Settles as a weaver at Bar-le-Duc—Marries a Roman Catholic—Falls ill—His curious dream and its effects—Obtains authorisation for Protestant worship at Bar—Will not be discouraged—His patience in hospital, and regard for the Sabbath—Obtains the service of a colporteur—Visit of the parish priest—M. Farjat the first resident Protestant pastor at Bar—Foundation-stone of church laid, 23d of May 1861—Opened May 25th, 1862—Eisenmann died January 21, 1863.

"OLD EISENMANN, the weaver of Bar-le-Duc,[1] surnamed the Patriarch, was the oldest member of our church, and may be considered to have been its founder.

"John Eisenmann was born at Odeltshofen, near Kehl, on the German side of the Rhine, and within sight of the elegant spire of Strasbourg Cathedral, the loftiest in the world, on the 21st of March 1788. His parents were Protestants, honest, hard-working people; and his father, who was a wheelwright, brought his son John up to the same trade.

"Of his early life little can now be ascertained. John always spoke with respect of his parents, who had him taught to read at school, and gave him good advice, which, unfortunately, the boy was not always careful to follow. He was, however, fond of work, and was a real help to his

[1] From the *Sunday at Home*, August 1863.

family, when, on reaching twenty-one years of age, he was called to draw for the conscription. In continental countries this is always an anxious time both for parents and children. The young men each draw a number, and the lowest numbers fall a sacrifice to the inexorable law which forces them, except in certain rare cases of exemption, to bear arms in defence of their country. This system may be advantageous in countries liable to easy invasion, where it is thought necessary to keep up large standing armies; but at all times, and especially in times of war, every tender parent's heart throbs when the lot is cast. How many a mother, how many a sister, sheds bitter tears, when the hardy young man, the joy and pride of the house and family, may be forced from his home into the ranks, to be exposed to hard treatment, and thrust into the din and danger of war.

"When John Eisenmann drew No. 2, it was at first a cause of great joy, for Odeltshofen, being a mere hamlet, had, under ordinary circumstances, to furnish only one young man every year for the army, so that the young man who drew No. 1 being sound in mind and limb, John was free. Shortly afterwards it became noised abroad that the want of men was so great in those days, when Bonaparte's enterprises called forth all the warlike energies of the nations, that many more soldiers were to be placed under arms, and John, fearing lest the report should prove true, and having no mind to be a soldier, contrary to his father's advice, just crossed the Rhine into Alsace, and found himself in France. Although he could not be treated as a deserter, by this imprudent step he exposed himself to severe punishment in his own country. He now often turned a lingering look of despondency across the noble

river which separated him from his family. He could see the land of his birth, the village where his parents' aching hearts yearned over their absent son; but he dared not venture even for one hour across the rolling waters which were to cut him off for years, and, as the event proved, even for life, from his native land and the scenes of his boyhood. But he was young and spirited, and he determined to seek at once some means of earning his daily bread. It was then he took to weaving, which was at that time a good trade, and he lived pretty comfortably.

"Though he had received some religious instruction when a boy, he was still a stranger to vital faith and godliness, and lived 'without God and without hope in the world.' He had neither Bible nor Testament, but he had a hymn-book which he still made use of occasionally, and being in a province where there were many German-speaking Protestants, he might, when he pleased, go to church. Although little is known of his sentiments or manner of life at that time, we may presume that he cared little indeed for religion, for he soon went where he knew there were no religious privileges or means of grace at all.

"Being of quick apprehension, he speedily acquired a knowledge of the French language, in which he learned both to read and write, and accepted a post of interpreter to some Prussian officers who were marching into the country. He accompanied them to the interior. On reaching Rheims, however, being tired of the life he was leading, and having saved some money, he determined to retrace his steps as far as Bar-le-Duc, where he had a friend and fellow-countryman; and placing his gold in a leathern belt, which he fastened round his waist, under his coat, he

took the shortest cut back on foot, following the old Roman road which led in past ages from Rheims to the city of Nasium (some vestiges of which still remain). Poor John little thought how soon he would lose the fruit of his late services among the Prussian officers. He had arrived at the entrance of the valley of the river Ornain, where he was to spend the remainder of his life. He was all alone, within sight of Bar-le-Duc, when he was met by some Cossack soldiers, who knocked him down, stripped and ransacked him; and so he lost his precious gold, that he might learn betimes not to trust in uncertain riches. Never, indeed, did John Eisenmann again possess so large a sum of money, though he, by God's grace, acquired better and more enduring riches.

"As soon as he recovered from the shock he had received, he made off as speedily as his legs would carry him, arrived safe at Bar-le-Duc, and poured his complaints into the ears of his friend, who comforted him as well as he could. John knew not as yet the comfort of being able to carry his troubles to the best, the Almighty Friend of the poor and disconsolate.

"As soon as he possibly could, John Eisenmann, who was always industriously inclined, cheerfully took to his trade as a weaver, and easily earned an honest livelihood. His constitution was a good one; his character was naturally gay; he was far from handsome, but his countenance beamed with warmth of expression. His dark eyes sparkled beneath a thoughtful brow, and his face was often lighted up by a pleasant, intelligent smile.

"He had not as yet learned to devote the energies of his youth to the service of God. He was indifferent to religion, and had adopted as his motto the French proverb

which slays its tens of thousands, 'Toutes les religions sont bonnes' (All religions are good), and so lived without any religion at all. Nor did he scruple, as soon as his means allowed him, to marry a Roman Catholic, named Anne Maginot, concerning whom, as we shall not have occasion to speak of her much hereafter, I will only say she was respected as being a good wife and a kind mother. She had neither her husband's strength of mind, nor his independence of spirit, and had adopted as the natural consequence of the proverb above mentioned the logical conclusion, which has also passed into a popular proverb, 'On ne doit pas changer de religion' (Never change your religion). Ponder this, Christian reader: John Eisenmann, who was afterwards converted himself, and was made a blessing to many, was never enabled to convert his wife.

. . . . . .

"The time of John Eisenmann's spiritual deliverance drew nigh. He had been married nearly eight years, and as yet no sickness had visited his family. He had not been brought to feel the uncertainty of all earthly blessings, and the necessity of seeking a hope beyond the grave. The solemn words—GOD, ETERNITY, HEAVEN, HELL, so often heard by him when a child, had produced no lasting impression on his mind. Like his companions, he was living respectably and cheerfully on the empty toys and visionary hopes of time, in sinful separation from God. The voice of conscience seemed lulled, though at times he felt he was not fulfilling the real object of life. He had no Bible. No man called him or his companions to repentance; and if he had ever had any early religious impressions, they seemed to be clean gone for ever, when the Lord sent the rod of affliction to bring the wanderer

home, that he might be able to say to others, 'Come, and I will tell you what the Lord hath done for my soul,' and be the means of bringing the light of the glorious gospel of Christ to a part of Lorraine where it was never before permitted to shine.

"In the year 1825 he fell ill of fever. During his illness, one of his children, a fine intelligent boy, sickened and died. Only two days afterwards, his wife gave birth to another boy, whom they named Auguste. The excitement produced by these concurrent circumstances so increased his fever that he soon became dangerously ill, and was constantly delirious. His dreams or visions assumed an extraordinary character, and were made a blessing to his soul, fixing Bible truths on his mind, and leading him to the Saviour.

"I will not enter into any nice disquisitions or curious inquiries as to the possibility of the Lord's revealing Himself to the human soul in dreams, or the degree of confidence to be placed in them as a channel of Divine communication; my business is that of a simple narrator of facts.

"At the time of his illness, John Eisenmann lived close by the Church of Notre Dame. He dreamed that he was carried up to the top of its lofty tower, where a scaffolding was erected for his execution. His anticipations made him shudder with horror, whilst he looked upon the gibbet, and thought he was to be made a spectacle to so many. His accusers surrounded him, and placed in array before him all the sins of which he had been guilty, and which his conscience told him would ruin him for ever. He felt as if he was about to drop ignominiously and miserably into hell. Some laid claim to money which they said he owed

them, whilst he declared the only debts he owed were to his offended God. Swallows and other birds flew round his devoted head, reminding him of the lot of Pharaoh's butler (Gen. xl. 19). Multitudes now assembled below the tower to witness the execution, and were preparing to beat him and force from him an acknowledgment of his guilt. To them he felt called to preach, and in doing so openly confessed that he was deserving of eternal damnation. At another moment he imagined himself walking in the infernal regions, and shuddered afterwards in rehearsing the things he saw and felt. He might have used the words of Eliphaz : 'Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ears received a little thereof. In thoughts from the vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God ?' (Job iv. 12-17.)

"His delirium lasted for several days, almost without intermission. The anguish of his mind was extreme, the chief feature being a conviction that he was guilty of sins of deepest dye, and was fit only for everlasting condemnation. Thus he continued, until suddenly a text of Scripture which he had learned in his youth was applied with extraordinary power to his conscience ; it was this : 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.' At once (whether he was delirious still or not, he could not tell) he found peace and comfort ; and although he had not read the Bible for many years—not since his boyhood—numberless consolatory passages and sweet pro-

mises of Scripture crowded to his memory. The fever rapidly abated. He was made whole at once, both in body and soul. And now, being made a new creature in Christ, he felt he must lead a new life, and devote all his energies to the service of Him who had saved his life from death, and his soul from the 'pit of destruction.'

"When John Eisenmann awoke to a sense of the danger of sin and the happiness of knowing and serving the Lord, he took a survey of the religious state of his fellow-Protestants, of his own family, and of the country in which he was now quite settled. All seemed dead around him. He first asked himself what he could do for his own, and for the ten or twelve Protestants who lived at Bar or in the neighbourhood. His wife and family were Roman Catholics; neither he nor the other Protestants had a Bible between them; no pastor was near to care for their souls; their spiritual destitution—nay, their very existence—was unknown to any minister of the gospel. Were things to remain in this state? Would it not be for the glory of God and the honour of Protestantism, and lead perhaps to the salvation of many souls, if he could find some means of introducing the preaching of the gospel among them? But what could he, a poor weaver, obliged to work hard for his daily bread, in a foreign and Popish land, do to attain so desirable an object? These questions pressed upon his mind day and night.

"His first step was to procure a Bible for himself, out of which he might instruct his family, for he felt that nothing but the Word of God could lead to their conversion. He also called constantly on his fellow-Protestants, who were all of them poor men like himself, in order to exhort them to repentance, and he gathered them together,

as often as he could, round the Holy Scriptures, which they now began to read in German. To them he communicated his desire to obtain, if possible, the occasional visit of some good pastor; and, finding they made no opposition, he proposed to them to make a collection, in order to pay the pastor's travelling expenses. To his great joy they assented, and he wrote immediately to M. Boissard, then pastor of the Lutheran Church in Paris, begging him to obtain from the Minister of State for Public Worship the necessary authorisation for allowing the Protestants to hold their meetings. He himself took all the preliminary steps at Bar-le-Duc. The proposal met with some opposition from the Romish party, but the civil authorities were liberal, and the law was in their favour. Nevertheless, the struggle occasioned some delay, and several months elapsed before the required authorisation arrived. The joyful news came at length, and reached Bar-le-Duc on the very day that Charles X. ascended the throne of France. Soon afterwards, M. Boissard held the first meeting in a room at the town hall, which the mayor placed at the disposal of the little Protestant community.

"On his way from Paris to Strasbourg and back, the pastor visited the little flock from time to time, his expenses being partly defrayed by them. At that time John Eisenmann was in all the fervour of 'first love,' and, as he often expressed it afterwards, *he had not legs enough* to carry him about on the Sunday to exhort his brethren to meet together, and to collect weekly the pence which were paid for the pastor's occasional visits. These visits occurred about every six months; and when the time came round, often was he obliged to make up, in addition to his own share, what was lacking in the sum collected.

"It was not only M. Boissard that visited them; several others followed—the venerable M. Cuvier, then pastor of the Reformed Church at Metz, M. Schmidt of Nancy, M. Filhol, and others.

"The flock was indeed very small, the hearers sometimes amounted to not more than ten or twelve people—sometimes twenty, when Roman Catholics dropped in; but John Eisenmann's fervent piety gave life to them, and through his incessant perseverance and labour the meetings were not allowed to drop. Much there was to discourage him. Although his Protestant friends generally hailed with pleasure the visits of the pastor, and acknowledged that it was to their friend's zeal chiefly that they owed them, most of them looked upon him as a fanatic. Sometimes the meetings were so thinly attended that it could scarcely be thought worth while to make a pastor come so far to meet so few. M. Boissard told John on one occasion, that much as he admired his zeal, he thought there was nothing to be done at Bar-le-Duc. John replied that what they wanted was an evangelist to reside amongst them. The pastor smiled, but said the Protestant community was far too small, their families all Roman Catholics, the Catholics themselves unprepared to receive the gospel; his advice was to give the matter up altogether. With a heavy heart John took leave of the pastor, who was borne away by the diligence to more favoured quarters. On returning home he cast all his cares on the Lord, earnestly beseeching the Good Shepherd, who seeks the one lost sheep, not to forsake His solitary ones in the wilderness, but to send them help. After this prayer he opened his Bible, as his manner was, and, placing his finger on a verse, he read Luke ii. 25, 26, how Simeon

waited for the consolation of Israel, and how it was revealed to him that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ; 'nor shall *I* die, by God's mercy,' said he, 'till I have seen good done in Bar-le-Duc.'

"If the reader be disposed to think that such feelings as those expressed by John Eisenmann savour of enthusiasm, let him remember the peculiar position in which he was placed, and that nothing short of direct help from above could strengthen him to fulfil the task laid upon him by Providence and his own conscience; that there were no outward incitements to sustain him, but all things and men —yea, even some of God's ministers—seemed to rise up to discourage him, if not to thwart his plans; and, finally, that events proved that the Lord Himself was truly directing him, for what appeared to others to be but a fond dream was afterwards fully realised, and, in fact, he was granted the very rare privilege of witnessing, before he 'saw death,' the fruits of his earnest endeavours.

"Being now comforted by God's Word and the remembrance of His promises, instead of allowing his zeal to flag, and his hands to hang down, John Eisenmann determined to take more pains than ever—first, in his own direct endeavours to do more spiritual good to his family and friends; and, secondly, in procuring help from others.

"Whilst he was forming these good resolutions, he was again reminded of the uncertainty of life. In the year 1832 he was attacked by cholera, which had already carried off many hundreds in the town. As he was carried to the hospital, he shed tears on seeing his wife and children weeping around him. No sooner had he entered the hospital than he sent for his New Testament and hymn-book. Notwithstanding the severe pains accompany-

ing the fearful disorder, he retained his usual calmness and serenity of mind, and prayed earnestly for his family, who were allowed to visit him every day. The priests and sisters of charity soon perceived, by the books that lay under his pillow, that he was a Protestant. One day John overheard the lady superior saying, 'This is the quietest and most patient of all our sick ones; what a pity that he should be a Protestant!' John raised his voice, and said, 'You ought to judge of the tree by its fruit.' Notwithstanding the difference of religion, he was taken good care of, and ever afterwards spoke with gratitude of the treatment he had met with. At the end of three weeks he returned to his family, and was able in three weeks more to work again for their daily bread.

"His children, as we said, had been baptized as Roman Catholics before their father had become alive to his religious duties. His wife insisted that they should continue to be brought up in their own religion. He thought it would not be advisable to bring his paternal authority to bear on them in bringing about a change; but he resolved to use all due influence, and to put the light of the gospel before them. He determined not to send any of them to school, lest they should be biassed by the priests or Roman Catholic schoolmasters, and become prejudiced against Protestantism. He himself taught them to read and write, and they learnt to read in the New Testament both in German and in French.

"On the Sabbath John ceased all work—a thing which particularly struck all his neighbours in a country where entire rest on the Lord's Day is almost unheard of. That day he spent with his family and with his Protestant

friends, who would leave their work for a time to chat with him. Then he would take his little ones by the hand and lead them out into the fields and vineyards, upon the hills or into the forests which surround the town, and would not allow them to associate with other children on Sunday. He was very fond of contemplating the works of nature; and the situation of Bar-le-Duc, with its old château and towers on the rising heights and sinking ravines, which formerly made it a strong fortress and gave it the name it bears,[1] was sufficiently picturesque to afford him and his family many pleasant walks. Sometimes he would show them the rich valley of the Ornain, in which the lower town is situated, with the distant hills of Champagne, and point out to them the rich provision which the Creator has laid up in the bosom of the earth to supply the wants of his weak and sinful creatures. At other times he would take them into the depths of the neighbouring forest, and speak to them of the happiness he felt in communion with God. Then he would pick up a blade of grass and say, 'Look, boys, how singular! It would be as impossible for us to make this little bit of grass as that great oak. But God has painted it and every flower with as much care as if they were of great value. He attends to all our little wants, and I hope you will never complain, nor doubt His care for you.' Thus he endeavoured to lead their minds

[1] Bar-le-Duc, the door or gateway which *bars* up the entrance into Lorraine. Part of the old château of the Dukes of Lorraine is still to be seen. The Princess Catherine, sister of Henri IV., who married the Duc de Bar, lived here for some time. Here, too, was born the notorious Duc de Guise, who was victorious at the siege of Calais, who massacred the poor Protestants at Vassy in 1562, and headed the League. At Bar-le-Duc was born and educated as a monk Augustin Marlorat, who afterwards became an eminent Protestant divine and a great friend of Calvin. He suffered martyrdom at Rouen, October 30, 1562.

up to their Creator, and give them a sense of His presence and goodness, and a fear of His all-seeing eye.

"Their mother's influence, backed by that of their worldly or Popish neighbours, for a time prevailed, and it was several years before the eldest son was brought to feel the force of Scripture and to give his heart to God. Auguste's testimony as to the wisdom of his father's management is remarkable. Urged by his mother's advice, and by the example of his little companions, he begged his father to allow him to be confirmed as a Roman Catholic. 'I feel pained at your request,' said his father, 'but you are free; I pray God to open your eyes. Of one thing I feel sure—you will soon see how contrary the priests' teaching is to the Word of God.' Thus no spirit of opposition was created in the child's mind; he only felt the more admiration for his father's justice and kindness, and began to doubt if he was doing right to continue to be a member of the Romish Church. He conformed, however, to his mother's injunctions, and was confirmed in the Romish faith when he was but twelve years of age. Yet what he saw then of Popish superstition, which he compared to his father's enlightened and scriptural religion, and the disgust he felt at the questions put to him by the priest, who amongst other things endeavoured to set him on his guard against his father and his father's Bible, opened his eyes; he asked God's forgiveness, grew more serious, and determined to serve his father's God.

"On the Bible which he had bought for himself and his family, and which afterwards proved to be a blessing to his children and grandchildren, the good weaver wrote these words: 'This Bible belongs to John Eisenmann, and let it go from one generation to another.' Every day, so long

as the children remained unmarried and at home, that Bible was opened and read at the family altar.

"'Were it only for my children's sake,' he used to say, 'I would endeavour to obtain the teaching of God's servants. Let us write again,' would he add, addressing himself to one or two of the more zealous Protestants, 'and see if we cannot obtain more help.' He wrote accordingly to M. Dürr, a zealous pastor, expressing a hope that the Bible Society or the Société Évangélique would send them a colporteur or an evangelist, and begging his advice and help. He used to say: 'I have read of the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Are not these societies which are springing up that blessed angel? I see him flying, and he will surely come this way.' In after years he told the author that this text had often been a source of great joy to him.

"A few months after he had written to M. Dürr, to his great joy a colporteur was sent, and was succeeded by another in the department of La Meuse. As these men visited the Roman Catholic families, and endeavoured to distribute the sacred Scriptures wherever they could, their arrival excited the attention and hostile feelings of many who took occasion to speak evil of Protestant propagandism, so that several of the unconverted Protestants refused to acknowledge them, and declared that these men did not belong to the good old Lutheran stock from which they sprung; that they were teachers of new doctrines. They even tried to set John Eisenmann's mind against them by assuring him that they were doing more harm than good to the cause of Protestantism by exciting the opposition of

the Papists. 'God knows what is best for the spread of His truth,' replied John; 'what are these men sent for but to spread the gospel? You talk of their new doctrines; are there two gospels, and is not their gospel the same as ours? Why should not the Bible be given to the Roman Catholics? Let not the fear of the world deter us from giving these servants of God the right hand of fellowship. As for me, I bid them God-speed; and if you will not serve God with all your heart, be sure of this—God will raise up a people from amongst the Roman Catholics.' Some were convinced by his words and rallied round the colporteurs.

"These good men also gave John Eisenmann more particulars with regard to the Société Évangélique in Paris, and informed him how he might possibly obtain an evangelist for Bar-le-Duc. He accordingly wrote to several persons connected with the committee, and some hopes were held out to him. This, he used to say, was one of the most anxious periods of his life. His eldest son remembers distinctly his praying earnestly during these months of suspense at least ten or twelve times a day.

"One day he took the Bible and opened it at the first chapter of Jeremiah, and laying a peculiar stress on verses 6-10, he said to his children, 'I am not a prophet, and I cannot speak as I would; but I have a work to perform, and I do believe God has called me, though a poor weaver, to build and plant in this town. The work is already begun, and by God's grace I shall lay the foundation for you, my dear children, and for your children's children. My prayers will be heard, and God will soon send us help.'

"About this time he was visited by the parish priest, who was aware of his zeal in propagating the Protestant

faith, and of the efforts he was making to establish Protestant worship in the town. In order to gain access to him, the priest feigned to be in search of some sick person. He entered the room where John was weaving, and said, 'Is this the house where the sick person lies?'

"'No,' replied John; 'thank God we have no sick person in our family.'

"'Ah!' said the priest; 'are you not Mr. Eisenmann, the Protestant?'

"'I am.'

"'It is a pity a respectable man like you should not be a Catholic.'

"'Thank God I am a Catholic, though not a *Roman* Catholic; catholic and apostolic, but not *Roman*.'

"The conversation turned naturally on the Reformation: the priest cast aspersions on the character of the Reformers; but John showed him the Bible, and added, 'Neither the Inquisition nor the *dragonnades* could make our forefathers forsake their religion.'

"The priest remarked that those days were gone by.

"'Yes, thank God,' said John; 'but if we were subjected to the same persecution, God would, I doubt not, give us grace to abide by His Word.'

"So the priest took his leave of him and never returned; probably he felt that no arguments that he could use were likely to move such a man. Our friend's feet were firmly fixed upon a rock, and that rock was Christ.

"Thirteen years had elapsed since John Eisenmann's conversion. With the utmost difficulty and the most exemplary perseverance he had been able, during all this time, to keep up the visits of the pastors about twice a year. He had succeeded in obtaining the visits of a

colporteur. The attention and interest of several Roman Catholics had been awakened. The number of Protestants had increased a little, and a few had begun to seek and serve the Lord with more zeal. Small in appearance as had, hitherto, been the results, they were the fruit of much toil and fervent prayer. The good seed which John Eisenmann had sown was beginning to grow, when an event occurred which relieved him at once from a great part of that peculiar weight of responsibility which had been to him a source of much care and constant anxiety. The petitions which he had sent to God above and to his brethren on earth were at length favourably answered.

"On the 24th of June 1838, the Société Évangélique sent an agent, who was at that time an unordained evangelist, to make a trial in order to see if it was really advisable to take up the post.

"Of M. Farjat, the first preacher who was appointed to reside at Bar-le-Duc, it is not my business to speak here at any length. He was a young man of evangelical principles, full of Christian life and burning zeal. The chief features of his character were seriousness and faithfulness. He remained five years at Bar-le-Duc, where he laboured with incessant perseverance, and his ministry was blessed to the conversion of the brothers Larcher, now both of them faithful pastors of the Reformed Church.

"His arrival was hailed by John Eisenmann with unspeakable joy and the deepest gratitude. But it was not so by all. The new preacher was too strict for some of them. The meetings, which were held frequently, were very thinly attended. Sometimes not more than five or six persons were present. John Eisenmann always stood by the preacher, and used to say to his old friends: 'This is

a time of sifting; we shall see who is for and who is against the gospel; you take offence at our turning to the Roman Catholics; but have I not already told you that if you will not come, others will? Take heed to yourselves, for it is written, "the first shall be last, and the last first."'

"Thus, as John had been the pioneer and forerunner, he now looked upon himself as the coadjutor and fellow-labourer of Christ's servants. At all the meetings he invariably sat humbly to listen to the words of life, and frequently accompanied the preacher in his visits.

"The weaving trade became less and less lucrative; but notwithstanding his poverty and constant hard work, he was a friend to all the successive pastors; and what he did at first he did to the last, till his failing health and strength and the infirmities of old age prevented him.

"He outlived many of his early companions; but the few who remain still speak of him with the most affectionate gratitude, and acknowledge that if it had not been for his zeal and faithfulness, for the example he set, for the letters he wrote, and the prayers he offered when all around him were dead in religious indifference, no church would probably have sprung up at Bar-le-Duc. He had not 'despised the day of small things.'

"When it became known that there was a preacher and public worship in the town, by degrees several Protestant families were induced to come and reside in the place. Not a few Roman Catholics also joined the church, which gradually increased, and prospered more and more. After the occasional visits of the Lutheran and Reformed pastors, the flock was fed by ministers, sent first by the Société

Évangélique, and then by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference; and, finally, the community became sufficiently numerous to induce the Imperial Government to create a post for a national pastor at Bar.[1]

"John Eisenmann lived to see the gradual development of the church. He was respected by all who knew him, was frequently styled the patriarch, and was looked upon as the founder of the church. It was a touching sight to see him, when an old man, bent beneath the weight of years, look round at the retiring congregation with a grateful heart. He would then say to the pastor, 'What hath God wrought! We have now four hundred Protestants in the town and neighbourhood. I see a hundred and twenty communicants gather round the Lord's table, and the little children in the Sunday-school are far more numerous than our whole church was a few years ago.' When it was found necessary to build a church, and the company of elders were taking the first step towards its erection, the poor old man exclaimed: 'If I live to see the building, it will indeed be the crowning mercy of all those I have received.'

"In the year 1861, when the foundation-stone was about to be laid, the elders met to choose a person to perform the ceremony. The builders and masons had requested that it might be a young child, according to the custom of the country; but the elders unanimously decided that the honour belonged to old John Eisenmann, who had laid the spiritual foundation, and that the pastor's youngest child, a girl six years of age, should accompany him, to represent the rising generation. On the 23d of May a large number

[1] *i.e.*, a post of the Reformed Church of France, which is paid by Government.

of Protestants and Roman Catholics had assembled on the spot, with some of the municipal authorities, when the pastor and the elders arrived. Poor old Eisenmann, who was now turned seventy-three years of age, and had been lately ill, was exceedingly weak, and scarcely able to walk. He was placed in an easy-chair, and lifted to the place where the foundation-stone stood. There sat the old saint, beside the blooming child, who stood, looking somewhat appalled, close to him, whilst the pastor spoke to the hearers of the gospel which was to be preached in that edifice, and reminded them of the 'chief corner-stone' on which they ought to build their hopes. An inscription, engraved upon zinc, and placed within the stone, stated that it was laid by John Eisenmann and Cornelia de Boinville, and the following text was attached: 'Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.' The old man, raised and supported by his son, laid hold of the trowel, spread the mortar, and with a trembling hand struck the stone; the child did the same. After the ceremony he said to the pastor: 'Often have I wondered if I should live to see a Protestant church built at Bar-le-Duc. If my life be spared to see this building finished, I shall surely have reason to say, like old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word."'

"It *did* please God to spare the old man's life. He recovered a measure of strength. The summer and autumn of that year were peculiarly fine and dry. The building was carried on vigorously; and exactly one year after the laying of the foundation-stone, a neat and elegant stone church of the Norman style of architecture was erected in the centre of the town. Immediately over the entrance

there was carved, in the stone above the door, a large open Bible, with the text, 'Search the Scriptures.' And yet higher, in large letters, round an arch, 'Glory be to God: and on earth, peace.' The building was intended to seat four hundred people; but on the day of the opening, May 25th, 1862, seven hundred people, nearly half of them Roman Catholics, crowded into it, whilst some hundreds were gathered round the door and in the street. Several pastors from Paris, Metz, and other places, attended. Old Eisenmann's chair was placed just in front of the pulpit. M. Guillaume Monod, who preached the sermon, touchingly alluded to the fact of the old man's presence, and to the singular manner in which he was permitted to see on that day the happy result, so little anticipated, of his early efforts.

"As in the days of his strength, he was able to say in the midst of all the difficulties he encountered, 'None of these things move me;' so now, in age and feebleness extreme, he showed no signs of pride, as though he might attribute aught of what he witnessed to his own exertions, but he gave glory to God.

"He remained cheerful and contented with his lot to the last. Throughout his life, though very prudent, perhaps I should say because he was prudent, whilst he had confidence in God's providence, he never took undue thought for the morrow. One day, it being bitterly cold, a friend sent him some fagots. 'There,' said he to his wife, 'I told you not to fret; I thought the Lord would send us wood before night, without our being obliged to ask our children to help us;' and turning to his friend, he added, 'God sent you just in time; our last stick is on the fire.' A favourite text of his was, 'Seek ye first the

kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.'

"When he felt his infirmities increasing upon him, he would say: 'When the Lord will, I am ready to depart; but I am willing to remain.'

"In affliction he was patient. When it pleased God to remove his wife by death, an event which occurred a few weeks after the opening of the church, he said: 'I can hardly realise the fact that I am a widower; but what the Lord has done is well done. I myself have not long to dwell on earth; I think my work is done.'

"After his wife's death he went to live with his son Charles, in whose house he was well cared for. One day he remarked to his pastor: 'I have seen hard days and gone through many trials. I have been very ill four times; I have lost eight children and my wife, and have been poor all my life; yet I have been happy in the Lord and in His work, and I have always trusted that God would not forsake me in my old age.'

"He did much good in spite of his poverty, because he loved much: his was a large heart.

"As a neighbour he was ever kind, willing to lend a hand to any one in need; a lover of peace and of good men. Though an earnest Christian, he was a man of strong practical sense, and, as such, was often consulted by the worldly in matters connected with this life. He shunned bad company, was never known to be tipsy, and never visited the worldly, except to seek their salvation or to do them good. Such was his faithfulness and earnestness that the wicked have been seen to hide themselves from him, lest he should see them enter a wine-shop, and follow to bring them out.

"As a father he was firm, yet kind, and never struck his children, but ever set them a good example of moderation and of purity, both in word and deed. From the time of his conversion till his death no oath ever passed his lips, neither 'corrupt communication, nor foolish talking, nor jesting.'

"As a member of the church he was ever zealous in promoting peace and good-will. Nothing but sickness ever prevented him from attending the means of grace, and he was in his place at church the Sunday before his last illness. Though very faithful and jealous for the truth, he was not, like too many bearing the Christian name, of a sectarian and fault-finding disposition. He cared little for points of secondary importance, and burned with the love of Christ, and the Bible, and immortal souls.

"One day, when his minister visited him in sickness, and spoke to him of death and meetness for heaven, and of the forgiveness of enemies, he said, 'Thank God, I have none to forgive.' 'That,' said the pastor, 'is indeed a blessing; but you have one enemy whom you need not forgive.' 'Ah, yes!' said the old man, quite cheerfully, 'you mean the devil. Well, I do know him without fearing him; for I know by experience that Christ is stronger than he, so he does not trouble me much.'

"The day of his departure came at last rather suddenly. He was seized with inflammation of the lungs. Seeing that he was suffering from shortness of breath, his minister asked him if the Lord was upholding him. He replied, with difficulty, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' (Job ii. 10.) Calling again, and seeing that the good patriarch's end was at hand, the minister asked him if he could now feel the power of that word which first brought peace to his soul,

viz., 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.' Opening his eyes, he said distinctly, in a faint voice, laying a stress on the last words, 'I was thinking of the CHIEF CORNER-STONE.' These were the last words he uttered.

"On the evening of that day the church was assembled for the usual week-night service, and earnest prayers were offered up for the departing spirit, when it took its flight to a better world, January 21, 1863.

"Thus John Eisenmann departed this life, surrounded in spirit by those who loved and honoured him as the chief founder of their church. He was seventy-five years of age. A large number of persons attended the poor weaver's funeral. His remains were interred close beside those of two of the former ministers of the little church at Bar.[1] No tombstone marks, as yet, the spot where the poor man lies; but the remembrance of him will not soon be effaced; and if the words are never written on a monument of stone, let them be written henceforth by the Spirit of God on the heart of the author and of the reader of this little memoir: 'As poor, yet making many rich.' 2 Cor. vi. 10.

"The example of good John Eisenmann, the German weaver, may serve to illustrate the manner in which God raises up the most unlikely agents to carry forward his designs; how He 'chooseth the weak things of the world to confound the strong,' and how much a poor man who is 'rich in faith' may be used as an instrument in the advancement of God's kingdom."

[1] Philip Lebas and William Ogier.

CHAPTER XV.

1858-1859.

Industry a handmaid of religion—Funeral at Brixey-aux-Chanoines—Vaucouleurs and Domrémy-la-Pucelle—Giard in hospital—His assurance of faith—"Nous ne nous quittons pas"—M. Martin's accident and its results—Alexander de Boinville comes with his wife to reside for three years at Bar-le-Duc—Regret at their departure—He visits the Ban de la Roche—Named by Imperial decree pastor of Bar-le-duc—Hospitality and demonstrative affection of the Protestants of Gondrecourt—"The Fruits of a Text," the story of Auguste Bohin—Conflict between a shepherd and a wolf at Dainville—The good priest.

"*March* 8.—Let me seek the temporal welfare of my flock, even with a view to their spiritual welfare, and not only that they may be convinced that I love them, but that they may the more readily care for their own souls, not being distracted by the pains of poverty. A hard-working and sober man is not sure to seek the Lord, but he will not be so liable to be kept back as he would be by extreme poverty. Yet the cares of the rich and the poor may alike be made by God the means of leading them to Christ, who will deliver them from all care. God has given me a flock chiefly composed of hard-working men, and I find that the most industrious are the most earnest Christians. A begging professor is generally a sorry Christian, and a laborious Christian is generally a consistent one."

"*March* 13. — Started for a funeral at Brixey-aux-Chanoines. The snow was falling fast, and the night was

awfully dark, but the son of the deceased being with me, we made light of it. After sleeping two hours and a half at Pagny, we started again on the morning of the 14th. The weather was warmer. By half-past seven we got to Vaucouleurs, which is chiefly interesting from the fact that Jeanne d'Arc was living there when the voice she heard first called her to deliver France and its King from the English. At half-past ten o'clock we reached Brixey-aux-Chanoines. The old woman I was called to bury had died at the age of eighty-three. She had been a widow for forty years, and was a pious Mennonite. At half-past twelve we waded through the mud and snow to the village cemetery. The Mayor met us at the entrance to the village, and having girded himself with his tricoloured scarf, accompanied us to the place of burial, where—to his honour be it said—he had, in spite of the remonstrances of the curé, provided our friends with a perfectly suitable piece of ground. The whole population of the village, amounting to about 400 persons, gathered round us. The curé, who had been joined by another, attracted by curiosity, was inside the church, and opened a window to listen to what was going on. After the service, the Mayor showed me the spot where the old château and convent formerly stood, and then, being within three miles of Domrémy-la-Pucelle, I walked over to see the hamlet where Jeanne d'Arc first saw the light. At half-past nine P.M., the miller, whose mother we had buried, showed me my bed, made after the German fashion; and after a few hours' sleep, I rose at three o'clock and started for the railway. In the extreme darkness, my young driver, the miller's son, nearly upset the carriage several times. Our conversation naturally took a somewhat melancholy turn, and the snow, which had been

drifted into all sorts of fantastic shapes, like spectres, round about us, brought to the young man's mind all the horrors with which the imagination of the ignorant has filled that neighbourhood, which has been before and since Jeanne d'Arc's time the classic land of superstition."

His young companion told of many marvellous appearances which were vouched for by friends of his own; but, says M. de Boinville, "*we* saw no ghosts or spectres, and no accident befell us. I got home safely, and in time for the eclipse of the sun, having had to travel nearly ninety miles. On the 17th inst. I buried Mme. Sterle at Commercy, where about 800 Catholics were gathered round the grave; and on the 18th I buried a poor mad woman at the Fains Hospital, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles in four days, to bury three women whose united ages amounted to 213 years. These are precious opportunities for preaching Christ to Roman Catholics."

"*May* 23.—The chaplain of the hospital, in his rounds, called on poor Giard, who is, I fear, dying, but rejoicing in Christ. The chaplain said to him, 'On dit que vous êtes Protestant!' 'J'adore Jésus Christ et le Père en vérité, en esprit, et avec foi.—Et vous?' The chaplain made no reply; so Giard said, 'Pour nous, nous ne regardons plus loin que cela: c'est tout ce qu'il nous faut. Si je n'étais pas si malade j'aurais cependant encore plusieurs choses à vous dire.'—'J'espère que vous vous convertirez.'—Oh, grâce au Seigneur, je le suis déjà.' As the good man told me this, a heavenly smile lighted up his countenance."

"25*th*.—Giard grows weaker in body, but is strong in faith. To-day, after I had prayed with him, he said, 'C'est bien!' I asked him how he felt. He answered, 'C'est un corps qui s'en va, je le sais bien!' I said, 'Le

Seigneur est-il avec vous?' 'Oh oui.' 'Et vous avec lui?' 'Nous ne nous quittons pas!'"

The Sister of Mercy who overlooks the men's ward told him she was astonished that a man who had only a few months to live should have changed his religion, and said that the Protestant minister was very wrong to have received him; she would see to it that I should never put my foot near him again, and that the best thing, therefore, he could do would be to return to the Catholic religion,—that if he would not, he might leave the hospital, and that if he died a heretic his children would not follow him to the grave. The poor old man, whose mind no doubt is weakened as well as his body, but who remains strong in faith, and in his determination to live and die a Protestant, called for his clothes, and said he would go home. The Sister refused to let him have them; so, weak as he was, he got up and put on what clothes he could find. When I was informed of the circumstances, I went down, to show the good man that the Sister could not keep me away, and got him calmed again, but he had been up for three hours, and I fear his life will be shortened by the occurrence. I informed the Sister that if Giard had left the hospital she might possibly have had to leave also, and that I hoped for her sake what had occurred would not shorten his life. I assured her that if she said another word to him on religious subjects I should feel bound to lodge a complaint against her. She promised me to let him alone; so, after a little conversation, we parted on friendly terms. One is obliged to claim one's rights occasionally. 'Is it lawful to beat us, being Romans?' On the 5th of August we buried poor Giard. All present testified by their seriousness that his character was universally respected, and the tears of

many showed how much he was beloved as a husband, a father, and a neighbour."

"*July* 15.—M. Martin had for many years had a vague desire to become a Protestant, and attended our worship now and then. But there had not been sufficient depth in the desire, for the resolution was never taken. Three weeks ago he was in a cart, bringing home some sacks of barley, when, hearing a cry of fire, he jumped off his cart, slipped on the pavement, and broke his leg, which forced him to take to his bed. Soon afterwards I was informed that a man who had broken his leg would like to speak with the Protestant minister, and when I went I was glad to find a respectable man who wished to speak of religion, and that I should pray with him. He related his story to me, and it is marvellous to see how grace is working in the man's heart. The house was burnt, the leg was broken, but a soul has been brought to repentance, and angels rejoice in heaven, though few persons on earth know, or care to know, the blessed news of a sinner's salvation."

"*August* 8.—To-day M. Martin was just able to leave his bed, and, with a thankful heart, to crawl to church, and the presence of young Giard at all the services rejoiced our hearts, for until his father's funeral he had avoided all communion with Protestants, and we may now hope that the promise, 'instead of the fathers shall be the children,' is about to be fulfilled."

It was in the month of August of this year that Charles had the refreshment of a visit from his brother Alexander, who, with his wife, came to reside at Bar-le-Duc, and remained there until the summer of 1861, a time of much enjoyment, briefly chronicled in the following extracts from letters to his mother :—

"*August* 11*th.*—We suppose you have received letters from the travellers *en route*, but they are not to be here till Friday. The children have grumbled and cried several times at the oft-repeated disappointment, and Rachel says she hopes they will find it as difficult to go as to come. My heart feels now for your losing them, and I want to have you here too. Perhaps we may have that joy for a short time next year. . . . In a few days you will hear from some of us again to tell you how the new-comers are getting on."

"*September* 14.—This day ten years ago Mary and I were married, and little did I know when I took the step what an invaluable wife I was getting. Ours has hitherto been one course of peace and happiness, in so far at least as our union is concerned. . . . To-day I am to be subjected by our dear ones to a John Gilpin kind of expedition to M. Henriot's garden, it having been agreed that my birthday should not be kept till Alex. and Lill came. Great is our joy at having the darling ones over yonder. Dear Lill is gradually getting accustomed to her new mode of existence. She is very sweet. Yesterday Alex. and I took her through the forest on donkey-back; we went by the place where we had our picnic on my birthday, and Lill made me pick up a pebble as near as possible to the place where you sat. We went up the hill to that pretty common above Savonnière. Lill was in ecstasies. Only think how delightful for me to have them here. They take up all my spare time; but I do hope that you will not make your letters to me shorter or less frequent because *they* are here, else it will diminish half my pleasure. . . . Now mind and write to us; we love you as much as *they* do at least, and are quite as *selfish*, but don't want to be jealous. They only read bits of your letters,

and it is not at all the same thing. Your letters to me for nineteen years have been my meat and my joy. I daresay Lill feels it hard not to be able to write so often as in England, and I like you to write to her, but don't deprive us of our former quantum. Nina said this morning, 'When *will* my grandmamma come?'

Three years later, on August 27th, 1861, Charles writes as follows: "They are gone, and I wish to be thankful for the three years they have spent with us. Three years! It seems but the other day that they arrived. This morning before I went over to *see* him—rather thin, and help him to pack up, I opened my Bible at the 133d Psalm, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!' Our communion may have been lacking in depth of spirituality, but on the whole our fellowship has been, I believe, truly Christian, and our intercourse uniformly open, sincere, sweet, and peaceful. For this I would praise the Lord. Now we are once more alone, and it is almost like beginning life over again, but I suppose that feeling will soon pass by." Two months later he writes: "Rachel and I had a delightful walk this morning. The sun was lighting up the golden leaves, which hang long on the trees this year, the woods are truly magnificent, but this country more than most requires verdure to make it pleasant; soon our only resource will be to walk into the woods. No Alexander! but I have pleasant musings on the past, the present, and the future, and it is well to be with God in the country alone sometimes."

"*September* 21.—Went to Le Mesnil, and saw some Protestants, who gave me help for our new church, and seem to be really walking in the fear of the Lord. One of

them, whose family had escaped from the massacre at Vassy, had been for many years ill-treated by her husband, when one day, as he came into his kitchen, he found his wife at prayer with her seven children. He ordered them all to withdraw, and never to let him catch them at such mummery again. His wife replied meekly, that she could not promise never to pray with her children, but that she was willing to do so in the barn or in the field, and that she would pray for him too. Since that day he has come to prayer himself."

"*October* 21.—Visited the Ban de la Roche, where I was received by Oberlin's old friends as he himself would have received a Christian brother. The kind family Legrand gave me a seat at their weekly gathering round a hospitable table, and there each one with the utmost simplicity gave me his offering for our new chapel. With what feelings I trod on the ground where the venerable pastor had laboured, and visited the graves where he and his family lie! The same brooks still run down the everlasting hills, clear as ever, and their soft murmurs seemed to whisper to me that the pure water of life which refreshed so many souls in the days of Oberlin would never cease to flow freely in those sweet valleys till the day of Christ. The water-courses may be changed, but the springs will give their waters, and the brooks must continue to flow."

"*October* 30.—Our good friend Brinkmann, the Saxon tailor, was carried to his long home, followed by at least 300 persons. What a testimony to the worth of a workman! How few either among rich or poor are so honoured! and it was he who first brought M. Chèvre to the house of God. He glorified Christ in life and in death, and none more than myself feel that we have lost a friend!"

"*December* 6.—Received this day the information that I have been named definitively pastor of Bar-le-Duc by an Imperial decree of the 2d of December, the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, and the very day, perhaps the same hour, in which the Emperor signed the pardon of the Count Montalembert! Thus has the Lord brought all my anxiety on this head to a close."

On the 21st of January 1859 he went to Gondrecourt by special invitation of some Protestants, of whose existence he had been previously unaware, and preached to about one hundred people on Matt. xviii. 3. "Several of the most notable inhabitants attended. The delight of these Protestants at seeing a minister among them was curiously manifested. I found them assembled in a room, with bottles of wine and sumptuous fare already prepared, and every man, woman, and child came to kiss me on both cheeks, an operation I would gladly have dispensed with, and I had much difficulty in preventing them from taking too much, and in persuading them that they should seek only holy joy, and to be filled with the Spirit. Next day, the 22d, they were more serious, which I preferred; at prayer several wept. After visiting Demange-aux-eaux, where there are about ten Protestants, I returned at night to Bar."

"*July* 1.—Forty years old to-day!—years of numberless blessings. In reviewing my past life I feel more than ever that I did not begin to live really, consciously, till I felt my sins forgiven through Christ. Oh, that was a blessed day; and it was no dream, no fancy, no mere effect of youthful excitement,—it was the work of God's mercy and of God's Spirit!—and now, after more than twenty-two years' experience of Christian life, I am convinced that all

happiness, and peace, and joy, and hope, are to be found only in and through the gospel of Christ. . . . My early experience was like a clear and rapid torrent on the mountains. I have now got down into the plain, where the waters, though quieter, are deeper, and I trust more fertilising. May I not hope that the stream will yet grow wider till it meets the tides of everlasting bliss, and is lost in the ocean of eternal love!"

Under the title of "The Fruits of a Text," Charles de Boinville contributed to the *Sunday at Home* the following account of Auguste Bohin, reprinted by permission from that periodical:—

"Some of the best pastors in France, like nearly all of the colporteurs, have been called from amongst the Roman Catholics. As an illustration of the manner in which God raises up His instruments for the salvation of souls, we present the following account of the conversion and call to the ministry of a young man whose early life was cast in a remote village of Lorraine, far away from any influence that was calculated to lead either his heart or his mind to the knowledge of the truths of the gospel. It is true there must have been in former years a Protestant community at Lahey Court, the birthplace of Auguste Bohin, for there still exists, in a little dell by the brook-side, a small vineyard which goes by the name of Le Cimetière des Huguenots, where, tradition reports, some of the poor fugitives who escaped from the terrible massacre of Vassy were interred. Singularly enough, this little plot of ground is the property of Auguste's parents, respectable farmers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, like all the other inhabitants of the village.

"Their eldest son, the subject of this little memoir, was

sent to the village school, where he was considered one of the most intelligent pupils. His father had no intention of turning him into a scholar, and would have preferred his following the plough if the lad had not shown symptoms of very delicate health. Auguste was therefore bound apprentice to a shoemaker in the village, where he remained earning his livelihood till he drew for the conscription. Fortunately for himself and his parents, his lot was not to be a soldier. The following year he went, in search of work, to the neighbouring town of Bar-le-Duc. There the good providence of God led him to the shop of a Protestant shoemaker, who engaged him as a workman. I have read and heard of many a Christian shoemaker, but I never knew a better than this excellent man. Much good spiritual advice, no doubt, our young friend now received. He was induced to read attentively his New Testament. Several of the workmen were Protestants of German origin, and used to sing sweetly together the psalms and hymns of the Protestant Church. Auguste remained only one year at this good man's, and it was not until the last Sunday of his sojourn at Bar-le-Duc, the eve of his departure, that he was induced to go to the Protestant Church. On the evening of that day a prayer-meeting was held, at which he was present, and earnestly commended to God's keeping and blessing.

"On the following morning his friends and fellow-workmen accompanied him (as is the custom) to the station, to bid him farewell, when, on taking leave of him, his good master laid hold of his hand, and said, with that impressive warmth which sincere affection and earnest piety are apt to give: 'You are going now into the world, an inexperienced young man, in order to better yourself in

your trade. I pray God to bless you, and I leave with you a text which I also pray God to place on your heart.' Then, taking the young man's New Testament, he pointed out to him and marked the following passage: 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him' (James i. 5).

"For more than a year Auguste was working his way towards Paris, spending a few months only in the several towns through which he passed. At last he found work in a village a few miles from Paris. Having a real thirst for learning, he used to walk into Paris whenever he had time, in order to get books. On one of these occasions, finding himself, on a very hot summer's day, in the streets of Paris, he sat down to take rest on some steps under the shade of a church, and his attention being attracted by the sound of music within, he entered and found himself, with pleasure, in a Protestant place of worship. The psalmody recalled to his mind the pleasant and edifying time he had spent with his former master at Bar-le-Duc, and predisposed him to religious influences. Shortly afterwards the pastor rose, and, with the serious and full-toned voice peculiar to nearly all the Monod family, gave out his text, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.'

"Auguste recognised at once the text that had been given to him at the station at Bar-le-Duc. He did not attribute it to mere chance; and although the preacher spoke faithfully and eloquently, it seemed to him that the Spirit of God was speaking to him with far greater power, calling him to repentance and faith and a new life.

"A few months after this he wrote to the pastor at Bar-le-Duc, informing him, in glowing words of joy and gratitude, of the remarkable circumstance that had taken place, and of the change in his religious sentiments, expressing at the same time his regret that his education was so imperfect as to preclude the possibility of his becoming a minister of the gospel. He felt an inward call to make known to others that wisdom of God which had brought so much happiness to himself; but he did not see how the making boots and shoes could ever open the way to such a result. He wished to know if, where the means seemed to be lacking, the desire was a sinful one which he ought to check.

"A few months afterwards a circumstance occurred which made his calling clear. Illness had made it desirable that he should leave Paris, and return to his own village in Lorraine. The country air soon restored him to his wonted health. He paid frequent visits to the pastor at Bar-le-Duc, and finally came to reside under his roof for a few weeks, in order chiefly to test his capability as a student. Whilst he was there a death occurred in a neighbouring village, where the pastor happened to be laid aside by serious illness. In a country where, as at Bar-le-Duc, there is only one pastor within a circuit of fifty miles, it is usual, when necessary, to ask a layman to replace the minister at a funeral, and the elders of the church judged that Auguste was the fittest person to officiate on this occasion.

"With a trembling heart the young man went forth to preach for the first time—the funeral rite, as is usual at funerals in the Reformed Church of France, being confined to extempore prayer and preaching.

"The deceased was the only Protestant in the village.

He left behind him three children, who had also lost their mother—a Roman Catholic,—and were now left to the care of their maternal grandmother. The case was a painful one, and sympathy, as well as curiosity to see a Protestant ceremony, brought round the grave the entire population of the village. Auguste spoke so impressively that several of the inhabitants came afterwards to the Protestant Church at Bar-le-Duc; he prayed, and the effect of his fervent prayer at the house of mourning has been felt by the dear children ever since. Auguste returned home convinced of his calling, and sold the whole of a little property which belonged to him, to enable him to prosecute his studies.

"The story of the poor orphans, as it served to convince Auguste of his calling, may also interest the reader.

"These poor children had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and the eldest, a promising girl of sixteen, had been confirmed, and was at service when they were all called round their father's sick-bed to witness his few remaining days of suffering, and gather his last expiring words. He expressed his regret, but too late, that he had weakly yielded to the desire of his wife's family, and had allowed them to be brought up in a faith which was not his own; but he added that, as he had sometimes read the Bible to them, he hoped they would follow its precepts; and so he departed.

"The day of his funeral produced a deep impression on the minds of the dear children. Auguste's prayer at the house of mourning, his evangelical discourse at the grave, his earnest intercessions for the poor orphans, his quotations from the same Scriptures which their father used to read to them, the favourable impression made on the

numerous bystanders, the tender sympathy expressed by their father's Protestant relations, come from a distance—all these things had comforted them, and given them a favourable leaning towards evangelical religion. But how dismal was to be the close of that day! Night had come on; all their friends were dispersed; the doors were closed, and the only glimmer of light was from the embers of the wood fire. Then their old grandmother rose up and exclaimed, 'The rascal is dead; now we will burn his book.' And a moment afterwards the weeping and trembling children saw their father's Bible burning on the fire.

"The sighs and tears of these dear children reached their heavenly Father. The eldest girl returned to service, whilst the younger children, a boy and a girl, fell into the hands of their Protestant relations, who were willing to maintain them at their own expense. The eldest girl never lost the good impressions she had received. She bought a Bible, and after a while was admitted, at her own request, into the Protestant Church; and, by a strange coincidence, her old grandmother, who had come that day into the town, and, for the first time in her life put her foot within a Protestant place of worship, was present at the ceremony of her reception. When I last heard of them, the three children, having gone through many trials regarding their faith, were steadfastly adhering to those comforting truths which they first imbibed on the occasion of their father's funeral; and he who was the first instrument in making known these truths to them lived to receive many other seals to his ministry."

"*July* 17.—In conversation, my brother and I discussed

the propriety of my leaving Bar-le-Duc for a larger town or congregation. I did not come here to please myself, but to do God's work, and I feel bound to stay where He has placed me till He Himself shows me that I ought to go. I think no man should leave the flock confided to him merely from a notion of his own or of others that he is qualified to occupy a more important post. Bar-le-Duc is a humble one, amidst the poor, nor does it offer the interest or excitement connected with the laying the foundation of a church as at Lisieux, but somebody must needs feed the dear flock here, and humble as it may be in the sight of the world, I feel that it requires all my energies, and I might well be confounded if I sought to enter into another field. I feel also how blest this little flock has been. It is gradually increasing; several Romanists attend our worship, and about a dozen have joined us since my arrival, while no Protestants have gone over to Rome. I cannot but thank God and take courage, and hope that God's Spirit may be poured out abundantly on Bar-le-Duc and Gondrecourt, and that a blessing may be granted to our great undertaking of building a convenient and decent place of worship."

"*August* 15.—A singular thing happened to the old Protestant shepherd of Dainville, near Gondrecourt, a few days ago. He was looking after his sheep, when he saw a large wolf come out of a wood and lay hold of one of his finest ewes. He immediately made up to him, and began to belabour him with his crook. The dog took fright, and ran away. The wolf let go, rushed at the shepherd, tore his blouse, and threw the poor man down. He then turned again to the ewe, and was making off with her, when the shepherd returned with energy to the fight. The wolf,

feeling again the blows of the crook, turned round and made a rush at the man, with his mouth open. The shepherd tried to push him off with his crook, and in doing so, providentially thrust it down the wolf's throat. The animal at once fell, and was helpless, when the shepherd despatched him in a few seconds. A collection was made the same evening in the village to reward him for his courageous conduct. This is the good shepherd who had already received a reward from the Agricultural Society for his faithfulness and honesty."

"*September* 27.—Received the glad tidings that at last the authorisation of Government has arrived for us to build our *temple*, together with a grant-in-aid of 8000 francs."

"*November* 17.—Our good friend Adolphe Larcher has told me a story of a priest of his acquaintance, which forms such a touching contrast to what I have generally met with, that I wish to record the tale in my journal. At Pont de Comoris, where M. Larcher was *pasteur suffragant*, there was a priest whose kind and charitable spirit was so much the more felt and appreciated that his predecessor had, through his bigoted and unconciliatory disposition and conduct, been the author of bitter strife between the Protestants and Roman Catholics.

"This good priest soon won the respect of all parties, and all were beginning to understand that there is no true faith that does not work by love. Kind, neighbourly feeling had begun to spring up and bear fruit when the good man fell ill. M. Larcher was travelling, and on his return, his colleague, M. Fourquet, told him that their poor friend was not expected to live a week: he proposed that they should go together and ask to shake hands with him once more, that they might bid him farewell. They

went, and were met by his *vicaire*, who told them that the doctor had forbidden him to receive visits; 'nevertheless,' said he, 'I will take your message to him.' A few minutes later, the good priest, who had been a tall, stout man of athletic appearance, came in, bent, and leaning his feeble emaciated frame on a stick, with trembling hand; the tears rolled down his cheeks as he expressed how touched he was by their kind attention, and that he also wished to shake hands with them before he left. M. Fourquet laid hold of his hand, and said, 'We must not stay to fatigue you; but one word let me say'—and he said it with a tender tone of voice peculiar to himself,—'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' Deeply moved, they left, knowing it was the last time they should see their friend. The priest died next day; and on the day of the funeral, a very unusual sight surprised and edified the whole population. The two Protestant pastors, accompanied by the elders of the church, went to the parsonage, where some thirty or forty priests from the neighbouring villages were assembled, and in spite of the coldness of their reception, they followed the body of their departed friend to the grave, thus testifying their friendship for the man and their belief in his sincerity, piety, and charity."

CHAPTER XVI.

1861–1862.

Body of a drowned child recovered—The slate quarries and mines at Trélazé—The people of Dammarie dissatisfied with their priest—More hatred than love in the place—Completion of the *Temple* at Bar—M. Guizot—Why do I always say, "How thankful I ought to be," instead of "How thankful I am"?—Letter from Adolphe Monod—"Our China Teacups."

"*January* 9, 1861.—Went down in the morning to marry a couple. Whilst there, poor Herscher of Guerpont came in and told me they had found the body of his son, who had been drowned in the swollen stream on the 28th of December, and I went off by train to Noncort-le-petit, and walked from thence to Guerpont to bury the poor fellow. No sooner was this painful duty performed, than a man of the village came up to me, and asked me to baptize his child, which I did at once, in presence of some persons who had assisted at the funeral. This is the first time that I have had within a few hours, and so unexpectedly, to marry, bury, and baptize.

"*February* 6.—In reading Vinet's lectures on the French Protestant preachers of the seventeenth century, I have felt both delighted and deeply impressed in recalling, after twenty years of experience and practice, what I heard from the lips of that excellent man so many years ago. I feel

now how little I then knew how to profit by what was so ably taught, and yet I doubt not that, unconsciously to myself, I learned many things which have been of use to me."

On the 12th of March Charles started on a collecting expedition to the west of France. "At Vitry-le-français," he says, "the snow fell thick, and some of the flakes for a few minutes were actually four inches long, and many three inches square, or rather, in diameter. . . . From Angers, Edgar Duval took me to see the slate-quarries and the mines at Trélazé: they are well worth visiting, and strike one all the more from their being in an otherwise flat district. The open quarries present all the grandeur of some parts of rocky mountain scenery. You look down precipices of 600 feet upon hundreds of workmen busily employed in blasting the rocks. Winding down the narrow paths, along a wooden balcony which overhangs a precipice of several hundred feet, and while you have high rocks overhanging you, if you turn into the huge vaults under ground, you see men working beneath you by gas-light. The red light, the blasting, which sounds like thunder, the shouting of human voices, the continual floating up and down of the wooden boxes full of slate-stone, combine to make a scene of real grandeur. Four thousand workmen are employed here."

"*May 11th, Sunday: Dammarie.*—After service, seven men begged to have an interview with me,—the maire and six conseillers: they came to ask me to go and preach the gospel in their village. They said that at least half the village wished it, because they were dissatisfied with their priest—that he preached all sorts of nonsense, and not the gospel. I replied that I did not wish to serve as a stepping-stone to get them another priest, and inquired

what would happen if the bishop sent them one, or if persecution occurred—would not many draw back? They said, with perfect openness, that very likely many would; that God alone knew what was in the hearts of men, and they could only answer for themselves; but that they were tired of seeing so many abuses, and never hearing the real gospel. I told them to pray earnestly for God's guidance; that they should write me a full statement of the circumstances and of their desires; and I assured them that if they were willing seriously to serve the Lord, I should be glad to make myself one with them. They told me the Préfet was already informed of the matter, that they were not acting lightly, and that they wished at once to build a *Temple* for Protestant worship. Whereunto this will grow remains to be seen. May the Lord graciously direct both them and me!"

On Monday, the 3d of June, he notes that he went to Dammarie, called on some of the friends there, and, in order that he might not infringe the law as to meetings without special Government authorisation, agreed to meet with them in separate parties of nineteen persons. While he was addressing the first limited congregation, about 500 people had collected in the street, of whom some were able through the half-open door to hear what was said inside; but after he had addressed four successive sets, he was compelled, from exhaustion and by the lateness of the hour, to dismiss the assembly. He says: "If I could but have had them all together in one room, it would have been a fine meeting; nevertheless, although it was in fact out-of-door preaching, and there was some restless motion, I trust there were some who, like Lydia, had their hearts opened that they might attend to the things which were spoken.

To-morrow morning, if it please God, I go to Paris, to try and get a preacher of the *Société Centrale* to help me, for these people ought to be constantly attended to, and visited on Sunday, and their village is about twenty miles from Bar-le-Duc."

He was successful, and on the 13th June he writes: "Went with Paulin Roussel to Dammarie, and left him there as a reader, to go from house to house to teach inquirers, for that is what they want. It is a difficult work: may the Lord assist him, and may we at least gather *some* fruit! The people are generally in a dreadful state; there is more hatred than love in the place. One of our friends has been beaten for his *Protestantism*, and the curé has had stones thrown into his house through the windows at night! Should this state of feeling continue, it will be an indication that there is no real spiritual work at all, but only hatred of the priest!"

"*August* 2.—Read in the life of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, concerning Mrs. Wilson,—'As a daughter she had her father's testimony, that she had never given him one hour's uneasiness. She had been a guide and protector to her younger sisters (deprived of their mother) in very early life, and her character was always distinguished for self-denial, charity, simplicity, lowliness of mind, unaffected modesty, sound judgment, and true piety.' All this, by God's unspeakable blessing, I might say regarding the *character* of my own precious child."

"*August* 31.—To see our new and beautiful *Temple*, now almost completed externally, after so much anxiety, is a pleasure indeed. What thanks should I, unworthy as I am, render to the Lord for having been permitted to help to build two places of worship in France, where prayer and

praise shall be offered to Him, and the everlasting gospel proclaimed, when I shall have been long forgotten in this world! How pleasant to think that God's work shall still go on, till Christ shall come Himself to complete it! How gracious God has been, to allow me to be a link in the chain of His ministers in this land, and to have placed me here in times of peace, and not in those days of cruel persecution through which our fathers passed!"

"*Saturday, September* 7.—This day the cross and the last stone has been placed on the top of our building. . . . My children and several of our friends were present; and some of us trembled as we looked up at the workmen, suspended, as it were, in air, whilst the cross waved to and fro. When at last it was fixed, the flags fastened, and the bouquet tied, I exclaimed, 'Béni soit le nom du Seigneur!'"

"*September* 11.—What powerful emotions the name of an old friend may call up! I felt this to-day, as I read in the *Echo de l'Est* the following words from a letter of M. Guizot's from Val Richer: 'Je suis ici dans la paix, présidant à l'éducation de mes petits enfants, cueillant mes raisins, surveillant mes pêches. Je n'ai jamais compris que trois genres de vie: la vie de famille, la vie politique, et la vie religieuse. Je mène ici la première au milieu des souvenirs de la seconde, et avec les espérances de la troisième.' God grant that his sun may set clear and bright, and that his sky be cloudless at the last!" A few days later: "I have just read Guizot's book, which speaks in favour of the Pope's temporal power. Many of the religious sentiments are beautifully expressed, orthodox, and convincing; but it is still a marvel to me how such a mind as Guizot's can uphold the Pope's temporal power, either upon religious or political grounds."

"*October* 24.—My Rachel's birthday. Took a solitary walk. Just as I was starting I met —— coming in, and I was wondering why a man of his principles and habits took pleasure in walking. I felt humbled when he said to me, 'I never understood so well as now the happiness of living —the country is splendid, and walking delightful!' To think that such a man was perhaps living up to *his* standard of enjoyment and privilege better than I to mine! . . . Why do I always say, 'How thankful I ought to be!' instead of 'How thankful I am'? I turned into the forest, and sat down on the stone seat at St. Roch, before a sweet little green opening in the midst of the trees. Here I remember to have sat with my brother William and many other dear ones, some of them far away, but none as yet gone to rest; and again I said, 'How thankful I ought to be!' The leaves were beginning to fall, and I thought how melancholy we should feel if we did not know that spring would bring all to life again; and how sorrowful I should be at seeing my mother growing old and my own hair getting grey, if I had not a Christian's hope. I read the other day the 7th Ode of Horace, *Ad Torquatum*, and thought a Christian could not write anything so devoid of hope and comfort, till I remembered having heard in my youth a song which I considered heathen on the very same account. I can only recollect these words: 'Love not; the thing you love may die!' We see the leaf fall, in hope, because experience has taught us that spring will return; but faith in a risen Saviour alone enables us to face decay and death. We are saved by hope!"

In the journal, under date December 17th, I find the copy of a letter from the Rev. Adolphe Monod, which I think it desirable to print, because it is not only character-

istic of the writer, but because it shows his appreciation of the kindred nature of his correspondent :—

"BIEN CHER FRÈRE,—Je suis vraiment touché de votre lettre, où je reconnais toute votre délicatesse. Ne craignez pas que le bruit qui a couru, par l'effet d'une phrase mal comprise, me fasse de la peine. Si l'on s'est trompé sur le *fait*, on ne s'est pas trompé sur les *sentiments ;* et il faudrait peu de chose pour que ce qui a édifié le bon Sir Culling devînt une réalité. Je suis essentiellement homme de l'Alliance Évangélique. Seulement, dans un moment où les circonstances nouvelles et graves imposent des devoirs nouveaux aux pasteurs orthodoxes qui demeurent au service de l'église établie, je me crois obligé de peser très mûrement mes démarches, ne devant adopter comme *acte* que ce que je suis prêt à adopter comme *ligne de conduite.* La retraite, le silence, la prière, voilà ma portion, jusqu'au moment où le Seigneur aura daigné me tracer un chemin bien uni. Joignez vos prières aux miennes pour qu'il hâte ce moment, et surtout pour qu'il me rende entièrement fidèle, *devant lui toujours*, et devant les hommes autant que possible, me souvenant que c'est à lui seul, après tout, que nous avons à faire au jour de jugement. J'implore toutes les bénédictions sur votre personne, et sur votre ministère.—Votre affectionné frère en Jésus Christ. A. MONOD."

"Somehow or other," writes Charles, "it had been noised abroad that Adolphe had joined his brother Frédéric in ordaining me, and I believe it had been published in some religious periodical, which was the cause of my writing to him to explain the mistake."

"*March* 1, 1862.—To-day —— found for the first time a grey hair in her head, and I finished my yearly reading

of the Bible,—two things which made me feel that time flies. Found in *Silvio Pellico* a sentiment which is my own whenever I hear people inveighing against other nations,—'J'aime passionnément ma patrie, mais je ne haïs aucune autre nation.' I need not think all other women odious in order to prefer my wife."

"*May* 27.—Went to Vadonville to bury an old Protestant German lady who had lived there since her marriage with a Roman Catholic in 1809. She was eighty-seven years old, and had always read her Bible, and persevered in the Protestant faith to the last, although her only child and all her grandchildren were Romanists, and one grandson a priest. When I arrived at the house, the priest, who is now the owner of the house, said he had sent for me, but he wished me to bury his grandmother according to my ritual and not to speak, for he had sent for me for the dead and not for the living."

The incidents connected with this interview, and its results, are so graphically narrated in the following paper, that, although it has already appeared in print, and also in some degree anticipates events in the life of its author, I think it well to give it here without abridgment:—

Our China Teacups.

"Many a set of tea-things, if they had ears to hear and mouths to speak, could no doubt tell strange tales of joys and sorrows, and reveal the secrets of many hearts, as round 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates' friend to friend has spoken of his own feelings, and perhaps too often of the failings, sometimes of the virtues, of others.

"Well, we have a set of tea-things that would cry out

against us if we refused to be reminded by them of many things for which we should be thankful; and although some of these are too intimately associated with our private concerns to be divulged, others may not be uninteresting to the reader.

"What connection there exists between these cups and the facts they recall to our memory will be seen as we proceed with our story.

"Far away from the quiet shelf on which they now stand in our tranquil home, in what I call this dear, dull old country, far away in the east of France, they once stood on the sideboard of a good old Saxon lady who resided in a remote village called Vadonville. Not so remote, however, is this village but that the whistle of the express train, as it rushes down an inclined plane into the valley of the Meuse, on its way from Paris to Strasbourg, may be heard by the peasants at plough and the women as they sit at their spinning-wheel.

"The country is not without its beauty, for the banks of the Meuse, though rather bare, are hilly, with rocky heights here and there, whilst Roman remains and feudal castles add historic interest to the valley. Nor are the inhabitants themselves uninteresting. 'Mangeurs de lard,' no doubt, they are, and very good too their bacon is; but 'traîtres à Dieu et au prochain'[1] they certainly are not, for of all the provinces of France none contain a more truthful, honest, and industrious race than Lorraine. On the banks of the Meuse many of the cleanly habits of the Netherlands prevail, with the love of bright shining pans

[1] The saying of their enemies used to be, "Lorrains mangeurs de lard, traîtres à Dieu et au prochain"="Eaters of bacon, and traitors to God and to their neighbour."

and kettles, and plates and cups and saucers as clean to match.

"Amongst these villages, almost entirely Roman Catholic, a good colporteur of the name of Legrand laboured with considerable success, selling Bibles and Testaments to not a few, in spite of the opposition of the priests. He one day called on me at Bar-le-Duc, the chief town of the department. It was his duty to call on the pastor whenever he passed that way, and many an interesting conversation we had on the difficulties of Bible circulation in France.

"On one occasion he informed me that at the above village of Vadonville I had a parishioner, a good old Saxon lady, who had bought a Bible and read it daily. 'I am sorry,' he added, 'that you cannot see her. It would be a dangerous experiment; for the other day when I called on her, I had not been in the house two minutes before a priest, her grandson, came into the room in a perfect fury and threatened to kick me out of the house if I did not leave at once.'

"'And what did you do?' asked I.

"'Why, I drew myself up, and said, "Ah! Monsieur l'Abbé, my name is Legrand" (the great); "and you see I bear it well, for my shoulders are broad, and I look down on you."'

"Legrand was a very powerful man.

"'But,' continued he, addressing the priest, 'I am not going to stop here to be insulted. Only I am glad your grandmother has a Bible to be her guide to heaven.'

"Then, addressing me, the colporteur added in conclusion, 'I assure you this good lady can do without your visits, for I fully believe she has found the way to heaven in reading the Scriptures.'

"Some time after this, duty called me to a village in the direction of Vadonville, through which I had to pass on foot. The snow lay deep on the ground. As I drew near to the house, something told me that, notwithstanding the colporteur's warning, I should step in and make the acquaintance of the old Saxon lady.

"That first interview I shall not forget. She sat by a bright wood fire, with her spectacles on, reading her Bible, which was on a little round table. She wore a neat little cap, and had still much that was German about her, both in appearance and in accent. Though upwards of eighty, she retained the marks of former beauty. Indeed she was still beautiful, and I wished I had the pencil of a David Wilkie to sketch the scene before me.

"We soon became acquainted with each other. In a few words the old lady explained how, during the inroads made by the French into Saxony under the first Napoleon, she had become attached to a French officer, and being without religious convictions she had married him; and how now, in her old age, the love of the Bible and of her Saviour had been given to her with the blessed assurance of eternal life.

"The young priest did not make his appearance. I did not see him, though I returned many times to the house.

"As time passed on, and the old lady became weaker in body, though ever growing stronger in faith, I began to think the priest purposely kept out of my way. But I did not expect, if I outlived her, to be permitted to bury her, for the priests have in France a way of stepping in at the last moment and declaring that in private confession the dying one had confessed, recanted, and received abso-

lution. When, therefore, at the age of eighty-seven, the good old lady died, I was somewhat surprised that the priest should send for me to bury his grandmother.

"At the appointed time I went to the village, which was about fifteen miles from my home. As I entered it I was struck with the unusual appearance of the place. On funeral occasions, in general, the friends of the deceased would come forward to meet the pastor and carry his gown for him. The people would gather together in groups and stare at him as he passed by as if he were some strange being. In fact, I was frequently called 'le loup blanc,' the white wolf, an animal rarely, if ever, to be seen, and to which superstitious ideas are attached.

"But on the present occasion no one met me; the streets were deserted, the doors and windows were all closed; if not by common consent, it must have been in obedience to strict orders.

"I found my way to the house of mourning and was ushered into a back parlour, where for the first time I saw the priest. He sat with his back to me, and seemed rapt in thought.

"Thinking he was not aware of my presence, I accosted him with 'Bonjour, Monsieur l'Abbé.'

"He rose with a start, rubbing his rubicund cheeks with a rapid, nervous motion of the hand, and after a few seconds said to me, 'Monsieur, I wish you at once, before we proceed further, to promise me that you will confine yourself to your ritual and prayers for the dead, and that you will not speak to the living. On that condition alone can you be permitted to bury my grandmother.'

"*Pastor.*—'I can promise no such thing. I have no

ritual. Your grandmother is in heaven, and needs not my prayers. If I speak it can only be to the living.'

"*Priest.*—'What! You refuse me such a reasonable request! I will inform your superiors.'

"*Pastor.*—'My superiors, if you mean the Consistoire, would not approve of my entering into the engagement you wish to force upon me. Besides, I have another and greater Master to whom I owe implicit obedience.'

"*Priest.*—'I should like to know who that is. I will complain of your conduct.'

"*Pastor*, drawing out his Bible.—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;' and added, 'I dare not disobey that command.'

"*Priest*, reddening, and apparently preparing for a battle.—'I tell you what, Monsieur: if you will not promise me what I ask, you will get—something you will not like.'

"The pastor, remembering the colporteur's faithful warning, and asking God for the spirit of meekness, inquired what he meant by this threat.

"*Priest*, with great excitement.—'Why, you will get a serious affront.'

"*Pastor.*—'What affront, pray?'

"*Priest*, hesitating.—'Well, you shall not bury my grandmother.'

"*Pastor*, taking up his gown.—'Oh, if that is the case, I will return by the way I came.' So saying, he walked rapidly out into the passage.

"*Priest*, rushing after him, and violently laying hold of his arm.—'Monsieur, you are in a great hurry to go.'

"*Pastor.*—'Monsieur l'Abbé, when the owner of a

house tells you that you may expect an insult, it is time to be off.'

"By this time the other inhabitants of the house, relatives and friends, came forward and began to pacify the irate little priest. Whilst they reasoned with him and advised him to yield, the street-door opened, and the pastor perceived a crowd of people with outstretched necks, listening to catch some sounds of the affray. They were delighted to find that some one at least was not afraid of the hot-tempered abbé.

"Alas! it is so in most of the villages of France. The people spend much of their time in criticising their priests, frequently expressing a cordial hatred for them. But if the curé turns the corner, they at once doff their hats and make a profound reverence.

"The pastor felt the advantage he had gained by the presence of so many people, and said, 'Monsieur l'Abbé, you fear, perhaps, that I shall be inveighing against your Church. Such is not my practice when we meet round the grave of the departed. Besides, the whole parish knows that you were not able to convince your own grandmother, whom all revered as a holy woman. That says far more than I could do. I maintain my right to preach the gospel on the present occasion; or if not, I go.'

"The priest seemed to hesitate. I went out into the street. He ran after me and whispered in my ear, 'You shall do as you please.'

"I returned, and proceeded to perform the ceremony.

"The people now crowded into the room where the dead lay. There was the coffin, and on the little round table the old lady's Bible, now closed.

"It brought solemn thoughts, and thoughts of hope and

peace and glory to my mind, as I told them the 'old, old story,' and showed how the dear old Saxon had read it to her soul's comfort and salvation in that wonderful book which I exhorted them all to procure for themselves.

"We then walked slowly to the cemetery, and the whole population, with the exception of the priests, seemed to stand round the grave, while the pastor spoke to them of Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' We returned towards the house, crowds of people accompanying us to the door, where the abbé stood waiting for us; and, to my astonishment, he came out to meet me, and presented his cheek for me to give him the kiss of sympathy.

"I had never kissed a Romish priest before, and would gladly have dispensed with that part of the ceremony; but, though it did not form part of the ritual, I went through the ordeal with as good a grace as possible. He then took me by the hand, led me into the house, declared I must breakfast with the family, and thanked me warmly for the 'good action' I had performed. All which greatly surprised me.

"At breakfast he informed me that during that part of the ceremony which had been performed in the house he had been hidden behind his grandmother's bed-curtains. 'And,' said he, 'I confess I was edified and comforted by all you said, and I hope you will accept my grandmother's Bible as a token of gratitude.'

"'No,' I replied; 'the reward I ask is that you keep that book as a memorial of her and of this day, and tell your people only what you find there.'

"We parted excellent friends, and remained so; and when after this we met in any place, he would give me a cordial shake of the hand.

"Now, the day after the funeral, came a few lines of grateful acknowledgment from the abbé and other members of the family, with a 'souvenir de la chère défunte,' in the shape of a complete set of china tea-things; plain indeed, but whole and neat, which had belonged to her.

"And think you we can look at these without remembering whence they came and all they tell us of a pastor's, I might almost say of a missionary's, life in the towns and remote villages of the Meuse?

"In the course of years they travelled, these tea-things did, from the east of France to the west, some four or five hundred miles, and back again to the neighbourhood of Paris. But what of that? Do not all people take their goods and chattels with them when they remove from house to house? True; but not always without breaking or losing some of them, especially if they pass through a Franco-German war, as our poor cups and saucers did. No wonder we set store by them, for they remind us of strange adventures, excruciating anxiety, and blessed deliverance, though they lay quietly unconscious all the time.

"Some ten years had rolled by since these cups had come into our possession, when all round the once quiet village of Vadonville might be heard the roar of French and German artillery. The victorious Germans were marching on Paris, and French officers assured us that within three weeks Paris would be invested.

"We lived at that time in a village not far removed from the great fort of the Mont Valérien, between Paris and St. Germain-en-Laye, where our eldest son, serving as an officer in the Garde-mobile, was then stationed.

"In that pretty village we had formed a small Protes-

tant congregation, when news of the French disasters at Sedan reached us, and all felt that it would be impossible to remain where we were, exposed to the cross-fire of the French forts and of the besieging army. The Germans came on. The Uhlans had already been seen in the woods round Paris. The villagers were flying. The Protestants were all gone. The captain quits the ship the last. We did not leave till the trains had ceased to carry passengers to and from Paris. It was time to make our way to Poissy, the nearest station, whence we might find our way into Normandy.

"In haste we packed up a few things to take with us; our clocks, our linen, and most of our wearing apparel.

"In the night I dug a deep hole in a grass-plat, and then slanting sideways, right under the trunk and roots of a tree, I hid our chimney ornaments and other articles, valuable only from association as relics of departed friends, to rest there till after the war. The priest's tea-things, for so we called them, and indeed all our furniture and goods, were left to take their chance during the siege, which we expected might last for about three weeks—some said three days.

"Then taking a sheet of paper, I wrote on it in French, English, and German, 'This house belongs to a French pastor, who will feel thankful to those who may come here if they will leave things as they find them.' This humble request I left on the drawing-room table.

"We took leave of our pretty home, and went first to St. Germain, where we bid farewell to our son. Of that hour we scarcely dare speak even now. The young soldier himself seemed fearful of breaking down, gave a last affectionate look, and was out of sight.

"Of all that happened afterwards it would be too long to entertain the reader. How we crept slowly along in the omnibus, in and out amongst the trees of the forest, for the high-road had been uselessly cut up in trenches to prevent the advance of the Germans :—how we passed by hundreds of old men, women, and children; peasantry carrying their furniture, provisions, and little ones; many of them weeping, driving their flocks before them, leaving their homesteads behind them—some, they said, had been burnt, and they sought refuge in flight :—how we found thousands at the Poissy Station waiting for some train to take them away :—how at last as many of us as could do so scrambled into a long dirty train of empty cattle-trucks, and gladly moved off towards Beuzeval, a beautiful little watering-place on the sea-coast of Normandy, close to the spot from which the Duke of Normandy sailed to the conquest of England; where I was warmly received by an interesting flock of evangelical Protestants, refugees like ourselves, whose pastor I became during that memorable autumn, and where we received many letters per balloon post from our son, whose regiment was marched into Paris just as the German armies were closing round the capital: —and how it pleased God mercifully to spare the young man, who, almost within sight of his comfortable home, was now engaged in throwing up some earthworks only three hundred yards from the German outposts, where for weeks he lay, sometimes exposed to the enemy's shells, one of which would have killed him but for the providential shelter of some crumbling remains of a wall in the open field; sometimes lying in the snow; and how he was spared the necessity of taking human life in defending his own, and was permitted to save life, even that of a dear

and beautiful little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, ready to perish for want of food, by capturing on the snow some larks, which he took into Paris for her:—all these things, and many others, are brought to our memory in rapid succession, and seem like a dream that is past; but they have left an indelible impression on our mind, and probably on our character and destiny in life.

"For a time we looked upon the house we had left to German occupation as our home, but it was not to be so any longer. Unable to get back for months, we were pressed by our friends in England to come over to this peaceful land. At last the war was ended, and our anxieties concerning the safety of our son being now removed, we began to think of recovering our worldly goods.

"With a courage which might seem strange to those who had not witnessed four revolutions on the Continent, my wife entered Paris the day after the insurrection of the Commune had been quelled. From the omnibus which, the day before, had carried the dead, she saw the smouldering ruins of the Hôtel de Ville and of the Tuileries, and then passed into the country, and by boat over the Seine, for all the bridges were destroyed, to our former habitation. What desolation she beheld! Yet our house remained untouched, filthy in the extreme—indescribably so—for Bavarian soldiers had lodged there; but few things had been taken.

"The chimney ornaments were found safe in their hole under the tree; and some French neighbours, who had returned to the village, and who traded with the Germans, cleverly concealed in the loft some of the best of the things we had left behind. They passed them through a trap-door, over which they threw a quantity of old mortar and

rubbish. The Bavarians did not think it worth while to examine the loft; probably they had other and sharper work to attend to. The rubbish having been removed, the trap-door of the loft was now opened, and there, amongst many other things, were discovered the good old Saxon lady's tea-things, which now lie complete and without a crack on our shelf in Merry England.

"And think you we could look at them and forget how we came by them, and all the adventures through which they unconsciously, and we too consciously, had passed!

"No; as long as we live these cups and saucers will remind us of Vadonville and of our house at Le Vésinet —of some of the most stirring events in our history, and of all that we owe to that good Providence which kept us through every trial, and ever set before us an 'open door,' or 'made a way of escape that we might be able to bear it.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

1862–1864.

Comparative estimate of English and French character—"Who said that?"—Papineau of Vauvert—The burials question again—"The Story of a Monastery"—Monneaux—Ready money—Millennial Christianity—The monks of Essommes—The fruits of love—The Abbé Raulx brings blessings in disguise.

"*June* 19.—The Englishman is generally rather prouder than the Frenchman, the Frenchman vainer than the Englishman. The Frenchman takes a childish pleasure in exalting himself; the Englishman despises others, and justifies himself in doing so. When I hear a Frenchman talk, I say, 'How jealous all men must be of France! why don't they fall down and worship her?' When I hear an Englishman talk, I say, 'What a mistake God Almighty made in not making all men English!' That is my impression almost every time I hear them talking of themselves. The Frenchman says, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;'—when will he be serious? The Englishman says, 'God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are!'—when will he be humble? But there are serious Frenchmen, and humble Englishmen. The Englishman talks of *duty*, and never forgets *Dieu et mon droit*,—the Frenchman talks of honour and glory, and tells lies! But when truly serious, and

converted to God, the Frenchman speaks the truth, and France has given more martyrs for the truth than any other country: the Englishman can give up self, and sacrifice his money and the comforts of life for the salvation of souls; and when sanctified, it would be hard to decide which character is the more noble or the more useful. God is no respecter of nations."

The following account of a pastoral visit, which, if unexpected, was both providential and effective, was contributed by Charles de Boinville to the *Sunday at Home*, and will be read with interest :—

Who said that?

"At five o'clock one morning our servant, who had just risen, was summoned to the street-door by a sharp ring of the bell. Servants rise early in the east of France. A labouring man who stood at the door, but did not give his name, told her in a few hurried words that a traveller passing through the town on the previous day had fallen seriously ill, and desired to see her master, the pastor of the little Protestant church in the town of Bar-le-Duc. He gave the address of the lodging and said no more.

"Two or three hours afterwards the pastor went to the house that had been indicated, but could hear of no sick stranger. Thinking a mistake might have been made in the number, he went to the right and to the left, but could hear of no traveller, and was about to give up the search as fruitless, when, seeing a long dark passage, he thought he would make another attempt, and went knocking in vain at several doors. A narrow dark staircase led from the bottom of this passage to some squalid-looking apartments

inhabited by the poorest of the poor. But no sick man seemed to be there.

"A flight of open steps, little better than a ladder, with an old rope for a banister, led still higher to some attics. The bare possibility of the stranger being up there induced the pastor to ascend these steps and knock at the door. Receiving no answer, he ventured to lift the latch, and entering, he saw a man lying on what was intended for a bed, and apparently on the verge of the eternal world.

"Could this be the stranger? The minister drew near and asked if he had sent for him. But the sick man showed no apparent consciousness of his presence.

"There was absolutely nothing in the room to afford any clue to the man's identity, or to show what, in that Roman Catholic country, might be his religion—no picture, no crucifix, no Bible, no book—nothing but a broken chair; no trace of friendly hand or nurse or earthly comfort. All looked bare and cheerless.

"After asking several questions which elicited no reply, the pastor, trusting the sick man might still retain some slight degree of consciousness, drew from his pocket a New Testament, which opened at the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and he read slowly and distinctly, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'

"Here the dying man, greatly to the surprise and pleasure of the minister, opened his glassy eyes and asked, 'Who says that?'

"The minister replied, 'Jesus;' and thought it better to go on reading.

"When the sixth verse was read—'Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me'—the sick one again opened his eyes and said, 'Is that *your* Jesus?'

"'Yes, and I hope He is yours also.'

"The chapter was read to the twenty-seventh verse: 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

"'Does your Jesus say that?' asked the man with earnestness, but in a faint voice.

"'Yes, He says that.'

"'Then I love Him!'

"He said no more. These must have been his last words.

"The pastor offered a short prayer to God, in the name of that Jesus, and left the house musing in his heart who this dying man could be, and whether or not he were the stranger whom he had been asked to visit. There was about the man a strange undefinable mixture of ignorance and love. How singular that, appearing deaf to the voice of man, and dead to all human and earthly concerns, the tender voice of Jesus should have at once opened his eyes and moved his lips!

"'Surely,' thought the pastor to himself, 'whoever the stranger may have been whom I was asked to visit, but cannot find, this is the man to whom God has sent me to-day.'

"In the dusk of the evening he returned to the sick man's chamber, hoping he might find him still alive. But he was gone, and upon inquiry amongst the neighbours, it turned out that he was a Jew.

"What his past life had been the minister asked not. Had he lived consistently as a Jew? What opportunities had been given him of hearing about the true Messiah? Was there not already some preparedness of the heart and of the mind to receive the truth? The pastor was content to leave the answers to these questions till that day when all secrets shall be revealed; but he doubted not that, like the simple-minded Nathanael, he was 'an Israelite indeed.'

. . . . . .

"Hidden amongst the silver birch and willow trees that skirt the northern declivity of a steep hill, quite out of sight of human habitations, lies the little Jewish cemetery. Curiosity as yet had not led my footsteps in that direction. But now something more than mere curiosity drew me from time to time to this romantic spot. Once and again, not only while the grave was still fresh, but after it was overgrown with the flowering herbs of that hilly district, I would make my way through the thick brushwood, and looking over the rude fence which protected the burial-ground from the profane feet of Gentile neighbours, I would gaze on this quiet nook, and ever and anon remember the dying words of the poor Jew, whilst the tender mighty voice of Jesus seemed to say to me, 'Thy brother shall rise again.'"

"Papineau of Vauvert, a wheelwright, was a famous wrestler and bowler. His reputation was so great that the innkeepers were glad to board him gratis, because he attracted so many strangers; but when his conscience forbade him to mix in worldly company, and he declined their invitations, his former friends despised and forsook

him. Nothing, however, moved him; he became a local preacher amongst the Methodists, and was for many years the only male member of the Society in Vauvert. Being a clever workman, he was sought after by many of the farmers, but otherwise, after a lapse of twenty years, he appeared to have been forgotten. His example must, nevertheless, have told upon the people; and if his consistent conduct appeared to be forgotten while he lived, it was owned and honoured at his death. Quietly, and apparently unknown to the world, he gave up his spirit into the hands of God; but at his funeral, to the surprise of his Christian friends, crowds of people flocked to the cemetery. A general whisper went round, 'We have lost the best man in the town.' The funeral service was blest to the hearers: from that day the chapel became filled with attentive listeners, several of whom were eventually converted. A large Sunday-school was formed, which prospered for many years, and I trust does so still. All this sprang out of a good man's holy life, and he knows nothing of it. He died, but his fruit remains."

"*March* 30, 1863.—After a whole year of happiness we bade adieu at the railway station to our excellent mother, —the second cause of most of the blessings we enjoy."

"*April* 10.—Glorious soft weather. The earth basks in the rays of the sun, and returns heaven's dews. Even so shall it be spiritually, Psalm lxxxv. 11. Went up with the children into the forest. They sang hymns with the Guignards. To me their voices sounded like some angel-choir echoing in the groves."

"*April* 30.—Poor Madame Schneider died just five days after her infant child had been buried at Naives. Her poor husband was quite distracted; we had to hold him

down during several hours. I never witnessed such a sight. The priest at Naives has chosen the occasion to bring discredit on himself. The Mayor of the village gave us a place in the cemetery to bury the child. On the following day a poor respectable old man had to be buried, but the priest refused to enter the churchyard unless the body of the child were removed. The Mayor refused, upon which the priest said *he* would have it done. A Roman Catholic friend of M. Schneider informed him that the priest would be liable to imprisonment if he dared do such a thing. He then refused to go to the cemetery at all, and abused the Mayor, who told him that by his want of charity he made his parishioners regard him as a monster, and did injury to his own religion. When, a few days later, the family caused the child's body to be removed, that it might be buried with that of the mother at Bar-le-Duc, in the Protestant burial-ground, a large concourse of Roman Catholics went to the village cemetery, in order to protest against the conduct of their curé, and afterwards the whole parish came to the house of mourning, when I spoke to them of the Christian's warfare, victory, and inheritance. . . . Poor M. Schneider's grief was heart-rending to witness, and there was scarcely a dry eye to be seen amongst the attendants."

"*October* 1.—Heard of dear old Mr. Toase's death. He was the kindest man I have ever known, and so long as I live his memory will be dear to me."

"*November* 9.—Started for Monneaux, to preach the sermon at the re-opening of the *Temple*,—which has now a beautiful tower, a steeple, a bell, and a clock,—a great event in this quiet village. . . . My visit to Monneaux leaves a sweet impression on my mind. The people, the

place, and the interesting historical reminiscences all combine to do so."

We here reprint an account of the inherited charity and toleration of the inhabitants of Monneaux, reprinted by permission from the *Sunday at Home*, entitled

STORY OF A MONASTERY.

"About half-way between Paris and Châlons, in Champagne, lies, rather picturesquely situated on the banks of the Marne, the little town of Château-Thierry, the birthplace of the famous fabulist, La Fontaine. Report says, that since the days when he made beasts speak so cleverly the town has produced no man of wit. However that may be, I did not stay to test the fact, but proceeded onwards, where duty led me towards the village of Essommes, some two miles further down the river.

"It was a beautiful autumn day, soft and still. As I entered the village I was struck with the richness of the scenery. In the midst of a number of neat and comfortable-looking cottages rose the lofty remains of an old abbey church, formerly dependent on a monastery, of which scarcely any vestiges remain. The abbey, which looks as if one half of it had been just cut off and removed, is still a noble building of pure Gothic style, and is now used as a parish church. The clock is hung in a small projecting tower, and the large stones, which serve as weights to propel it, and to make it strike the hours, come dangling strangely down the wall on the outside of the edifice, so that he who enters hopes that the ropes to which the weights are attached are sufficiently strong to keep them aloft.

"Turning abruptly to the right, and leaving the main valley of the Marne, to follow the course of a brook which

runs rapidly down between the vine-clad hills, amidst orchards of pear, and apple, and cherry, and plum trees, after walking for about three-quarters of an hour I came to the remote and peaceful village of Monneaux.

"It was evidently a holiday time. The peasants, who appeared to be well-to-do in the world, were clad in their best apparel. The population here is composed chiefly of Protestants, some of them prosperous farmers and small landed proprietors; some are wood-merchants, and others makers of musical instruments of various kinds. Rough-looking fellows they were, some of them, but polite in conversation; and the younger members of the community as polished in manners as any Parisian. The inhabitants of this Protestant village bear the highest reputation for intelligence and industry, as well as for truthfulness and honesty; and the roughest of them would feel deeply wounded if a momentary suspicion were cast on their probity.

"A man was pointed out to me as a fair specimen of the rougher sort amongst them. His honest face and somewhat neglected toilet certainly bespoke more carefulness for the reality than for the appearance of respectability. One day, when this good man was toiling in the fields in his shirt-sleeves and wooden shoes, he pulled out his watch and said to himself, 'If I am to buy that piece of land which lies next to mine, the sale takes place at ten o'clock, and I have no time to lose.'

"So, without changing his apparel, down he went to Essommes, and bid the highest price—twenty thousand francs. As the auctioneer knocked it down to him, our uncouth-looking friend perceived that his ability to pay so large a sum of money was doubted, and the auctioneer

reminded him that the money must be paid before a certain date. Some of the gentry from Château-Thierry smiled as they saw the good peasant walk away, looking somewhat annoyed. Other pieces of land were to be disposed of, and the sale went on. In the course of three-quarters of an hour the farmer returned, still wearing his wooden shoes, and in his shirt-sleeves. He was out of breath and perspiring, because he bore on his back, in a *hotte*, or large basket fastened to the shoulders, a burden of considerable weight.

"'Please to make room,' said he; 'and now, Mr. Auctioneer, as you seem to be in such a hurry for your money, I have just brought it in hard cash. Please to count it, and give me the receipt; but take care of your fingers.'

"So saying, he abruptly turned over the basket, and the twenty thousand francs, in large silver pieces, fell with a tremendous crash upon the table, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

"But let us return to the village. On the day it was my privilege to visit it for the first time, an interesting ceremony was about to take place. The Protestant church, which had originally been built, like the Temple at Jerusalem, in troublous times, that is, during the French Revolution, had been undergoing some very important repairs. Both Roman Catholics and Protestants had contributed towards its erection; and now again it was by their combined efforts that a new front had been built, with the addition of a tower and spire, containing a large clock and a fine-toned bell.

"All the most notable men from the villages round, the Sous-Préfet from Château-Thierry, and the Mayor of

Essommes—both Roman Catholics,—Protestant pastors from distant towns and villages, had met together for the re-opening, or fresh dedication of the church, and the utmost good feeling prevailed. The officiating minister, who had taken for the subject of his discourse, 'Faith, which worketh by love,' after explaining and enforcing these words, alluding to the particular occasion which drew them together on that day, begged the Protestant parishioners, whenever they looked at the new spire of their church, pointing, as it did, towards heaven, to lift their hearts in earnest prayer to that God above, who alone could send them temporal and spiritual prosperity. He advised them never to allow their new bell to remind them in vain of God's holy Sabbath, nor to call them in vain to the house of prayer. He besought them never to hear that clock strike without remembering the words which he had once read on a sun-dial, 'It is time to work' —to work and to live for the Lord; and when in the field they heard its distant solemn strokes, might it ever be their earnest prayer, 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

"In the afternoon, when the religious ceremony was concluded, a banquet was given, and upwards of a hundred of the inhabitants, with a few strangers, sat down to dinner, and several toasts were drunk, Protestants and Roman Catholics seeming to forget for awhile their religious differences. Amidst the greatest cheerfulness and hearty good-humour, there was not the least appearance of excess of any kind, nor the slightest indecorum. A rustic poet of the Roman Catholic persuasion composed impromptu, and sang with singular vigour, some stanzas, the whole party joining at last in the chorus.

"It was a curious and thoroughly French scene.

"'If all France were like this village,' said the Sous-Préfet, 'it would not be a difficult country to govern.'

"'And yet,' remarked I, 'the inhabitants are not all of the same religion.'

"'No, indeed,' replied the Sous-Préfet; 'and some of them are very zealous. I have been informed that not less than thirty Roman Catholics have, within the last few years, become Protestants. Nevertheless, I have been informed that practical charity exists to a remarkable extent amongst all classes in this happy village—rich and poor, Protestants and Roman Catholics, vying with each other in doing good.'

"'I am afraid,' remarked one of the oldest Protestant inhabitants, 'that Monsieur le Sous-Préfet has been led to form too high an opinion of us; but it is true that in our village, whatever a man's religion may be, we are willing to lend him a helping hand. If any man falls ill, and lies in his bed for six months, he will find, on his recovery, that his neighbours have tilled his land, and pruned his vines as carefully as he could have done himself. We have discovered that the prosperity of all depends on the prosperity of each. Our pastors also tell us that the royal law of Christ teaches us to bear each other's burdens.'

"I remained some days amongst these people, and tried to solve the mystery of this rare—too rare—example of harmonious living. It is not uncommon, indeed, to find those who are utterly indifferent to all religious principle and the salvation of souls, willing, as they say, to live and let live. But this is a very different thing from the earnest doing of good to one another which I saw exem-

plified in an imperfect, but yet very remarkable degree, at Monneaux-Essommes.

"At last I found the secret in the history and religious traditions of this particular locality; and as it had borne such sweet fruit in this remote valley, I hope it will prove neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to the reader.

"From Meaux, where the principles of the Reformation were proclaimed by Bishop Briçonnet and others as early as the year 1520, the knowledge of the gospel spread in every direction; and notwithstanding the persecution of Leclerc, the martyrdom of Jacques Pavannes, L'Érémite de Livry, and fourteen other notable inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who were burnt in the fires, Protestantism continued to gain ground. Troops of low and lewd fellows were sent from Paris, who came up the valley of the Marne, beating, hanging, or drowning all those of the new religion on whom they could lay hands. Many, however, escaped, running further up the valley towards Château-Thierry, where they settled in different villages of the neighbourhood. About fourteen small congregations were formed in those days, by those who had been dispersed, on the confines of the Pays de Brie and of Champagne; but they were ere long scattered by the cruel hand of persecution, and not a trace of them could be found after the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, 24th of August 1572.

"During those days of fearful trial and bloodshed the monastery of Essommes was enjoying full prosperity. The abbot, who was at the same time lord of the manor, was a kind and charitable man, more enlightened and tolerant than most of the monks and prelates of his day.

"In a village just across the river there were a few

Protestant families, who had as yet escaped the notice of the persecutors. One of these families was in the habit of conveying daily to the convent various articles of food, the quality of which the monks knew how to appreciate. Their mutual intercourse was so friendly, that when, a short time afterwards, the Protestants were obliged to fly, the good abbot consented to receive some of them, and to hide and protect them in the woods behind the convent. It was a wild, uncultivated district, consisting of thick copse-wood and forest-trees, which ran for many miles over hill and dale, with bogs and marshes at the bottom of the valleys. The country was inaccessible except to the most daring sportsman, who might occasionally have courage to tear his way through the brambles in quest of the wolf or the wild-boar.

"It was in these back-woods that the good Protestant families from the village were permitted to hide themselves; and there, with that vigour and energy which strong religious convictions and love of liberty generally produce, they laboured and toiled to gain their daily bread. Every now and then some new family, half-starved and terrified, would seek and obtain admittance to the wild refuge; and by degrees these industrious families had cleared the woods and drained the land, and tilled the ground, and made roads, and built bridges, and planted vineyards. And the fruit-trees blossomed, and the convent cellars were full of delicious wines, and the monks rejoiced in the temporal benefits they had derived from their charitable action; for the wilderness had in the course of years become a little paradise—one of the richest and most cheerful valleys in France. But it was no longer so safe a refuge.

"Monneaux, which had now become a prosperous village, was occasionally visited by the enemies of Protestantism; and during the reign of Louis XIV., and of his successor, its peaceful inhabitants were not allowed to worship God unmolested. Their place of worship in those days consisted of a square room, with a door at each side; and a sentinel was posted at both ends to warn the worshippers of any approaching danger, in order that they might speedily make their escape. They were not allowed to bury their dead decently, but were forced to dig a hole in some field, and pass the plough over it to hide the place. How different were those times from the present days of sweet repose, when the church-spire and sweet-toned bell, and spacious school-house, and quiet burial-ground, speak of toleration and religious liberty, and equality before the law!

"Be it said to the honour of the monks at Essommes, that during all the long years of unjust persecution they never joined in any outrage. The cruel injustice came from a distance; and it was owing to their protection in part that the Protestant community of Monneaux was preserved, whilst fourteen other congregations in the neighbourhood were swept away.

"The edict of 1787, commonly called the Edict of Toleration, opened a new era of peace and hope to the Protestants. Many exiles returned to their fatherland; and amidst the distant sounds of the coming Revolution several Protestant churches were erected, some of which were afterwards converted into club-houses. It was in those days that the church was built at Monneaux.

"Men's minds became too much excited by the burning political questions of the day to give much consideration to religion. To be an atheist, to worship the goddess 'Reason,'

was deemed an honour. Ere long the tide of revolution ran high throughout France. Churches were destroyed; priests and monks were imprisoned, banished, or put to death. All social elements were convulsed. The infuriated populace, too easily influenced by their misguided leaders, rose in all parts of the country, glad of any excuse to burn, destroy, or pilfer.

"In 1793 the quiet village of Essommes was visited by a mob of revolutionists, determined to destroy the monastery and to take the lives of the monks. Several of the latter had made their escape, and found their way up to the village of Monneaux, where the Protestants received them with open arms, having never forgotten the kindness shown to their forefathers in bygone days. It was now their turn to show sympathy and charity. They were well able to do so, for they had become a large and almost wealthy community.

"Those who had made their escape informed the inhabitants of Monneaux that several of their brethren were at that moment exposed to the greatest danger, the convent being on fire, and the monks shut up in a room, whilst the populace without were threatening them with immediate destruction. The Mayor's assistant, who was a Protestant, sent at once a messenger to the commissary of the Government at Château-Thierry, requesting his presence at Essommes. Then seizing his sword, and listening only to his courage, he hastened to the spot, and, placing himself at the door of the room where the monks were confined, he endeavoured to pacify the people's minds, and succeeded in keeping them in check till the gendarmes arrived from Château-Thierry. The officer at their head demanded of what crime the monks were accused. Some answered one

thing and some another, whilst the Mayor's assistant exclaimed, 'My life for theirs if they are not honest men.' It was in the dusk of the evening, and night was drawing on apace, when, amidst the glare of the fire and the uproar of the people, the door was burst open, and behold! the room was empty. Some well-wisher to the monks had secretly let them out behind, and helped them to escape to Monneaux, from whence most of them fled to different hiding-places. The Prior, who was at the same time the parish priest of Essommes, remained for a long time under the protection of the Protestants, who, though they deplored his errors, would not allow him to be molested. Thus did the charity of kind monks of former years bear its fruits long afterwards, when the tide of popularity had turned against their order; and thus it was that that kindly and neighbourly feeling between men of such opposite religious persuasions was so firmly established in that happy valley."

"I never enjoyed the autumn more than this year. Perhaps this was the doing of the Abbé Raulx; for it was sweet to turn for refreshment from the vileness of humanity to the loveliness of God's works, and the hand of our Maker and Father. If that man had attacked us when first I came here he might have done us harm. As it is, he has caused the light to shine, he has strengthened the Protestants in their faith, brought the faithful more closely together, cleared us of hypocrites, and made the Nicodemus show his colours. It is now nine years since we came here, and I feel less inclined than ever to leave. . . . The Abbé's second book is out, full of greater lies and impudence than the last. Going to St. Mihiel, I

travelled with him, and told him I should not answer it. He asked me why, and I replied, Because I was advised, even by all my Roman Catholic friends, as well as the Protestants, not to answer insults, and I assured him he had done his own cause more harm than good."

"*December* 30.—At half-past twelve o'clock last night we were awakened by the tocsin and fire-drum. The heavens were lighted up by the reflection of the glare. As I ran down the hill, great was my terror when I saw the flames rising right over our church! M. Rengenbach's vermicelli magazine was in a blaze. Such showers of sparks I never yet saw, and at one time I feared for our roof, but by God's blessing no building fell a sacrifice to the flames but the magazine itself. We had fire-engines at work till four o'clock in the morning, and every man did his duty."

"*December* 31.—The end of a year, which has been one of many blessings and a few hard conflicts. L'Abbé Raulx disturbed our peace for a time, but his attack has brought out another edition of *Pourquoi je suis Protestant*, and has done more good than harm, and many have been our personal, family, and church blessings. How much received, how little done,—yet God be praised for all!"

The tenderness of his affection for his mother is so simply expressed in the following paragraph that it deserves quotation:—

"My darling precious Mother,—What a blessing to be permitted to write to you again with the happy consciousness that you are well, and not suffering, and in no danger,—if one can ever be said to be out of danger in this world! We were in *such* a way about you! The news of your illness came on Sunday morning, three

quarters of an hour before service, and I spoke to nobody about it, for fear of being upset."

"*January* 27.—I could not but weep on reading the account of the funeral of Frédéric Monod. He was, indeed, a gallant officer in Christ's army! I shall never forget the conversation I had with him when—just before he left the Reformed Church of Paris—he consented to join Armand Delille and others in ordaining me. He was faithfulness itself, and full of brotherly love."

"*January* 31.—Got the Abbé Raulx's answer to my third letter. It would be easy to show from his own words and quotations all that I asserted, viz., that tradition contradicts itself. But it is out of the question that I should answer such a piece of coarse, impudent composition, and for my comfort I satisfied myself with reading the 64th Psalm."

"*February* 12.—Arrived at Lisieux, and walked alone over the hills and across the meadows, from which the snow had just melted. My own heart seemed to melt as each turn and every peep over town and country brought sweetest recollections to my mind of mercies innumerable."

"*Sunday*, 14*th*.—Preached in the morning, with some difficulty on account of emotion. In the afternoon, in English, at St. Germain-de-livet. Again in the evening at Lisieux. The affection the people show me moves me deeply. One conversion has specially affected me: M. Pontain, a shoemaker, living at Breuil, was walking across a meadow nine years ago, when he spied a little book lying on the grass near an unfrequented path. He picked it up, read it, and became a Protestant in consequence. It was my poor *Pourquoi*, and he has walked to Lisieux to see, hear, and thank its author! I was indeed thankful

to God, especially at this moment, when the Abbé Raulx is attacking me so sharply."

"*February* 27.—Archdeacon Cather spent part of the day with us looking for a house. If he comes, may the Lord *bless* his coming! When I went to England to collect money for our church, Dr. William Smith gave me an introduction to Mr. Murray, the great publisher,—so, calling on him one day, I mentioned our wants. Mr. Murray—for I suppose it was himself—took down from a shelf MS. notes for his *Guide*, and read what concerned Bar-le-Duc. 'Now,' he said, 'can you correct any of these statements, or give me any further information?' I told him all I could. He then said: 'Now, if you do not object, I shall state that the pastor is half English. Do you mind that?' 'Why,' said I, 'I do not see how I can prevent you.' 'I thank you for your information,' said he, and added, 'Here are two pounds for you!' I felt rather abashed. But it was reading that fact that made Archdeacon Cather write to me, and then come here."

"*March* 20.—I cannot see that the Abbé Raulx has done us any harm. Never had we larger congregations, although the Jesuits are attracting crowds just now to the church of Notre Dame. Roman Catholics are flocking to our church in numbers. Mme. Schramm has joined us."

"*May* 22.—On Wednesday evening, as I was returning from Vassy, having had no time to prepare for the pulpit, I felt anxious, and unable from fatigue and weakness to face the difficulty, but was upheld by a text that presented itself to my mind. It was this: 'None of these things move me.' I thanked God, and determined to take that as a subject. God blessed it to a dear man, M.

Champagnol, who was present, and has been up to tell me his experience and intentions. For a long time he has been a constant attendant, and he told me how wonderfully God has led him. Twelve years ago, when he lived at Metz, he attended the funeral of a Protestant neighbour, and after hearing M. Cuvier give an exhortation, exclaimed, 'Oh, that is a better religion than ours, and if my little daughter (who was his idol) were not a Catholic, I would seek to become a Protestant.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

1864–1865.

Mélanie Champagnol—Her natural tenderness—Her moral courage—Her success as a special pleader—Her family remove to Bar-le-Duc—She becomes a Protestant—Is eminently useful—Loses her health, and dies.—Madame D.—M. Guizot—M. de Boinville visits Scotland—The Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial visit Bar-le-Duc—Modification of theological opinions—"One more unfortunate!"—Call to Cherbourg—Sorrow on leaving Bar-le-Duc—Account of the pleasant society there.

"*Sunday, May 29th,* 1864.—On this day no less than six Romanists joined us, amongst others, Mlle. Maria and the Champagnols. When poor Mélanie Champagnol came up to the table, pale and weak, yet still beautiful, many were deeply moved, and wept. Joy and sorrow, love and gratitude, were blended in the expression of her countenance.

The following account is reprinted from the *Sunday at Home* of January 1, 1868 :—

"Mélanie Champagnol was born at Metz, a large and strongly-fortified town on the north-east frontier of France. Her parents were honest working people; and being themselves Roman Catholics, they brought up their daughter in that faith, and gave her as good an education as their pecuniary circumstances permitted. Endowed with more than ordinary ability, and earnestly desiring to please her

parents, she made rapid progress in her studies, and soon outstripped her companions. She was a beautiful, loving, and amiable child.

"From her early years Mélanie showed the tenderness of her heart by kindness to the poor. Her mother used to put her dinner into a little basket which she carried to school; but as it was noticed that her basket was frequently empty when she arrived there, a neighbour watched her on the road, and saw that she parted with her provisions to a poor woman, keeping nothing for herself, and never complaining of hunger when she returned home. After this one of her parents used to lead her by the hand to school.

"On one of these occasions her father perceived that Mélanie was weeping, and inquired of her the cause of her distress. 'Oh, father,' she said, 'do you not see that poor little boy without any shoes on his feet? If you will allow me, I will just run home and get my little boots to give him.' The father wisely consented, and his child's heart was relieved when she saw the little boy happy, and wearing her boots.

"As Mélanie grew older, it was thought that, on account of her talents, she should become a schoolmistress. But her parents preferred that she should be a milliner; and in this employment she excelled, as she did in everything she undertook.

"Moral courage was one of the most striking features in her character; and once convinced that she had a duty to perform, nothing could deter her from its fulfilment. At the same time this courage was united to a gentleness of manners which threw an inexpressible charm round the whole life of this remarkable girl.

"Mélanie was seventeen years of age when a regiment that had been quartered at Metz left the town to join the forces then engaged in the Mexican war. Amongst the officers of this regiment was one who, shortly after his arrival in Mexico, having been accused of embezzling a sum of money, received orders to return at once, to be tried by court-martial. This brave officer, who knew himself to be innocent, returned to his country much broken in health, anxious in mind, and wearied by his journey. There was some family connection between him and the Champagnols; and to them he naturally related all the circumstances of the case in the presence of Mélanie, who at once expressed her astonishment that he did not communicate these to General B—. He replied: 'It is my intention to do so; but, believe me, a young and innocent creature like you is much more easily convinced of my innocence than a court-martial will be.'

"Mélanie contrived to be allowed to be the bearer of the documents which had been prepared, and which she desired herself to place in the hands of the general. That officer being from home, Mélanie requested to see his wife; and, being introduced, spoke so feelingly in favour of her friend that the lady consented to take charge of the documents, and requested her to return on the following day, in order to have an interview with the general himself.

"Mélanie returned at the appointed hour, and though the sentinel refused her admittance, she was not to be turned from her purpose, but expostulated with him, until fortunately a servant who had seen her on the previous day recognised her, and she was ushered in. Like his wife, the general felt the influence of her persuasive pleading, and became as thoroughly convinced of the officer's

innocence as Mélanie herself. His conviction being shared by the court-martial, the accused was acquitted; and when, a few days later, he went to take leave, previous to his return to Mexico, the general said, 'No lawyer could have pleaded your cause so ably as your young relative.'

"On leaving France, the gallant officer confided to Mélanie a curious work-box which he had brought with him from Mexico, begging her to convey it to the lady of General B— as a token of his gratitude. The proffered gift was declined. 'And now,' said Mélanie, 'what shall I do with the box? It is not mine.' The young girl felt embarrassed. On leaving the house a thought crossed her mind. Since she felt some scruple in keeping the box she would make good use of it. A bazaar was just at that time being opened for the benefit of the poor. She took the box immediately to the managers, who valued it at eight pounds.—What might not be expected from such a nature, especially when sanctified by divine grace?

"About two years after the incident related above, the Champagnols removed to Bar-le-Duc, where Mélanie's father had found work. The young girl, who had become an accomplished work-woman, was appointed head over the female department in one of the principal establishments of the town. Bright prospects now opened before the family; but already the hectic bloom and short cough betrayed too surely that this delicate girl was being led inevitably towards the grave.

"'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.' It was this *Word* which the God of love mercifully made known through the gospel to Mélanie Cham-

pagnol before He withdrew her from this world, and which she was permitted to deposit in the hearts of her parents as a treasury of comfort in their sorrow.

"A fortnight after her family had settled at Bar-le-Duc, Mélanie was walking about the town one Sunday, from curiosity to see the objects of interest in her new place of abode. Her attention was attracted by a church, over the door of which she read those words of joy, sung by the shepherds at the birth of Jesus,—'Glory be to God on high; peace on earth;' and, engraved upon an open Bible, carved in stone, the words of Christ, 'Search the Scriptures.' She was induced to enter. The pastor was just beginning to preach the gospel to a number of people whom she soon discovered to be a congregation of Protestants. When she returned home she exclaimed, 'Oh, father, I have heard the gospel preached to-day, and I have learnt in one hour more of true religion than in all my life. Next Sunday you must come with me!'

"'I will come with you, my daughter; and all the more willingly,' replied her father, 'that many years ago I heard the prayers of a Protestant pastor at the funeral of a child at Metz, and I thought at that time that if my child had not been baptized a Roman Catholic, I would have preferred the Protestant faith. I was fearful it would be against your worldly interests. How strange it is that you should now be the first to lead me to a Protestant church!'

"A short time after this conversation, you might have seen Mélanie humbly teaching the alphabet to a group of Protestant children at the Sunday-school. Judging from her gentle and modest demeanour, the superintendent of the school could not but think her worthy of the honour

she solicited, and allowed her to become a teacher before she had so much as signified her desire of becoming a member of the congregation. As time passed on, she showed more and more earnestness in her endeavours to do good. She united herself to a circle of young girls who had been glad to make her acquaintance, and with them she worked for the poor. She also joined a singing-class for practising sacred music, and seemed ever occupied, both at home and abroad, in seeking the advancement of God's kingdom.

"One day we missed Mélanie from her usual place, and, as none of us had yet become acquainted with her father, we knew not what had become of her. The pastor feared she was ill, for, long before her parents did so, he had perceived the symptoms of incipient consumption.

"After a month's suspense she again appeared at church. She still had a cough. A few weeks more, and the damp, cold days of winter forbade her to leave home. Again she disappeared without having given utterance to her convictions. The father attended our service, but his only reply to inquiries after his daughter's health was that he hoped she would soon be better. Several weeks passed, but Mélanie did not return.

"Monsieur Champagnol called one day on the pastor to say that his daughter wished to speak with him on the subject of religion. He said that she was a Protestant in heart, and would never be able in future to conform to the rites of the Church of Rome.

"How great was the minister's joy, when, shortly after, entering the chamber of the invalid, he found Mélanie Champagnol, though greatly enfeebled and altered by disease, peacefully rejoicing in a sense of God's favour,

and in the knowledge of free salvation. There seemed to be every evidence of a divine work in her soul; deep sorrow at having been so long ignorant of the grace of the Lord Jesus, and at having been separated by sin and indifference from her Redeemer; joy at having at last found Him; earnest desire to glorify Him to the end of her life; the spirit of prayer and intercession; love for the Word of God, which she read every day with her father in a Bible which they had purchased from a neighbour; simple, firm faith in the promises of Scripture. Seeing this, all present knelt together, blessing 'the Author and Finisher of our faith' for this new proof of His 'good-will towards men,' and for the comfort which He gives His people in seasons of affliction.

"From this time forward the invalid was regularly visited by the pastor, who can testify that nothing could be more admirable than the patience, resignation, and tranquillity of mind shown by this young girl through those weary months of suffering, during which, every now and then, hopes of cure were raised, soon to fade away, and finally to disappear. The poor parents saw their tender plant withering daily in their hands. Their only child—a child so justly loved—was fading day by day.

"As for Mélanie, if outwardly she was perishing, inwardly she was being renewed. It was touching to watch the care with which she sought to hide from her parents her sufferings and her fears; and especially from her father, when he returned home from his daily labour, fatigued, and with an anxious mind. Nor did she like to be a burden to them. As long as she could hold a needle, her trembling hands still sought to earn a few pence,—even the very day before her death. Such was her

industry, and such her desire to hide her extreme weakness from those who so tenderly loved her.

"Sometimes when her father came home in the evening she would say to him, 'Father, do not be sorrowful; I think I feel a little better this evening.' Then she would sing feebly a hymn which she had learnt at the Sunday-school:—

'Je voudrais être un ange—
Un ange du bon Dieu,
Vivre au ciel en échange
De ce terrestre lieu;
J'aurais une couronne,
En main la harpe d'or,
Et vers Dieu sur son trône
Mon chant prendrait l'essor.'

'Oh, would I were an angel bright
To dwell with God above!
This earth I 'd leave with true delight
For that fair world of love.
A crown of glory there I 'd wear,
And strike the harp of gold;
And God would lend a willing ear
While I His praises told.'

"When asked whether she wished to live longer on earth, she answered, 'As God wills. If it is God's will that I should suffer longer, I know that His will is best.' When her minister asked her if she was enjoying the peace of God, she said, 'Whilst I am looking to Christ, I must needs be at peace.'

"She had hopes that the return of spring would restore her failing strength sufficiently to enable her to go to church and take the Lord's Supper. She wished to be openly admitted as a member of the Protestant Church. Two such opportunities had been lost through her inability

to attend, and she continued to grow weaker. Nevertheless, this child was destined, after having guided her parents into the way of truth, to show them, by her example, how to walk in the path of duty and of Christian faithfulness.

"There were in the neighbourhood several little Protestant congregations scattered amongst the Roman Catholics. To these the pastor for some days had been preaching, and administering the Lord's Supper; after which, he found on his return home that he must travel thirty-five miles to attend a funeral service, and be back at Bar-le-Duc for evening service at eight o'clock. Feeling much fatigued, both in body and mind, and having had no time to prepare his discourse, he felt somewhat troubled and anxious. At last he thought within himself how much greater were St. Paul's trials than his own, while, in the midst of all he said, 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.' The devotedness and the faithfulness of the apostle struck him so forcibly that he determined to preach on that text. Monsieur Champagnol was present at the service on that evening, and gave Mélanie a faithful account of all he had heard of the duty of bearing testimony to the gospel.

"'My dear father,' said she, 'that is what we have not yet done. The last time the Lord's Supper was administered, I think we ought to have asked to be admitted. In a few days the Church will be celebrating the tercentenary of Calvin's death,[1] and I understand that a

[1] This fête was celebrated in all the Reformed Churches in France on the 29th of May 1864.

number of young people are to be admitted to the Sacrament on that day. I should be so glad if you would go and ask the pastor if we may be received at the same time.'

"Her father carried the message; but nobody thought the thing possible, for by this time Mélanie only rose from her bed for an hour or two in the day to sit in a chair. The minister proposed that she should receive the Lord's Supper with a number of friends at her own house. 'No,' said she, 'I cannot be happy unless I testify publicly before the whole congregation my faith in the Lord Jesus and His gospel. God will give me strength.' Admiring her determination and courage, we could not persist in our refusal, but said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'

"On the appointed day the Church was unusually full. A little before the Communion service commenced, Mélanie walked in supported by her mother and a young friend. On seeing that face, lately so beautiful,—the expression as interesting and as serene as ever, though the features had become so thin, the mother weeping, the father admiring her courage as she walked up the aisle,—many shed tears. Strength was granted her to communicate, and with the assistance of her mother and her young friend she was enabled to reach home on foot. Looking up into her father's face with a smile, she said, 'Now I am happy. My conscience feels as if it were relieved from a great burden. I so longed to bear this testimony. We have obeyed Christ, who said, "Do this in remembrance of Me." I feel as if I could bear anything now.' In the simplicity of her devotion she may have attached an exaggerated importance to this act. But she had made a supreme effort, and was obliged to retire to

bed, where, notwithstanding her cough, the Lord granted her some hours of sweet rest.

"Three weeks after this Mélanie had a fainting-fit. Her friends thought her end was approaching, and a zealous neighbour introduced to her bedside a young Romish priest who professed to be ignorant of the fact that she had become a Protestant. He was informed that the whole family had taken the Communion together at the Protestant Church. These declarations, however, did not prevent him from renewing his visits, and Mélanie herself did not at first wish him to be prevented from coming, because, she said, it gave her another opportunity of bearing witness to the truth. At length, however, his interrogatories became so fatiguing to the invalid, that her father felt it necessary to put a stop to them.

"All that her weakness now permitted her to bear was a few chapters read from the Bible, and a short prayer offered by the pastor. Peace was depicted on her countenance: she said she was ready to depart to be with Christ.

"On the 1st of July 1864, while leaning her head on her father's shoulder, Mélanie became weak and faint, and breathed with difficulty.

"'Just lift me up, father,' she said, 'that I may be able to see.' She was looking straight before her.

"'What do you see, my child?' asked her father.

"'Oh, look! Don't you see? It is Jesus come to fetch me; but we shall meet again!' She bowed her head. They looked at her. She had fallen asleep in Jesus.

"On the day of the funeral, notwithstanding torrents of rain that fell, more than three hundred people followed her remains to their resting-place. Her grave is constantly

visited and taken care of by her tender and afflicted mother, who has lost her only child: and on the tombstone, which is covered each year with garlands, placed there by some unknown friends, the passer-by may read the following words :—

EN MÉMOIRE D'UNE ENFANT
CHÉRIE DE SES PARENTS, AIMÉE DE TOUS CEUX
QUI L'ONT CONNUE,
MÉLANIE CHAMPAGNOL,
MORTE LE 1ER JUILLET 1864 À L'AGE DE 19 ANS.
Regardant à Jesus.—(Ép. aux Hébreux xii. 2.)
La mort des bien-aimés dé l'Éternel est précieuse devant ses yeux.
Ps. CXVI. 15."

"*November* 14.—The Friend of sinners is ever the same in His works of grace and mercy. Poor Madame D— was living in sin with a manufacturer, who was not her husband. Her brother, who had gone to America, offered to take her into his house, but she had refused. No wonder she was sorrowful: one day she was seen weeping by an old woman who was working for her, old Madame Louis, who said to her: 'Perhaps if you came with me to prayer this evening, you might hear words of comfort.' 'To prayer! at which church?' 'Oh, I mean to the Protestant church, where I always go now,' said the old woman, and they went together. Madame D— understood the gospel as she had never understood it before, and returned many times. The Roman Catholics scoffed at her, and laughed at us; and I always thought she would either leave our place of worship or the man with whom she lived. But this was no easy matter. She had a worthless husband, lost in vice, who had forsaken her long before, and she was penniless, and yet accustomed

to luxury. Long and painful was the struggle in her mind; we knew it by many signs, and hoped till hope seemed vain. But God's mercy is boundless, His power infinite, and ways and means to Him are never wanting.

"Her husband died: she still corresponded with her brother in South America; and when most she needed it, he renewed his offer to receive her into his house. She left as a bird flying from captivity, and went at once to our good brother Gangloff, and poured out her soul so freely, that they were deeply moved. She now came to church with a lighter heart, and spoke to us with hope and joy, saying that her only desire was henceforth to serve her God and Saviour faithfully. She has given her Bible to a brother at Nettancourt, and has procured another for herself. She is to start on Wednesday for the Argentine Republic, where her brother has a large flour-mill, with twelve Frenchmen and their families in his employment, to whom she longs to communicate the blessings she has received."

"*January* 4, 1865.—On my remarking to our Préfet that the only unpeaceful occurrence during the past year had been the Abbé Raulx's attack upon myself, he wittily replied, with allusion to the Pope's late thundering letter: 'Ah, il fallait une encyclique aussi à Bar-le-Duc.' This *bon-mot* is being repeated about the town."

"*January* 19.—Finished Guizot's *History of Cromwell*, and began his *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe*. These are critical times: the Pope declares war against modern civilisation; the clergy in France seem to join him; will the Emperor be firm? will his people stand by him?"

"*January* 27.—Got the news of the Paris elections for the Consistoire. By the mercy of God the rationalists have not succeeded in getting their men named, notwithstanding their utmost efforts; but things are in a bad state, and it is a fearful and dangerous defect in our Church, that even declared infidels should be able to vote on Church matters. Let every man be free in his own house, but let no man have a right to invade mine: the Church and the world cannot pull together.

"M. Guizot is not re-elected, not having obtained an absolute majority. I suppose there are two causes for this: first, political feeling with some of the electors; secondly, that many think him inconsistent in his practice as a politician (witness Tahiti), and in his views concerning the temporal power of the Pope, especially as revealed in his late work, in his speech at the Oratoire, and in his discourse at the Institute with reference to Père Lacordaire. At all events, the Liberal political press, who have laughed at the Protestants about Pope Guizot, will see that what has guided the electors has not been men, but principles. The Evangelicals have been chosen, but not Guizot. Perhaps he will still be elected in preference to a rationalist. As for me, though I am not blind to his defects, I acknowledge his greatness."

"*March* 9.—Having heard that one of the masters had been frightening our little Protestants by telling them that Protestants would all *go to hell*, which he had not even a *legal* right to do in a mixed school, I called on the head-master, who *seemed* highly displeased, but said he was not surprised, as the young man had lately come from a seminary where he was educated for the priesthood. He promised to rebuke him sharply, and to see that the thing

was never done again. Would that we had funds to open a Protestant school!"[1]

"*March* 10.—Thank God, Guizot is elected."

"*March* 17.—One of the Committee of Management of the Hospital informs me that M. Mayeur has obtained from the Archdeacon of Notre Dame, whose curates visit the sick, a promise that there shall be no renewal of such attacks upon our Protestant patients. Be it so: *qui vivra verra.*"

"*April* 6.—A curious state of things at the Lycée: the chaplain gives a course of religious instruction to the upper class, which has lately been rather noisy and disturbed owing to the introduction of the Abbé Raulx's *Pourquoi je suis Catholique.* The lads, having seen one side of the question, thought they would like to see the other, and so secretly procured some of my '*Pourquoi.*' . . . I pray that the light may shine at the Lycée, and gain ground everywhere, especially among the young."

"*May* 6.—Here I am in dear Scotland. Went to Penicuik: next day, Sunday, heard a young student of the name of Bell preach very admirably in the Free Church. In the evening I preached on Prov. xxv. 25, and told the good folks about France and the work of God there, particularly in my parish. Collected at the door, and by gifts unasked for, in that nice village, which may stand as a model, £20. On the following day John Cowan, whom I esteem more and more as I know more of him, took me to see the site of the battle of Rullion Green, fought under the Pentland Hills in December 1666, and where that holy martyr, M'Kail, was taken prisoner. Good Mrs. Thompson,

[1] "*June* 18, 1866.—At last, after many difficulties and long waiting, we to-day opened our school."

who gave me £5 for a tombstone in honour and memory of John Eisenmann, also took me to visit the Wellington Reformatory. I never heard boys sing so sweetly as those poor fellows did."

"*July* 26, *Bar-le-Duc.*—When I stand on some high hill and look over the towns and villages of this land, and think of the many difficulties that must be overcome, of the mighty moral change that must take place before anything like spiritual religion can be established, I shudder, and wonder if such a change can ever be wrought by the means employed. The influence of the priests, and the force of habit, and the slavery of sinful practices, and the power of prejudice, and the lightness of vanity, and the indifference of unbelief,—all these and other mighty obstacles must be overcome. But is not the gospel a power? and has not Christ said, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth'? . . . Yes, these very priests may become true 'kings and priests unto God,' with many of their people; these churches, now full of paltry images of imaginary saints, may become houses for spiritual worship and true gospel teaching, and the intelligence and energy of this great nation be turned to the establishment of truth and godliness in the world!"

"*September* 9.—Pascal says somewhere, 'Nous n'estimons pas que toute la philosophie vaille un quart d'heure de peine.' I believe it would not be absurd to say as much of theology in general, as it is often taught in the schools, and separated from religion or true piety, which is to be learnt only at the foot of the cross—spiritually, and not scientifically. . . ."

"*July* 15.—We were this day honoured with the presence of the Empress and the little Prince Imperial. As

we were presented, each passed rapidly by, bowing low to the Empress and the Prince ; yet, as I retired, I looked for some time at the little boy, and wondered what his future destiny was to be ! If he knew what is reserved for him in this high-spirited and generous but unsettled nation, would he smile or weep ? How wisely is the future hidden from our eyes !"

"*August* 9.—Reading over some old papers and journals of some twenty years ago, I saw how much my views have been modified—not indeed that my opinions have changed on any great point of doctrine, but my feeling as to the relative importance of doctrines has much changed. I no longer even see the necessity of seeking to establish any systematic theory of doctrine on most of those points in theology which have raised so much sectarian dust amongst divines, except in so far as every man ought to seek the truth when he thinks he can get at it, in *all* things, even the most trivial. But *now*, Christ the Head seems to me so completely to overtop all the rest in importance,—I mean, Christ in His divine and human life, in the world, in the Church, in history, in *me*,—that I look far more calmly, if not with indifference, on all secondary matters in religion, and believe that it is well to be more moderate, less systematic, and especially less *absolute*, in laying down dogmatical truth. Many dogmas may be proved to be strictly true, and satisfy more or less the intellect, but I need more than that : Christ alone can fill my heart ; and the reason why I cannot abide the modern rationalists is not so much because they oppose dogmatical theology, but that they use the weakness of dogmatical theology as a pretext for destroying Christ and His words. The best way to arrest their progress is, not to apologise for any

system of divinity as a system, but to show forth Christ and His words, not in theological argument, but by the demonstration of the Spirit. It is not logically nor theologically, but spiritually, that the things of Christ can be discerned. Yes, by the Spirit alone,—the truth *in love*."

"*September* 4.—Buried a poor girl who had fallen into the water and been drowned. Hers is a sad tale. Her father is in a lunatic asylum ; her stepmother is said to have been unkind to her, and she found herself, at the age of seventeen, friendless and pretty. She must have had education, for she spoke and wrote well French, English, and German. She fell into a career of wickedness, and came about a month ago to Bar-le-Duc, where she lived on in sin. She had been rioting last Sunday with her companions in a ball-room, and retired early, saying, with every appearance of cheerful gaiety, that she had made an appointment to go with a young man to the American Circus. She was gaily dressed, and held her purse in her hand. The night was dark, torrents of rain were falling, and the wind howled in the trees, so that we had all been pitying any poor travellers who might be abroad, while that poor creature was going to her rendezvous. She must either have fallen or been pushed into the river, and was taken out dead next morning, still holding her purse in one hand, and with a willow bough in the other.

"Her newly-made acquaintances came to me to beg that I would bury her, saying that they could not give me any proof that she had been a Protestant, but that they thought she had said she was, and that, at all events, the priests would not bury her. 'Whether she was a Protestant, a Papist, a Jewess, a Mahometan, or a heathen,'

replied I, 'she is a human being, and as such I will bury the poor girl.' Only ten persons came to the cemetery, and these, her old companions in sin, I exhorted to repentance and faith in Christ, the friend of sinners,—and let him who is without sin first cast a stone at her memory."

"*November* 14.—Received my nomination as pastor of the Reformed Church at Cherbourg! After twelve blessed years spent at Bar-le-Duc, we shall have now to remove to a new field of labour, in dear old Normandy again. It has come to pass thus: having seen in the *Espérance* an account by M. Melon of poor M. Dussaud's funeral, I wrote to my dear friend on the occasion, and received from him an earnest invitation to come to Cherbourg as pastor. The advantages to myself and family were evident; but although I thought my removal from Bar-le-Duc might be to the advantage of the flock, who lean perhaps *too much* on me, my efforts, and my purse, yet the thought of leaving was so painful that I gave the matter up. Still, M. Melon pressed me to go to Cherbourg and see it, and preach the trial sermons. On seeing the church and people and the work, I felt it was better that I should bear the painful separation. Ere long, I feel I should not be able to do the work here, on account of the continual travelling in this rough climate, and should be too old to take another post—and so the sacrifice to feeling must be made; and we trust that although trials await us everywhere in the world, the Lord will bless my labours, and still make us happy. In many respects Cherbourg is evidently far more suited to me and to the family. May God mercifully accept my efforts at Bar-le-Duc, forgive my sins and shortcomings, and still bless this dear flock, and ever send them faithful and loving pastors!"

"*December* 13.—On Sunday, at the afternoon service, I took leave of my dear people. The trial of separation I felt to be greater than I can express, and for the first time in my life I broke down in the pulpit, and we all wept aloud. On the next day I and my family arrived at Cherbourg. It is just twelve years to a day since we first went to Bar-le-Duc.

"There are times when one looks back over one's past life, when it seems to lie as on a map before one. Some portions of it, like countries one has passed through, seem to have left a more indelible impression on the mind. They are not always those that would strike a stranger as the most important epochs in our history. So it is also with passing events. Sometimes that which appears an event of little importance leaves the deepest marks on the mind, and influences the entire course of the future life. . . . For instance, my asking Mr. Murray for a donation for the church at Bar-le-Duc led to the formation of quite a little English colony there. For myself, the most important parts of my life have been my five years at Lisieux, and the twelve at Bar-le-Duc. A kind of romantic halo seems still to hang about my recollection of life at Lisieux, where I certainly spent some of my happiest years. I was there married to Mary; our three sons were born there.

"The twelve years at Bar-le-Duc were different,—more active perhaps, more pastoral, less purely missionary, but not, I trust, less useful. There were already some Protestants and a little church when I arrived there. One peculiar feature was the exceedingly pleasant position we held in the town, notwithstanding the opposition of the Romish priests; but what was still more important

for us was the little circle of intimate and intellectual friends that gathered round us. For some years our house was the rendezvous and centre of some of the most agreeable companions it is possible to imagine. I tried to influence them for good, and I trust that good was done. Indeed, I know that God did in several instances bring souls nearer to Himself by our means. Of one thing I am sure,—nothing could be more pleasant than our weekly gatherings. The conversation not unfrequently took a literary turn, for all our friends belonged more or less to the literary world. Sometimes we had music, and delightful music too. Sometimes our guests played simple games with our children.

"The most beautiful sight was to see our dear doctor, M. Henriot, with a couple of children on his knee, or holding their little hands, and telling them stories. No one could tell a story like M. Henriot, no one could talk like M. Henriot. Full of *esprit*, he enjoyed a chat, and riveted attention, whilst he gave others also time to speak. As a neighbour he was one of the kindest and most serviceable. As Justice of the Peace he was considered most just and able. As a medical man he was both skilful and devoted. As a citizen he was honoured indeed, and the Emperor decorated him with the Legion of Honour with his own hands. He was the author of the *Chroniques Lorraines*, and has been called the Walter Scott of Lorraine. To us he was an invaluable friend and neighbour, and from the beginning was the life of our little parties. Although a Roman Catholic, he frequently conversed with us on religious subjects, and always gave me good advice when I got into trouble with the priests. His daughters also became our dear friends. Eliza was in all respects very like her

father. Maria sang as I have never heard another sing, especially little simple romances. She had a great deal of the country girl about her, and had the most touching, sympathetic voice I ever heard. The first time I heard it I was in my garden, and as the tones of her voice were borne to me on the evening air, a thrill pervaded me which I cannot express, and on looking up I saw two of our children standing at an open window with the tears running down their cheeks.

"Then we had M. Theuriet, a poet, and a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. He also not unfrequently came to our church when there was some particular ceremony. M. Edmond Laguerre, Professor of Mathematics at the École Polytechnique, would also drop in during the vacation. He was a very serious student, and had translated some German works into French.

"Besides dear M. Henriot we had amongst the Roman Catholics some friends whose occasional visits and conversation were singularly agreeable. Foremost amongst these was M. Félix Gillon, *Président du tribunal de première instance*, a man of great intellectual power and of considerable erudition. He was a person of as simple tastes as he was of a simple mind and transparent character. His memory was wonderful, and the clearness with which he delivered judgment in the Court or made known his opinion on any subject was admired by all. M. Thouvenel was one of those who expressed their astonishment at his eloquence and precision. He was a serious man, yet full of humour, and an earnest student and worker even to old age. When he was about sixty-five he began to translate into French—just for the sake of the work itself—Grote's *History of Greece*, and many a pleasant hour I spent with

him in reading and correcting the translation, which I believe he entirely accomplished after I left the town. He was universally honoured by his fellow-citizens, and for the sake of remaining at Bar he refused all promotion. His intimate friends were few,—M. Henriot was one,—and he was intensely fond of them. His only son and child died, and I shall never forget the dear man's appearance at the funeral! Now he himself is gone. He was not a good Papist, but he was no atheist, and a great admirer of Channing. M. Paulin Gillon, a relation of the above, was also a very gentlemanly and agreeable man. He was an eloquent barrister, and for many years Maire of the town and Deputy of the Department.

"A more humble and most worthy man was the Abbé Douillot, formerly a curé who had spent his little all in his parish. He had as little of the priest about him as any priest I ever met with, and much less than many a Protestant minister. In his old age he became an ardent lover of fish-husbandry, though I do not think he was very successful in pisciculture. Being free from the trammels of episcopal authority, he frequently called on me. We generally avoided controversy, and kept to subjects on which we could agree. Two of his favourite topics were Renan and the plurality of worlds. Nor ought I to forget M. Millon, Maire and M.P. for the Meuse, an earnest Roman Catholic, but fair and honest withal, so that as he acquired experience he became tolerant and charitable. He was a constant friend to us, visited us at Cherbourg, and afterwards befriended my son Alfred during the war by recommending him to a Général de Division, who was his personal friend.

"On the whole, I think Bar-le-Duc offered more resources

in pleasant and intellectual companionship than most provincial towns of 16,000 inhabitants, and Lorraine and the east of France generally I found to be superior in many respects to the provinces on the west and south.

"The strange intermingling of French and English minds, with a sweet *laisser-aller*, and the almost sanctifying presence of simple and happy children, made these parties so pleasant that I confess I have never witnessed anything of the kind either before or since. In most places the elements themselves would be wanting, and I do not suppose that such combinations could be long maintained. —The communion of saints will last for ever."

CHAPTER XIX.

1866–1868.

Regret at leaving Bar-le-Duc—Installed at Cherbourg—The place and people—Sionville, a storm and sad effects—Poor old Cheminai—Modeste Guéret—The Emperor Maximilian—The Empress Eugénie visits the Arsenal—Anecdote of Lafayette—Prince Murat—Fishermen at St. Vasst—The Book of Job—Visit to Edinburgh — Who is our neighbour? — Paris or London? — Comparison of comfort—Good Samaritans.

"*Christmas Day* 1866.—My precious Mother,—I have been so weary both in body and mind that I could not find courage to write to you. Besides which, room, time, quiet, pen, ink, and paper, table and chair, everything has been wanting to enable me to write comfortably. You may imagine what it has been, in the midst of all the bustle, trouble, and fatigue of such a removal, to have to preach farewell sermons, and call on so many friends; then to travel and preach again, and call on friends and officials at Cherbourg. I assure you the trials have been great, and one of the greatest has been the sorrow we all felt at leaving Bar-le-Duc, after twelve years of almost uninterrupted prosperity. The last Sunday was such that I believe two or three more such would have killed me. I knew the good people loved me, but I had hardly realised how much I loved them, nor how much they

would feel my departure. But the sacrifice was to be made, and I am sure you know me well enough to believe that there is nothing more painful to me than to give pain to others. I would gladly, if I had thought it to be my duty, have spent the remainder of my life amongst those dear people at Bar-le-Duc, and the sacrifice was sufficiently great to make me, and all, I trust, feel that in leaving I was not seeking to please myself. M. Melon came to preach."

"*January* 21, 1867.—MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We are on the eve of an immense war,—not this year, probably, but after the *Exposition*,—with Prussia of course, and *perhaps* with the world. All the news we get from Paris, all that the naval officers tell us here, confirms the opinion. Now, if there should be war, shall I remain here, or go over to England? If the Emperor forces every man to be a soldier, and if, as is proposed, power to have yourself replaced by another is taken away, forasmuch as—with all my love for France—I do not intend to let my boys be French soldiers, I should to a certainty return to England."

"M. Melon came to preach the sermon and perform the ceremony of my installation. We have been received most kindly by all the people here. The trial of leaving Bar still oppresses us. If I am enabled to be useful here, and can love and be loved as at Bar, I shall not be likely to expose myself, without some special call or absolute necessity, to any more such painful separations till the Lord removes me to another world."

"Cherbourg,[1] now a city of some seventy thousand

[1] This and the eight following paragraphs are taken from a paper entitled "The Field of Rest," which appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*.

inhabitants, and one of the great naval strongholds and military ports of France, was, but a few generations back, an insignificant fishing town. The naval and military genius of France has made it a safe harbour on one of the most boisterous seas and most dangerous coasts of the Channel. Behind the *digue*, or breakwater, which was completed by Napoleon III., and is about two miles and a half long, all the fleets of Europe might cast anchor. By the maritime population the forts and arsenal are thought impregnable. The town and buildings generally are ugly melancholy-looking objects, when seen from the flat sandy plain on which they are built, but when viewed from any of the rising grounds in the neighbourhood, the beauty of the situation becomes very striking, whilst the rocks and wooded hills and green pastures and purling trout-streams in the vicinity rival anything of the kind on the English side of the Channel.

"There is Le Roule, a fine rock on which a small fort was built at great expense by the Imperial Government, and which drew from the lips of Louis Napoleon, on his first visit to it, these few words: 'It is but a magpie's nest,' an expression which gave rise at the time to various commentaries and ironical remarks. From this point there is a splendid view of the sea, and town, and arsenal, which lie like a map at your feet. When salutes are fired from the forts, or when the mighty waves on a tempestuous day burst in foaming spray, and dash over the breakwater, the effect, as seen from the Roule, is grand beyond description.

"A little further inland the scene changes, though you still get peeps at the blue sea. Precipitous heights and craggy rocks, *l'ancien télégraphe* and *la roche qui pend*, hang

over woods and orchards, picturesque farms, rippling brooks and water-wheels, diversified by undulating commons covered with heath and gorse.

"Within a walk is the old château de Tourlaville, belonging to the family de Tocqueville. Legendary tales of princely wickedness and bloodshed, and of heavenly wrath and chastisement, connected with the history of this château, are believed by many. The place is haunted, the blood of the murdered may occasionally be seen on the walls. A more romantic spot can scarcely be imagined, with all the ivy-covered remains of ancient grandeur, nestling among the thick foliage of oak, and elm, and ash, surrounded by old moats and running streams and deep Devonshire-looking lanes, with here and there a rustic weather-beaten cottage. You feel carried back to feudal times.

"The peasantry generally are somewhat uninteresting in this part of Normandy. Their food, consisting chiefly of *galette de sarrasin*, a kind of pancake made of buckwheat flour, and a superabundance of sour cider, has a weakening effect on the constitution and intellect, and the proximity of a large maritime and military population brings down upon them many a demoralising influence. Like all true Normans, however, they never forget the value of money, and are tolerably thrifty. However humble the cottage, the clay or stone floor is well swept, and they have good beds and plenty of clean linen.

"In retired villages they have at least religious habits, though they are generally ignorant. On Sunday morning the men as well as the women go regularly to mass. Not a few of their churches were built when Normandy and England were governed by the same king, and many an

Anglo-Saxon tradition still shows itself in the habits and dialect of the country people. There is an air of antiquity about the whole district.

"During my stay in Normandy, where, as a pastor of the Reformed Church, my work lay amongst the living, I always felt as if we were yet closely associated with the dead. The influence of the unseen departed, through the visible though crumbling works they left behind, and probably still more by the invisible links of tradition, unconsciously, mysteriously, yet very powerfully, affected the whole population. We seemed to be standing between the dead and the living, just as our house stood between the old country with its antique château and unchanged costumes, and the new modernised town. And is it not so through life, in each successive generation? Is it not so in the case of each individual? And should not this thought, intensifying our interest in life, lead us thoroughly to sift whatever we have 'received by tradition from our fathers,' lest we accept and transmit to others any principle of error? And should it not incite us to 'hold fast the traditions' of the word taught by the holy apostles and prophets?[1] Between the past and the future, heavy responsibility rests surely on the present.

"There is a little Protestant church at Cherbourg, and, as is usual in all towns where there is a Reformed church, a portion of the cemetery is allotted to the Protestant community, wherein they may bury their dead. The law of the land insures professedly equal rights to the adherents of all religions, whether Roman Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. But if those of different creeds may dwell together and intermarry during their lifetime, in death they must

[1] See 1 Peter i. 18; 2 Thess. ii. 15; 2 Tim. i. 13.

be divided. The husband and the wife, the mother and the son, if differing in their belief, must then be separated by all the distance, if not the essential difference, of consecrated and unconsecrated ground. The religious distinctions of this life, though brought together and borne with at the same hearth, when death has thrown its equalising pall over the departed, are not allowed to pass unjudged, nor to be forgotten in the grave. Will this custom be handed down to the next generation?"

"*February* 3, 1867.—At Sionville. Splendid, sunny, soft air, and a charming day. 6*th*.—Only three days later —how things have changed! A few hours after we left Sionville a storm arose which lasted several days and nights, and many a sailor has found a watery grave. On that very coast, close to Diélette, a Norwegian vessel was wrecked, and out of a crew of fourteen seven only were saved,—amongst them the brave captain and his mate,— after swimming for two hours, clinging to pieces of the wreck. One poor fellow met his death there, who wore around his neck the portrait of the girl whom he loved, and to whom he was soon to have been married. His body has not been found, but the picture was cast ashore by the tide, and has been taken, by his captain, home to the poor girl, a lasting pledge of the constant love of her *fiancé*. On hearing this, my Mary wept.

"The lanes near Cherbourg are most picturesque, running between high banks and hedges full of primroses, now in blossom, reminding me of my earliest recollection of the lanes in Devonshire. This country is indeed most varied and charming in every direction, rich and well wooded, and the valley of the Divette, with its purling stream and and its hills, sometimes rising in gentle slopes, covered

with orchards, sometimes overhanging with rocky precipices, with, here and there, sheep-walks bright with heather and gorse, is equal to almost anything I have seen in any part of France. You have in addition the sea, 'the blue, the fresh, the ever free,' with some of the finest shipping in Europe, and vessels from all parts of the world."

"*March* 2.—Poor Cheminai—who was converted many years ago by reading a Bible which had been brought to France by a prisoner at the close of the war—was working yesterday, and died to-day, in presence of myself and my wife, without a groan or a sigh. I prayed by his bedside; he drew two hard breaths, and was gone. He was a great smoker, and died with his pipe in his mouth!

"Not friendless was old Cheminai,[1] though he had never married, and had no next of kin who could have helped him or have waited on him, if it had pleased God to afflict him with weary days of lingering sickness. His retired hermitage was a low thatched cottage, situated, by a singular coincidence, in a hamlet also called Cheminai. The only fault, that he could be justly reproached with, was that his name was but too appropriate. He was named Cheminai,[2] and truly an itinerant smoking chimney was he. His pipe was always in his mouth; he lived and died smoking, yet he was a very sober man, and a consistent Christian. He could tell of the Saviour's love and of sweet communion with God in his lowly cot. For many years he had known the narrow path, and had

[1] The following account of Cheminai is reprinted from the *Sunday Magazine*.

[2] Pronounced like *cheminée*, chimney.

walked in it; and when he was asked how he had learnt that way, he replied it was through reading the Bible, which at the same time convinced him of the errors of Popery, and led him with repentance and faith to the Saviour. He had bought a Bible from a man who had received it when a prisoner on the pontoons at Portsmouth, and it had become his constant companion. 'The Bible,' said he, 'is the real source of all that is Protestant and evangelical at Cherbourg. It was brought over here during the truce by some good English people, who spread a great number about the country. We had no pastor in those days, but the great Pastor was with us. There are only two of us left now, out of about a dozen who used to meet together to read the Bible; but Modeste can tell you more about those small beginnings than I can. I do not expect to be here long.'

"Old Cheminai spoke earnestly. He worked with his usual vigour on that day. The next morning news reached his minister that the old man was ill. The pastor and his wife went at once to see him. He lay apparently asleep.

"'He sleeps,' said the lady.

"'He breathes still, no doubt,' replied the pastor, long accustomed to witness deathbed scenes, 'but in a few seconds he will be gone.'

"'But see,' said the lady, 'he is smoking.'

"Smoke was indeed coming from the pipe in his mouth.

"We prayed for a few moments. We rose from our knees. He was gone.

"Two days afterwards we carried him to his grave. It was Shrove Tuesday, and carnival time. The usually

quiet lanes were thronged with townsfolk. Children were gathering fresh primroses from every grassy bank. As we approached the town, some of the more worldly kind wore masks, and shouted and scoffed as we passed by; others followed the procession to the grave. About four hundred people gathered around it. Standing once more between the living and the dead, the preacher spoke of Him who brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. Some laughed; some sneered; some, especially those who had known old Cheminai, wept. It was a strange scene; but the seed of the kingdom had been cast into the ground.

"And who was Modeste Guéret, of whom old Cheminai spoke, and what had she to say of the past? An odd figure was she too. A little old woman, bent down with age and work, with skin and complexion like whity-brown paper all crumpled up, but having still a pair of sharp bright eyes in her head, and great volubility of speech. She was at that time eighty-two years of age, and, though poor, was respected by all her neighbours. A cheerful happy Christian, she loved to sing the praises of God, as she went about the fields and lanes gathering herbs for the druggists. One day she fell and broke three ribs, and might have died if a kind-hearted sailor had not carried her home. In her agony she wept aloud; but suddenly she began to sing a hymn of praise, saying, 'I do sing, I will sing and bless God for the good sailor who picked me up.

> 'I shall not die, but live, and shall
> The works of God discover;
> The Lord hath me chastised sore,
> But not to death given over.'

She recovered, and may be alive still.

"Now when we inquired of her if she could give us any account of the origin of the little church in that place, 'The Bible is the foundation of the whole,' she replied. 'We were about a dozen at first, who used to meet and pray together without any pastor. I learned to read out of that dear old book, and out of it I learned the way of salvation. Of these twelve I am the only one left, but I love their memory still. For many years we had no minister, but we used to ask for one, and God heard our prayers. But I have never seen any like those first good people that came over during the truce, and brought us those Bibles and Testaments. We owe it all to them. They did not seem to mind the sea, for they came in a little ship with a large number of the books; and they went along the coast, and into the country too, and they were so kind and gentle and loving; and they spoke in broken French about the loving Saviour and the Holy Spirit. They were English people, but I have always felt ever since that I wished to be like them, and be a *Kackair*.'

"I wondered what that religion was, and asked her to describe it.

"'Oh!' she continued, 'I hardly know it myself. You ought to know better than I do. They were the pleasantest people I ever saw; and the ladies had pretty little bonnets, and the gentlemen broad-brimmed hats.'

"These last words dispelled the mystery. *Kackair* was intended for *Quaker*.

"She loved the Quakers, as well she might, and many others, for taking them the Bible, and for the spirit of love in which they did the work.

"Deeply touched, too, was I, to think of those dear Friends! Friends of peace, and friends of all, seizing the

very first opportunity, without loss of time, in a moment of truce, to bring over to benighted France the lamp of life.

"Their names I have sought in vain to ascertain; but they too, surely, stood bravely between the living and the dead, and nobly did their work in their generation. Their names are written in God's 'book of remembrance. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels.'

"Dear reader, these things are true; and what say they to thee and me? The time is short. Between the dead and the living, between the past and the future, between time and eternity, thou hast just now a work to do. Let every work be done for God, then it will be *fruit* that will remain. Do the great work earnestly, patiently, faithfully, for 'now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'"

"*July* 5.—The news of poor Emperor Maximilian's execution by Juarez seems to be but too true. . . . He was a Prince of Lorraine; and when for the first time he passed through Bar-le-Duc, my good friend M. Henriot went down to the station to meet him, and pointed out the remains of the old château in which his ancestors had lived. The German Prince expressed no feeling of any kind; he scarcely even looked round to see the spot, and uttered not a word. Little did we think at that time that he would become immortalised by such sufferings and such a death, and thus deserve, if not our admiration, at least our deepest sympathy and our tears."

"*July* 27.—The Empress Eugénie had been expected in the morning, to visit the arsenal, but the gales had prevented her from coming round the Finisterre. The heavens

were charged with electricity, and the fluid fell with dreadful crashes, but without rain, close to our new house at Octeville. Soon, however, the weather cleared, the sea became as smooth as glass, and the huge men-of-war were beautifully reflected on the water. Her Majesty came in her yacht, amidst a terrific noise of cannon from the French and American ships. It seemed as if, when God had stilled all nature, man would not enjoy quietness and peace; and later, as though he could not allow God's night to rest upon the face of the deep, they lighted up all the rigging of the ships, and made the roads like a fairy ocean."

"*August* 27.—Mr. Salter, chaplain of the 'Minnesota,' U.S. Navy, called on me to-day, and was pleased to see a photograph of Bishop MacIlwaine hanging in my drawing-room beside a portrait of Adolphe Monod. When I told him that my grandfather had been aide-de-camp to M. de Lafayette, he related an anecdote which I had never heard before, and which, for its originality, is worth recording. During the General's last visit to America, when he met with so warm a reception, the old soldiers who remained of the regiment he had commanded came to see him. Lafayette, of course, remembered only a few of them; but shook hands with each as they came forward, and said to each man, 'Are you married?' If the man replied in the affirmative, he said, 'Ah, happy man!' if he said 'No!' he exclaimed, 'Lucky dog! lucky dog!' Mr. Salter himself heard him say this to each man as they came up. Lafayette spoke English well."

"*October* 27.—I see by the papers that Prince Murat is given to duelling, and I am not surprised at it, for I remember that when he was about eight or ten years old,

his Methodist nurse occasionally brought him with her to chapel, and when I used to speak to him he invariably *up with his fists* as if he wished to knock me down."

"*Sunday, Nov.* 10. — Buried poor Madame Yenny; about two hundred people came to her funeral. I had intended to leave next day for England, but a telegram coming to inform me of the death of an Englishman at St. Vasst, I went there on the 12th to bury the poor man. I had heard that there were a few English at this place, which is twenty-two miles from Cherbourg. To my astonishment I found twelve small oyster-fishing boats in the harbour, all manned by Jersey men. I was extremely gratified to find that these fishermen were respected by the inhabitants, being honest, and generally sober men. They informed me that they read their Bibles, never fished on Sundays, and would be glad to have a service. There must have been upwards of seventy of these men; some of them bring their wives over, and spend nine months of the year at St. Vasst. I promised that I would do what I could for them. I was so tired the next day that I rested, and on Thursday, the 14th, I buried a poor Norwegian sailor. Spoke in French to the French sailors, and afterwards in English to the Norwegians who understood that language."

"*December* 31.—This has been on the whole a good and happy year. My congregation has greatly increased—almost doubled. Two Roman Catholics have joined us, and no one has left. Though I have been in France so long that it is now I may say my country, I still feel like a missionary in the land."

"*February* 24, 1868.—Went again to St. Vasst to bury a poor fisherman. Found seventeen fishing craft there, and about a hundred and twenty Jersey folks. I called the

captains together, and told them what steps I had already taken to try to get a preacher for them; they seemed willing both to receive one and to help towards the good work themselves. The Maire promised me to do his best with the authorities to obtain the necessary permission, if we can find the means and the man. Got back to Cherbourg at five o'clock and buried a poor actor, which gave me an opportunity of speaking of Christ to some who hardly ever put their foot within a church."

"*April* 4.—Reading the Book of Job, which I find each time I read it more instructive, edifying, and comforting. I look upon it as a divinely inspired *poem, based* on historical fact. For several years I had difficulty in understanding the beauty and drift of this book; but one day a sceptic told me I could not judge of the dulness and tiresomeness of many books of Scripture till I had imposed on myself the task of reading the story of Job through without stopping. I thought I would try at once, and then for the first time I understood the argument, and was lost in amazement at the beauty and divine power of this poem. It is indeed God's Word, for He speaks therein."

On June 3, 1868, M. de Boinville, on a collecting tour for the church at his dear old Bar-le-Duc, found himself in Edinburgh, and writes as follows: "The most remarkable event in this collecting tour has been the gift of £100 by dear good Mrs. T., in remembrance of her husband, who spent the early part of his life in France; and to-day, needing the help of a dentist, I visited Mr. Imlach. When, on leaving, he ascertained that I was a French pastor, he would receive no fee, and when I expostulated, he said, 'No, not from a French minister. I was for

sixteen years in Paris before I came to Edinburgh.'" "At Glasgow I fell ill while in the house of Mrs. Thomson at Camphill, whose kindness, with that of all her family, I shall never forget." On June 28th he returned to Cherbourg.

"*August* 1.—The following conversation I had with a gentleman I met on my way to London :—

"'I guess you are an Englishman!'

"'How so?'

"'Because you said just now, "I don't know, I am sure;" *we* don't think it necessary to say *I am sure* when we don't know.'

"'Ah, you are an American!'

"'And pray, how are you sure of that?'

"'Because you *guessed* I was an Englishman.'

"'I guess you call yourself a Christian.'

"'I hope I am one.'

"'Well, I don't profess to be one, but I guess I'm a better one than you!'

"'I hope you are.'

"'You eat *meat?*'

"'Yes, when necessary.'

"'Then you are guilty of breaking God's command, Thou shalt not kill'!

"'That surely means that I am not to murder my neighbour, as our Lord explains it. Is an ox or a sheep my neighbour?'

"'Why not?'

"'Pray, sir, do you eat cabbages?'

"'Yes, when I get them good.'

"'Are you sure that the cabbage is not your neighbour?'

"'I guess you are laughing at me!'

"'It seemed to me that you were laughing at me when you said that an ox was my neighbour.'

"Meantime our fellow-travellers were in fits."—*Reductio ad absurdum.*

"*August* 4.—It is well to look fairly on all the sides of any question. When I was in Westmoreland two months ago, I called on good Archdeacon C—, the Vicar of K—, and while conversing on the state of the Continent, he told me that he had been lately in Paris, but remained there only one day, because he so disliked the place; 'I mean,' added he, 'the moral atmosphere of the place. I had rather,' he added, 'spend a day on London Bridge than on the Boulevard des Italiens—would not you?'

"I replied, that the streets of Paris appeared to me pleasanter externally than London Bridge, and that the money-getting spirit of London, though wearing apparently a more serious aspect, was not a very pleasant atmosphere to live in.

"'Well,' said he, wittily and candidly, 'I do think it is a choice between Belial and Mammon.'"

"A lady lately expressed to me her astonishment that such an intelligent people as the French had not learned to put a carpet and a good chest of drawers into every bedroom in the hotels, and so make a traveller feel more comfortable. There is no doubt that many things are lacking in French hotels, and generally in life in France; but I question whether an Englishman arriving in Paris is not on the whole far more comfortable than the Frenchman who arrives in London: the latter traveller might wonder that with a good carpet and chest of drawers he had not a better bed to lie on, and a light omelet to eat. People sometimes say, What queer people

the Chinese are! Yes, queer to us, but they are nearly one-third of the human race, and might be excused if they thought *us* exceptional.

"When I was last in Scotland, I met a very pleasant man, who related the following interesting story:—Many years ago there lived in Glasgow a gentleman and his wife with their son and daughter. The latter was a beautiful young girl, whose hand was sought by an officer then quartered with his regiment in the town. The offer being rejected, he eloped with the young lady, and they lived together in London for a couple of years, at the end of which time the poor girl returned home, emaciated and miserable in the extreme, and craving the forgiveness of her parents. The mother's tender heart was soon won, but her father, a proud and hard man, turned his child into the street. What became of her I know not, but the mother, driven to despair, fell into habits of intemperance. When this became apparent, her cruel husband sent her to reside in an establishment on an island where such persons are in Scotland often placed by their relations, either to be got rid of as incurable, or in the hope of their recovery. At all events, this poor lady was doomed never to see again the husband of her youth.

"It was the custom to carry the best of the inmates of this establishment to take the Lord's Supper on the mainland once a year, when it was administered by the clergyman of the parish. On such occasions the habit was to take a little refreshment at the neighbouring inn, to strengthen the communicants, some of whom had come ten or twelve miles on foot, for their homeward journey. On one of these occasions, the father and mother of my informant were of the number who communicated, when

the latter, perceiving a lady sitting on the grass at some distance, and apparently shunning the society of her fellow-communicants, thought she might be ill, and approaching her, tenderly inquired if she were ailing. 'No,' she said, 'but I came from the island, never take stimulants of any kind, and I have brought with me all that I require.' My friend's mother saw marks of deep dejection in the lady's countenance, and spoke to her so tenderly as to draw forth from her a full account of her sad experience. Here the narrator's voice faltered, and for a time he was silent. I looked and saw tears in the eyes of my stalwart Scotch friend. What heart, if it have any feeling, will not melt at the remembrance of a mother's goodness? After a time he continued: 'From that day—she was then more than forty years old—that lady came to live in my father's house, and she stayed more than forty years with my parents—until her death.'"

CHAPTER XX.

1868.

Colloquial Controversy with the Abbé Ratisbonne—Recommended by M. Guizot to the Bible Society as Inspector of Colporteurs in France—Eminent fitness for the post—Retrospect of the year—Light sown in darkness.

"ONE very severe winter, years ago, travelling by diligence from Lisieux to Paris, I took my place in the *intérieur*, and when I got to Louvier, I saw indistinctly through the window of the carriage, which was coated with ice, the figure of a priest pacing rapidly up and down the street. It was night, but the lamps enabled me to see that he was a tall man, of a fine figure, and with a Jewish cast of countenance. It struck me that he *might* be the Abbé Ratisbonne, a well-known preacher of St. Sulpice, who had lately been at Lisieux. I inquired of the conductor if he were not a fellow-traveller of mine, and having ascertained that he was in the *coupé*, and alone, I begged to be placed beside him.

"I soon found out that he was the man whom I had supposed he might be. We entered into conversation, and I found, as I would have expected, that he was an intelligent companion, and more willing to listen to an argument

than priests generally are. I made inquiries about his establishment for converted Israelitish women in Paris, and gathered interesting information. He of course soon discovered that I was a Protestant. I told him with all openness the story of my own conversion, and then asked him to what he attributed such a change.

"'Undoubtedly,' he said, 'to the grace of God. But,' he added, 'what a pity that you are not a Catholic priest, instead of a Protestant preacher! Are you married?'

"'Yes,' said I.

"'Have you any children?'

"'Two.'

"'What a pity!'

"'Why?'

"'You would make such a good priest.'

"'But how could a staunch Protestant become a priest?'

"'Why, you seem to have some life in you, and Protestantism is dead: you do not belong to M. Coquerel's school!'

"'No, I acknowledge only one school—that of Christ,—and His gospel is my rule.'

"'That is mine too,—I may say *entirely*, only we need the Church to interpret.'

"'That is the point at issue. I find your tradition contrary to the testament or will of Christ.'

"'Ah, there I have you,' said he; 'you speak of a *Will:* now do you not think that the mind or spirit of a good father would be likely to be better known and preserved by the traditions kept up among his loving descendants, than by any dry Will, couched in a certain number of articles?'

"'Well, but,' I retorted, 'in the first place, the New Testament, if looked upon as a Will, is not a dry one, in so many articles: it contains a glorious expression of Christ's character and life, as given by the Spirit of God. Besides, suppose the said descendants were to fall out, and dispute about their forefather's character and will and intentions —what is then to decide between them?'

"'The tribunals.'

"'What! contrary to the will?'

"'No, but according to the will.'

"'Let the tribunals alone then.'

"M. l'Abbé consented, but asked how we could tell that there was any will, any inspired testament at all.

"'Why,' I asked, 'I thought you professed to build on St. Peter!'

"'Yes, surely: Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church.'

"'Admitted; Peter was the first to preach to and convert Jews and Gentiles.'

"'*Assurément*, that is our basis.'

"'And mine also.'

"'How so? you Protestants of the evangelical school seem to me to prefer St. Paul.'

"'Peter and Paul are one; and see now my proof that the New Testament itself contains the statement of its own inspiration. I say we build on Peter when we say that the Epistles of Paul are to be regarded as the word of God.' Here I quoted 2 Peter iii. 16.

"'Well, and what then?' said he.

"'Well,' continued I, 'what if your tradition be contrary to the teaching of the New Testament?'

"'That is not the case.'

"'If you can prove your doctrine by the Word of God I will become a Roman Catholic.'

"The diligence had brought us to St. Pierre-Louvier, where it was hoisted upon the rails, and we were rapidly approaching Paris. We conversed freely, and I may say amicably, passing in review successively most of the Roman Catholic doctrines.

"'You Protestants,' said he, 'always seem to think that we shun discussion on the sole basis of Scripture; but you see I am willing to take my stand on the Bible, although I do not believe it to be the sole source and test of truth. I was reading St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians just before you joined me.'

"'St. Paul thought, as you see from that Epistle, that death to him was gain,—it was to depart and be with Christ. That is a more blessed assurance than to believe that we may possibly spend millions of years in purgatorial fires.'

"'Yes; but you and I are not perhaps as pure as the blessed Paul.'

"'Possibly not, but Paul calls himself the chief of sinners, and he based his hopes, not on his own purity, but on the blood which was shed, and which is as available for us as for him. That blood availed also for the thief on the cross, who went straight to paradise.'

"'If the Scriptures contained no assertion of the doctrine of purgatory, philosophy would require me to believe it. Your doctrine of salvation by faith, without works, by reliance on Christ's sacrifice, is very dangerous.'

"'Though we are not justified by the merit of any works of ours, we do not go to heaven in the company of bad works, nor without good works as a fruit of faith and

of grace. *Your* doctrine produces pride, the root of sin and bitterness. As for philosophy, it is of man, and as uncertain as he.'

"'Is there not a Christian philosophy?'

"'I know of none of any *authority* but that in the Bible. In its connection with religious matters Pascal said: Je ne crois pas que toute la philosophie vaille un quart d'heure de peine.'

"'Yet your Protestantism seems to us Catholics to be more like philosophy than religion. You have shorn the Christian religion of some of its most comforting doctrines, purgatory, the authority of the visible Church, the intercession of saints, the real presence of Christ upon the altar, and many other things which we enjoy in the Romish Church.'

"'It was not philosophy but revelation that guided the reformers; nor can I see the *comfort* of the doctrines you have enumerated, but I seek *truth:* show me your scriptural authority for the intercession of saints.'

"'Did not the rich man in hell pray to father Abraham?'

"'First of all, observe, he was in hell.'

"'Ah, but you know, that is a word of wide signification,—in the original it may mean purgatory.'

"'Then you condemn your own doctrine, for there was a great and impassable gulf fixed between them.'

"'That may be a metaphor, and you must not press it.'

"'But, M. l'Abbé, you chose the example, and it is not an encouraging one, for father Abraham was not able to do anything, and sent the brethren of Dives back to the true source, the Scriptures of Moses and the prophets.'

"'Say what you will, there is comfort in feeling assured that the saints are interceding for us.'

"'According to the Scripture, which you consented to take as our rule, there is *one* Advocate and *one* Mediator between God and man, and I know of no love like His.'

"'Ah, the blessed Virgin is such a good mother!'

"'Could you show from Scripture that she is *our* mother?'

"'Yes, certainly: Behold thy mother!'

"'Surely John could not understand that she was to be his spiritual mother, but, rather, that in the absence of Christ—her son according to the flesh—he was to treat her as a mother, and therefore he took her to his own home. That is no proof that she is our mother, now that she is in heaven.'

"'Nay, you admit that we are Christ's brethren, therefore she must be our mother also.'

"'Christ was Mary's son according to the flesh; we are not, and we are His brethren only in the Spirit, and if we do the will of His Father. According to your doctrine, if *Mary* be our mother because Christ took human flesh, then all flesh is of Mary, all the wicked,—and then what of those who existed before Mary? They could not be Christ's brethren, yet they were God's children, though not Mary's.'

"'You are too logical; there are facts, religious facts, which are above all human logic. What say you to my brother's conversion at Rome?'

"'Here we forsake Scripture, but tell me of that!'

"'My brother, who, like myself, was a Jew, went to visit Rome. A friend accompanied him to the church of St. Andrea delle Frate, and left him there. In going round the edifice, he saw in a side-chapel a picture of the Madonna; he looked earnestly; she fixed her eyes on him, and, raising her hands, came towards him, as shining

as a brilliant flame. He tried in vain to retreat; he fell into a trance, from which, when he awoke, with his friend anxiously watching over him, he was, and has ever since remained, a fervent Catholic. Was not that a miracle? is it not a proof of the Virgin's power?'

"'Stay a bit, sir: I have read the account written by your brother,—do not I remember that he had before that acceded to his friend's desire, and that he wore a medal of the Virgin, and repeated a prayer to her every day?'

"'What harm was there in that?'

"'You, who were once an Israelite, know it was an act of unfaithfulness to the religion he then professed, and, in my opinion, to the God of Israel. He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much; he forsook his own mercy. Then, again, I remember that he says about the apparition: Elle ne m'a pas parlé, mais j'ai tout compris. Now, I believe he understood all wrong.'

"'Why suppose such a thing?'

"'Suppose Alexander VI. were to appear to me in the same manner, I might fear it was some flame from the infernal regions. I honour, I revere the name of the holy Virgin, but I do not believe that apparition was she.'

"'You are very unbelieving.'

"'Because I believe God's Word.'

"'I have another proof to show in favour of our being able to claim Mary as our mother; but although it is taken from Scripture, I fear you will not accept it. Christ says, in instituting the blessed Eucharist: 'This is my body, this is my blood.' Now, our bodies are composed of flesh and blood, and these are nourished and preserved by food. If Christ's flesh and blood become identified with ours, we are one with Him, His brethren in flesh and

blood, and therefore in fact also we become the children of Mary.'

"'Is this logic, philosophy, or revelation? or neither one nor the other? Your Sacramentarian doctrine carnalises everything spiritual. Do the wicked, who communicate unworthily, become also the children of Mary?'

"'No, it requires faith to eat so as to profit.'

"'Faith in God's Word shows that Christ's blood was represented by wine, and His body by bread, for after the consecration the elements are not called flesh and blood, which they are indeed only spiritually, but bread and wine. Is wine blood?'

"'Why not? Christ says He is the true vine.'

"'Then take it literally: If we suppose Him to be literally a vine, then His blood is the juice of the grape; if He is literally bread, then is He bread and not flesh. Why interpret literally in one case and not in another?'

"'I think it better,' said the Abbé, 'to trust to the teaching of the Church than to any human reasoning; the Popes and Councils are infallible.'

"'I prefer to the Popes and Councils the plain declarations of Scripture.'

"'I will not undertake now to prove to you the infallibility of the Popes and Councils. I have shown that clearly in my *Life of St. Bernard*, to which I take the liberty of referring you.'

"'I promise to read it.'

"'You reject my words, but have you ever thought of what our Lord says: "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me"? Jesus said that to His apostles. And to their successors, for He says: "I am with you to the end of the world.'"

"'Yes, with those who teach men to observe His commandments. M. l'Abbé, suppose that in rejecting my words you were despising Him that sent *me* as well as *you*,—but surely to preach the truth only!'

"'I was not aware that Protestants took such high ground.'

"'We believe that apostolical succession exists in the faith, and the doctrine, and the life, and not in the mere outward order.'

"'Well, well! all I can say is, I am grieved that you do not accept my word; but our Lord said: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."'

"'Yes, unto babes, unto children in malice; in understanding be ye men, says St. Paul,'—and here, being moved, I lifted up my heart in prayer,—'Lord, evermore give me a simple childlike spirit. I would be led by Thee alone, and not by the doctrines of men. I will not know the voice of strangers. Thy word, and not the traditions of men, is the truth.'

"The Abbé was silent for a time; then he said, 'I will pray the holy Virgin, the mother of God, for you.'

"We had got to our journey's end; he gave me his address, and we parted, probably to see each other no more until we meet before the throne of God. I purchased his work on St. Bernard, found it deeply interesting, and it served me not a little when I wrote *Pourquoi je suis Protestant*."

"*Le Vésinet, October* 3, 1868.—I received to-day a letter from Mr. Jackson, clerical secretary of the Bible Society, asking me if I would allow my name to be mentioned to

the committee as one willing to become a candidate for a very important post in connection with the operations of the Society in this country. Surely it would have been more presumptuous in me to reject than to agree to such a proposal. If I am not the fit man I shall gladly accept the humbler post of a country pastor, since I must leave Cherbourg on account of the health of my family. But, should I be called to labour in one of the greatest of works in these days, may His strength be given me whose grace is sufficient in any sphere of labour! The Bible was the direct means of my conversion; I found peace in reading St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans at a time when I had but very little religious knowledge, and I have always looked on the Bible Society as the noblest and most purely Christian of all religious institutions. I think I shall remain at Cherbourg till the committee has decided what course they will follow."

"*December* 2.—M. Melon writes: 'J'ai reçu ce matin même une lettre de notre illustre coreligionnaire M. Guizot. Je vous transcris ici le passage qui vous concerne:—J'ai écrit au comte de Shaftesbury pour lui recommander M. de Boinville. Je serais fort aise de contribuer à son succès dans ce qu'il désire. Je le crois très propre à un tel poste dans la Société Biblique de Londres.'

"In a letter dated December 10, Mr. Jackson writes as follows:—'The committee have finally decided on appointing the Rev. A. Fisch to the inspectorship of colporteurs in their French agency. The testimonials which have been sent to us on your behalf are of the highest class, and seemed to designate you as qualified for a more important office, and as entitled to a higher remuneration than M. Fisch will receive.'—I trust the committee have done

rightly. It is a disappointment to me not to be employed in connection with such a Society and work. I would and shall accept the humblest post."

Taking the fact into consideration, that from Lisieux alone M. de Boinville had sent forth eight zealous and well-qualified colporteurs, it may be doubted whether the London Bible Society could have found an agent better fitted than himself to superintend their operations in France.

"*December* 24.—A deeply interesting ceremony took place to-day. Four young persons were received into the church, I trust with feelings of true piety; all are from the ranks of Popery."

"*December* 31.—This has been a year of heavy trial. May affliction by God's grace bear its fruit in the sanctification of my soul! I am about to leave Cherbourg. . . . The ship is driven of the winds, but Christ is at the helm. Light is sown in darkness; these steep steps are the threshold of glory.

"O Father! in this trial hour
How much I need some genial shower!
How much I need Thy helping grace,
Thy pard'ning love, Thy smiling face!

The days gone by were soft and calm,
No wound to heal, no need of balm;
Our simple wants were satisfied,
Our simple tastes were gratified.

Our garden shone with sweetest flowers;
Our children strolled beneath its bowers;
At every turn God seemed to say—
'Rejoice now in the light of day!'

We *did* rejoice, nor did forget
Life, though a dream, should still beget
A holy trembling, and prepare
The soul a better lot to share.

This text was written in the bower,[1]
And on my heart with greater power.
Ah, now I've lived to see the day,
And learnt that trembling 's not *dismay.*

. . . . . .

I 'll love His hand that sent the rod!—
Himself the path of sorrow trod;
He, sinless, suffered; Him I 'll love
Till, freed from sin, I stand above.

O Father! in the trial hour
Thou send'st me now the genial shower;
Oh yes, I feel Thy helping grace,
I see Thy hand, Thy smiling face!

All things are well.—If Thou be near,
No foe, no solitude I fear;
With Jesus near, and sin forgiven,
I still hold on my way to heaven."

[1] Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.—Ps. ii. 11.

CHAPTER XXI.

1869–1870.

Removes from Cherbourg to Le Vésinet—Anxieties in the present and for the future—Deathbed of Madame de Robert—Beuzeval—Visits Guizot at Val-Richer—Description of the family life there—Monument commemorating the Norman Invasion of England—A wandering nun—Alfred joins the Garde Mobile—Confident anticipation of French success—Not justified by the result—The Emperor is taken prisoner—They take refuge for a time at Beuzeval, but leave France finally for England on the 10th of November 1870.

A CONCURRENCE of disastrous and apparently untoward circumstances had tended about this time to depress Charles's buoyant nature, and but for the perfect unanimity that existed between him and his admirable wife, and their unwavering submission to a heavenly Father's will, might have submerged it. They were indeed *at one* in every aspiration, thought, and feeling; as having "two hearts within one breast," they rejoiced together in the sunshine. "As for deliverance from care in this world," wrote Charles, "it is a dream, except through that faith that casts all care on Him who careth for us."

The most prominent cause of chronic anxiety for several years—indeed throughout the Franco-German campaign—was the position of their two elder children, through the serious illness of a daughter, and the dangers and privations to which their son Alfred was exposed, while serving as an officer in the *Garde Mobile*, and shut up in

Paris during the protracted siege, without any means of communication with friends outside the walls, except the uncertain one afforded by "the blessed balloon-post."

Not long after the settlement at Cherbourg, where Charles had thought to end his days, the interference of Government with the Synodical action of the Reformed Church had led a sensitive conscience to consider his official status as morally untenable, while rumours of war—soon after realised—had alarmed him for the future of his sons in France, and made him think seriously of transplanting his family at once to England. He resigned his ecclesiastical position, but the resignation not having been accepted, and as his flock at Cherbourg were evidently dismayed at the thought of losing him, he was for the time content to have entered his protest, though the health of his daughter made a change of residence necessary, in consequence of which Mrs. de Boinville removed to Le Vésinet, in the neighbourhood of Paris, while he remained behind in the discharge of his pastoral duties.

At length, however, it was found necessary to make the dreaded change, and Charles once more left a loving flock that he might rejoin his family, and lessen his wife's anxieties by sharing them. He sought and found occupation in Paris, but it was for the most part unremunerative, and ere long the gates were closed by ruthless war. He was always ready to do what health and opportunity permitted. "I sometimes ask myself," he writes, "if I shall ever be up to work again. But why not? the Lord is my strength: our present state of dispersion and uncertainty is very painful; but like all other things, it will pass away, and we shall each get settled in our place, till some other change occurs. We have no abiding city here."

We shall now resume the journal at Cherbourg.

"*January* 1, *Cherbourg*, 1869.—As the sun shines bright on this New Year's morn, so may God's face shine on me and mine during this year! Various roses in flower. Received a serious proposal to become chaplain to the Maison des Diaconesses in Paris. This is a delicate post to occupy, and may, by the use of a holy influence, become a very important one. It seems highly improbable that I should obtain the appointment."

"*January* 18.—Some people seem to have a fund of joy and contentment in their nature which, when sanctified, is a blessing not only to themselves, but also to those around them. Old Modeste Guéret,[1] who is, I believe, eighty-two years of age, has broken three of her ribs. One moment she groans with pain, and the next, as soon as she feels relief, laughs and talks and sings hymns, and weeps for joy over the kindness of a sailor who picked her up."

"*April* 2.—This day I have performed a most painful duty at the funeral of our dear friend Madame de Robert. On Good Friday she was at church, and spoke to me kindly after service. Next day she was taken seriously ill. We prayed for her on Easter Sunday. On Tuesday night she was dying, and I went to spend the night with her—a night never to be forgotten. My poor friend was in great pain, her husband and dear children were in tears, her maids waiting on her in anxious suspense, and the medical attendant was without hope. She has been the chief guide and counsellor of her family—a model wife, and a most excellent mother.

"I asked her if her confidence were in the Lord.

"She replied, 'Not enough,' whispering in my ear—lest

[1] See *ante*, p. 306.

she should distress her family,—'It is hard to leave those I love, and who want me so much.'

"We prayed, and I begged her to remember the promises of Scripture.

"She said aloud, 'Yes, it is hard to die.'

"Her sufferings were intense. After a while, remembering the hymn—

> 'Il s'est chargé de toutes nos langueurs,
> Et sur sa croix a porté nos douleurs;'

she exclaimed, 'He hath borne our griefs.'

"From that moment she grew calmer, as if she had cast her sorrows on Him who carried them. Her mind seemed bent on relieving the distress of her husband and children.

"She said, 'Ils ne sont pas perdus, ils nous ont devancés.'

"For more than half an hour she was silent, after which, gathering up her remaining strength, she called the whole household around her. With intense earnestness she exclaimed, 'Into the hands of my Saviour I commit my spirit.'

"She then kissed her maids, and thanked them, whispering something in the ear of her faithful old cook, who has been with them nearly thirty years. She then kissed each child, beginning with poor Jeanne, and as she bid them adieu gave them good advice, such as they can never forget, and which may they have grace to follow! This scene was of truly sublime grandeur. What but Christianity can enable any one to die thus! She turned her head towards her husband and children, and looked placidly on them till her eyes closed in death.

"Poor M. de Robert said to his children immediately

after the funeral: 'We will not have anything removed from her room; and, my dear children, when we want good advice we will retire there, and think of what she would have said to us.'"

On the 11th of April M. de Boinville took leave of his congregation at Cherbourg amidst many tears, and arrived the next day at Le Vésinet after several months of separation from his family. On Sunday, the 18th, having no special charge, he instituted a service in his own house, preaching in English in the morning, and in French in the afternoon. On the 6th of June he writes: "My time is now employed in preaching as I have opportunity, wherever I am called, sometimes at the infirmary at Nantoue, sometimes at the Deaconesses' Establishment, sometimes at St. Germain, and I also hold a little meeting at times in my own house. To-day I have been to Versailles, where I preached to about a hundred people under the beautiful trees in Madame Anglais's grounds, while the birds sang in the branches overhead."

On July 3d he writes: "I came to-day to Beuzeval, passing through districts which reminded me at every turn of bygone days spent happily at dear old Lisieux. This is a beautiful place, and abounds in the fruits of righteousness. We have a nice church, and a congregation amounting, in the bathing season, to nearly three hundred people; then there is a Maison Évangélique for bathers who are not rich enough to go to the hotels. I have engaged to remain here for a month."

"*July* 17.—Went with M. de Neufville, M. Toupet, and Guillaume Monod to Val-Richer to see M. Guizot, now in his eighty-second year. I found him looking better than for some years past. His is a vigorous old age; his mind

is as powerful and his memory as clear as ever. He seems to take interest in all things, both in the political and in the religious world, and knows an immense number of our pastors and of our theological students. I find that age and, I trust, divine grace have given more softness and tenderness to his character. He spoke very candidly about the present crisis in the government, and expressed his opinion that the Corps Législatif had the future liberties of France in its hands. But how often has that great mind of his been mistaken! Let us hope that it is not mistaken now, and that the Chamber will show itself worthy of its present position, and able to take advantage of the circumstances.

"I found all things at Val-Richer more changed than M. Guizot himself. The house and grounds are much altered, and have undergone not only changes but improvements since M. de Witt has been at work there. His farming implements are mostly English. Madame de Witt's children are nearly as tall as their mother was when I first saw her twenty years ago, but the old man stands nearly as erect and firm as ever. Many of his trees have been split asunder, or uprooted by the winds, but he has as yet resisted the storms of time, and is now bearing his best fruit, while he finds shelter in the valley of old age.

"I first became acquainted with M. Guizot in 1849. He had returned from exile, and was bearing his own trials and those of his country with Christian rather than stoical fortitude. Had he not loved his country so ardently, it would have been difficult for him to bear with equanimity the invectives which were poured upon him at that time, whether they were merited or not. I thought

I perceived how the severe discipline through which he was then called to pass was made useful both to his mind and his soul. At that time I resided at Lisieux, about seven miles from Val-Richer, and was frequently called to visit the family. Nestling amongst the green trees in a lovely valley, the old Benedictine priory, which was converted into so sweet a home, was visited by few in those days. To be called a *Guizotin* was a reproach. There, however, in the comparative solitude of those days, it was my privilege to hold Christian intercourse and fellowship with the fallen statesman, and many a time we talked freely together as we walked up and down the gravel paths in the park. Sometimes we were joined by a good Christian lady, Mademoiselle de Chabaud-Latour, sister to the present Minister of State, who had educated his daughters, at that time young unmarried girls.

"M. Guizot's heart would then open itself in unconstrained conversation, and he would talk freely both to young and old. On one occasion he took my little daughter, a child four years of age, in his arms, and carried her all round the hall, up the staircase, and along the lengthy gallery, pointing out and explaining to her in infantile language the different characters whose pictures hung upon the walls, and fondling her with every demonstration of tenderness.

"On such occasions we used to assemble in his study. The bell was rung, and the whole family, the indoor and outdoor servants included, met round the written Word. He would ask me to conduct the service; and the child-like simplicity with which he listened to such expositions and exhortations as I was able to give, the warmth of his thanks, and seriousness, and prayerfulness of his whole

demeanour and spirit, told of genuine Christian humility, faith, and piety.

"We prayed, too, for France. I asked him once to what he attributed the revolutionary spirit of the French, and the moral and social evils of the country. He answered, 'To want of principle. There is so little faith of any kind. We are wanting in religious, social, and political faith. If men have no faith in God, they cannot have faith in one another.' 'What, then,' I asked, 'would you consider the best remedy?' 'The only remedy I see,' was his immediate reply, 'is to circulate the Holy Scriptures, and to preach the simple truths of the gospel.'

"Midway between Beuzeval and Dives, just over the port of the latter town, there stands a plain monument, with the following inscription:—'Au souvenir du plus grand événement historique des annales Normandes, le départ du Duc Guillaume le Bâtard pour la conquête de l'Angleterre, 1066. Pendant un mois la flotte du duc Guillaume stationna dans le port de Dives, et son armée de cinquante mille hommes campa dans le voisinage avant de mettre à la voile.'"

"*September 8th.*—The day before yesterday a poor old nun, seventy-seven years of age, came to the door of the Deaconesses' Establishment, escorted by two policemen, who stated that they had accompanied her from convent to convent, trying to find her shelter for the night, but in vain. Her *lettres d'obédience* not being in perfect order, she was rejected everywhere. The poor creature was almost penniless, and wished to visit her relations in the south before she died. The fact was, she had been afraid to ask for leave to go, because hitherto it had always been refused. She had fallen twice in the street; the police were indignant, and as she entered the Deaconesses' Estab-

lishment,—not knowing she was amongst Protestants,—she exclaimed, 'I have never before met with real charity; my own community reject me!' The next day Dr. Morin went to a neighbouring convent to expostulate with the Superior, and ask for help. The nuns pleaded poverty. Dr. Morin said the public knew well enough how rich they were, and advised them to help the old woman on her way. 'What would the public have said if we had received into our house a robber in disguise?' asked a nun. 'The public would have said the good nuns were taken in by a wicked nun, but now they will say the nuns have not shown charity towards a poor old nun of their own community.' They gave him five francs; a collection was made by the deaconesses, and when they sent the old woman on her way, they advised her to remain with her nephews. 'No, no,' she said, 'I will go and see them before I die, and then return. I know I shall have to suffer for what I am doing, but I shall not be punished long. I shall soon die.'"

To the tender heart of Charles de Boinville the expression of love by his friends was always dearly welcome. On the 7th December 1869 I find the following entry in his journal:—"M. G. Monod, recommending me to the Alliance at Derby, said in his own kind way that I was a good and dear link between the brethren there assembled and those in France, between their country and ours; and good Hermann Schmettau writes to G. Monod, 'I cannot tell you how very much pleased we have been to see the dear brother de Boinville at the Conference at Derby. He has indeed strengthened by his presence and loving spirit the bond that united British and French Christians. He has made many friends.' This is love."

"*January* 24, 1870.—Preached to-day at Saint Denis for the Independents, at Asnières for the Methodists, at Rue Bellefond for the National Church,—and with equal pleasure on all occasions, for if I have predilections and preferences, I know but one Christ and one Church of Christ. As for the particular Churches, whatever their name may be, I am a debtor to all, and will make myself all things to all men that I may win souls to Christ. Some think this contrary to good principle, because it is contrary to their own principle, but I see no other in Scripture, and to me it is the highest of all. *Unum corpus sumus in Christo.*"

"*April* 29.—Kept at home by a feverish attack and a sunstroke, fortunately not serious. I might have wished it more so, if Saul of Tarsus, as Renan asserts, could trace his conversion, and consequently all his subsequent career, to a sunstroke. What powers of faith a man must have to believe that! but surely he has not received the 'spirit of a sound mind.' The credulity of unbelievers often astonishes me, and it is painful to see how the enmity of the human heart to its only Deliverer inclines it to believe any nonsense, rather than the plain truth of the Gospel."

"*June* 2.—Went to the *Révision* with Alfred, whose number was 83, the first good number. *One* lower and he would have been taken. This is a saving of about £80 to us. Thank God for His mercy."

"*July* 14.—War with Prussia! a war of pride and jealousy. Looking out of our windows over the woods and distant country, all seems to speak of peace, but soon we shall hear from afar the sound of *chassepots*,—irregular, nervous, rapid, like the age we live in. Yet God to us has as yet shown mercy; our son Alfred drew the first

number that saved from the regular service, and stood the first on the list for the *Garde Mobile.* So delighted was he, that in running out to tell me, he fell over a gendarme, and stopped to apologise. The gendarme took it good-naturedly, and said, 'Êtes vous content, moi aussi.' To-day brings news that the *Garde Mobile* is called out, but only up to Alfred's class, so that as yet he is free,—but for how long?"

"*August* 1.—Our dear Alfred has been called to join the *Garde Mobile.* When, for the sake of France, I claimed my rights as a Frenchman, had I seen that such a law as that which now prevails would ever exist, it is probable that I would not have acted as I did. As far as our dear son is concerned, we still, however, see God's protecting hand, for he has obtained, what very few have been able to obtain, a sub-lieutenancy, and as an officer will suffer less in every way, besides receiving pay and better food.

"I have been deeply distressed by the Committee of the Evangelical Alliance not accepting my proposal that we should call on all the Christian Churches to appoint a day of prayer on behalf of the poor soldiers, and to seek from the Prince of Peace the restoration of peace between France and Prussia. In the latter country they have had such a day appointed, and all Christians joined in common prayer. Our being unable to do so is an ominous indication of the low state of religion, and also of political feeling in this land."

On the 10th of August a letter from Mrs. de Boinville, senior, tells that she is going to Burton, in Westmoreland, with William and Nina, her two younger grandchildren; that Alexander has gone to an appointment in London, and Alfred to the seat of war. On the 16th instant

Charles writes to his mother: "Most thankful are we to know that you are all safe at Burton with the beloved people there. The sight of France has its grandeur now; drawn into a foolish war, the people were at first disgusted, but the invasion of their soil by Prussians has turned the tide, and the whole nation is literally rising in a mass. In a fortnight there will be six millions of men under arms, and I have little doubt as to the issue. If the Prussians had come on at once they might have taken Paris. They have given time to the French, who have just gained a victory, and whether they win many battles or not, they will outnumber the Prussians in their own country. Meanwhile however, Lorraine is half-ruined, the enemy is at Saint Mihiel, and close to Bar-le-Duc."

"*August* 17.—Went to see the 3d Ambulance leave the Palais de l'Industrie for the seat of war. It was a solemn sight to see these determined and serious-looking men walk along the streets, with all the appliances necessary to relieve the wounded. There were three priests, and my old friend Edmond de Pressensé, who took an affectionate farewell of me, and about a hundred men with them wearing the red cross on white; there were ladies receiving alms for the wounded, some of whom I knew had given largely themselves, and crowds accompanied them to the station. Some women shed tears as they passed along the streets, and some said 'God go with you;' the coachmen, as they drove by, lifted their hats. All seemed to feel that this is a mission of love. I hurried on to get our school children out to see the sight; it is a picture which conveys a lesson they may not forget."

"*Le Vésinet, August* 28.—The news of the approach of the Prussians has produced such a panic that all our neigh-

bours have left for Paris, and we alone remain. Our little flock is dispersed; the ship may be wrecked, but the Captain leaves the last. If the enemy come on, however, our position here will be untenable.

"*August* 29.—There is a complete dearth of official news—all we get is from the Prussian telegrams; our generals keep an awful silence. No one knows where they are nor what they intend to do; we only gather what the state of things is from travellers and from the wounded; but not the slightest doubt is now felt that Prussia will succumb in this dreadful war, that whatever may be the number of her armies and their apparent advance, they are so entangled that they must be beaten, and in every engagement they lose so many more than the French that they cannot hold out long: the whole population is now rising to fall upon them if they come to Paris. Something is going on to-day, and will be to-morrow, for hourly trains are taking thousands of troops from Paris to the scene of action. It is a solemn moment, I assure you.

"If the cause were less terrible it would be amusing to see the effect of the general panic on the population around Paris; all are taking refuge within the walls. The waiting-rooms are turned into warehouses, the platforms are covered with heaps of trunks; country carts, with peasants driving their cattle and carrying their corn, are mingled with the soldiery in the streets. As for us, we have buried some of our goods, but I cannot bring myself to believe the Prussians will come to Paris. It would surely be madness; the ground is undermined, and steam mitrailleuses run along the ramparts; but if they do come near the place, before they blow up the bridges we will go. Mrs. Pilter has offered us her house at Beuzeval.

"*September* 4, *Sunday.*—I was the first who had to preach this morning at the Oratoire after the disaster of Sedan; the Emperor is taken prisoner. The second preacher was Guillaume Monod, who forgot himself, and prayed as usual for the Emperor, who was no longer such; then recollecting himself, he said, 'Donne-lui une couronne plus belle que celle qu'il vient de perdre.'"

"*September* 6*th.*—We are now about to leave our pretty house, our pretty home at Le Vésinet, and we little expect to find anything left in it when we return. This war will be to many the end of life, while many will have to begin life over again. May it prove to them the beginning of a new and holy one!

"In three days the Prussians are expected under the walls of Paris. We do not know in the least how they will be received, but your mamma and Rosa are packing up, and we are going to Beuzeval."

"*September* 8*th.*—Took leave of Alfred at St. Germain. Shall we ever see that dear face again! . . . Crowds of people from the neighbourhood of Paris and of the forts had remained at the station since early dawn without finding places. Towards the close of the day a train came up with trucks in which cattle had been sent into Paris; a fearful rush was made to find standing-room in these. Into one of them we clambered, and sat on our sacks. At two in the morning we arrived at Lisieux, and wandered in vain about the well-known streets in drizzling rain in search of beds. None were to be had, and at last, weary and wet, we were glad to find shelter in the kitchen of a tavern.

"On the 10th we arrived at Beuzeval. We noticed as we passed through the forest of St. Germain and along the

roads, a great number of farmers driving their sheep and cattle, and carrying corn and furniture. On our inquiring where they were going the only reply was, 'We cannot tell; we fly from the Prussians.' In the carts were little children, huddled up in straw, the elder sons were with the army. In the train which followed ours, and which contained, as ours did, about 2000 people, a child fell from a truck and was killed, and an old woman, having to cut some bread, in the pressure of the throng cut her stomach open, and died. The panic is frightful to behold. Without God, without hope, men's hearts are failing them for fear."

"*September* 11.—I see by to-day's *Espérance* that the brethren in Paris have at last felt the propriety of appointing a day for humiliation and prayer; but was it necessary to pass through such disasters before Christians could agree on such a point as this?"

To his children at Burton he wrote on September 14: "We have received two letters to-day from our dear Alfred in Paris, but we do not expect to hear from him again, for all communication will probably very soon be cut off. If our minds were at peace, we should be happy here at Beuzeval, in the Pilters' humble cottage, which is covered with creepers and is close to the seashore. . . . This is the land of Goshen. The milk is rich, and the butter delicious; the fish and shrimps are brought alive, and we have but to pick up the peaches that fall from the tree. As for there being danger here from the Prussians, we do not anticipate any. No doubt, Uhlans might come by small detachments to ransack the farm-houses, and take food and cattle, but even then *we* should not have to suffer much, for we have nothing, and besides, facts prove that

English Protestants have little to fear. The neighbourhood of Paris is untenable because of the fighting and the perfect destitution of the country; but here you cannot starve, for you have only to go down to the sea to catch fish, crabs, and shrimps for yourself, and the Prussians cannot carry off the sea, nor the millions of apples, and fruit of all kinds."

"*October* 2.—A letter received by balloon post from our dear Alfred to-day made me feel somewhat sad during the service, which was indeed a very solemn one. To know our son ill in Paris at one of the hospitals without being able to go to him or to communicate with him is a severe trial, but how many fellow-sufferers have we! The Lord sanctify every sorrow! I have become for a short time the pastor of an interesting congregation of refugees at Beuzeval. I trust this episode in my ministerial life may be blessed to myself and others."

"*November* 9.—Left Beuzeval and its dear congregation of refugees. M. Mettelal is now well and can feed the flock. Is this my last stage in France? It seems probable. Dear France, I have suffered with thee! We arrived at Southampton on the 10th inst. This is my one hundredth and fourteenth time of crossing, and I do not much wish ever to cross again."

CHAPTER XXII.

1871-1873.

Supplies for a time Mr. Saphir's place at Greenwich—Doctrinal difficulties—Is appointed by the British and Foreign Bible Society to superintend its Eastern District—Interesting anecdote of Captain Wilson—Characteristic note from Alexandre Vinet—Good news from Le Vésinet, both spiritual and temporal—"What is my country?"—State of religion in England—Death of M. and Madame Champagnol—A conversation which did not end in smoke—Comparative estimate of French and English civilisation—An anomalous grub.

"*January* 14.—A twentieth letter from Alfred—he has been out with his regiment sleeping on the ground and on wooden floors for six weeks during this very severe cold, but he is well and strong and cheerful."

"*Greenwich, Feby.* 14.—Having undertaken to supply Mr. Saphir's place for two months, I came here with my family to-day. This is both a trial and a privilege. I must say the people have received me well and kindly, but I hope Mr. Saphir will soon be able to return. On this day also we have got a letter from dear Alfred, dated at Paris, where he is now a prisoner of war."

"*May* 13.—Mr. M. spoke to me approvingly of what I had done with regard to signing the Westminster Confession. I ought here to record the whole affair. I much wished, both in my own interest and from my attachment to the Presbyterian Church government, to become a

recognised minister amongst the English Presbyterians. It seemed the natural course to be pursued by the minister of a sister Church on the Continent, and I accordingly spoke of it at the meeting of Presbytery preceding that of the Synod, and a committee was appointed to confer with me. The committee seemed satisfied; but I found that I must sign my adhesion to the Confession of Faith, and declare that I believed the whole to be truths contained in God's Word. After a careful revision, there were some clauses with reference to the reprobation of the wicked that I could not declare to be there contained. . . . I do not believe that the number of the reprobate has been from all eternity designed and fixed, and that these are reprobate because they have been passed by. Such doctrines I see nowhere revealed in Scripture, and their character appears to me to partake too much of human logic, which is far more absolute in its conclusions than revelation authorises us to be. The point of contact between grace and the human will and responsibility seems to me to be hidden behind a cloud of mystery unrevealed. From behind that cloud I see coming forth the election of grace, those who are born of the Spirit; but even the manner of that great fact is not revealed to us, and I do not see any everlastingly foreordained election unto damnation.

"I could not therefore sign the Confession of Faith, and must rest satisfied, though it distresses me much, to remain as I am, without a permanent position amongst the Presbyterians. Very many to whom I have spoken think I take too rigid a view, and would have me sign it as a matter of form,—but that I look upon as a bad principle. On such a principle I do not see why Unitarians should not sub-

scribe to the Christian faith. I do think, however, that the Presbyterian brethren might modify to a certain extent their present Confession, or at least the terms of subscription."

"*June* 2.—Mary left for France in the coldest weather I remember for the month of June. I heard to-day a man singing the Marseillaise in the streets! A feeling of deep sadness came over me. How many exciting and painful recollections are associated in my mind with the Marseillaise since as children we sang it in 1830 under the windows of the vile and cruel young curé at Chambourcy. Three or four revolutions have I seen since then, and what have the poor deluded people gained by them? I have now lived to see a naturally chivalrous and generous nation lowered to the very dust by her own sons. . . . . I am very sure that the Bible, known and read with reverence, can alone regenerate and lift her up again."

"*June* 6.—Went to Lower Sydenham to see dear Amy W—, dear to us for her own and her mother's sake."

"*June* 13.—Received from Auguste Bohin his thesis, dedicated very touchingly. . . . If I had spent so many years in France only to be instrumental in bringing such a man to God and the Christian ministry, I should not have laboured there in vain. . . . He entered on his work in the parish of Bellocq, has taken Oberlin as his model, and he will surely do God's work, and not his own."

"*June* 24.—I have been appointed by the British and Foreign Bible Society to superintend the Eastern District. This is one of God's crowning mercies to me, and is indeed an honour."

"*August* 28.—Captain Wilson called to thank me for having been useful to his daughters, and told me the

following interesting anecdote. Some years ago he was sailing between England and Holland, when a clergyman entered into serious conversation with him. They spoke of the gospel and the ministry, and the clergyman remarked that the most eloquent sermon he had ever heard had fallen from the lips of a sailor. 'It was rough weather, and the storm became so violent that we were in danger of sinking. At that time I did not know the Lord, and was afraid to die. I exclaimed, in the hearing of a common sailor who stood by, "I am afraid we shall soon go to the bottom." The sailor turned to me and said with much earnestness, "Oh, dear sir, do not be afraid; is not God your Father? Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." He said no more, but I felt deeply impressed,—the arrow stuck fast in my heart. I read the Scriptures, and became a Christian indeed, for before I was a worldly man, and a Jew. As the clergyman spoke, the captain looked hard at him, seemed to be recalling the circumstance, and said, "Why, that sailor, my dear sir, was myself."' The clergyman was Dr. Solway, at that time the minister of a large congregation in Rotterdam, and afterwards of London. He was Mr. Saphir's brother-in-law.—A word in season, how good it is!"

Immediately after his return to England, during the Franco-German war, M. de Boinville set himself to endeavour to find clerical work, which even for economical reasons it was absolutely necessary that he should have; and two friends, who knew that although he had for many years been practically a dissenter, he was a baptized member of the Church of England, and still regarded her

as *alma mater*, made a joint representation to the Archbishop of Canterbury on his behalf, in the hope that work might be found for him within her borders. The Archbishop was, as ever, very kind, and referred the matter to the Bishop of Dover, with a view to the fulfilment of their desire. On hearing of the step that had been taken M. de Boinville wrote to one of these friends as follows: "I am truly thankful in these trying times for the tender sympathy of such friends. It was kind of you and dear A. W. to mention me to the Archbishop, and very kind in him to say what he did; but I fear the difficulties in the way of my being ordained in the Church of England would be great. In England I have always looked on myself as a private member of the Church in which I was baptized and brought up, and for whose services I have sincere love and admiration,—but for ordination other things are required. My degree of *bachelier en Théologie*, which I took at Strasbourg, goes for nothing in this country. There would be an examination to be passed; I am now fifty-one years of age, and have devoted myself so entirely to the practical duties of the pastorate that I have, I imagine, forgotten much of the little Greek I ever knew. Nevertheless, if you think these difficulties are not insurmountable, direct me in the way I should go, and I will follow your advice. As the Archbishop must already have too much occupation for his strength, I presume you will not like to consult his Grace on this matter, but very possibly you may be able to counsel me yourself."

Shortly after, on the 12th of January 1871, he wrote again: "As you would not advise me, I have acted for myself, and have answered the good Bishop of Dover, who wrote to me a few days before I received your last. I told

him that, taking all things into consideration, I deem it advisable to remain as I am ; and I assure you that since I have done so, I have felt as if a burden had been removed, for, with all my admiration for the Church of England, I somewhat dreaded beginning, at my time of life, a new career ecclesiastically, and withdrawing from brethren who are receiving me with open arms, and giving me practical proofs of sympathy."

"*February* 24, 1872.—Before sending a scrap of A. Vinet's writing to a friend who collects autographs, I shall copy it here, because it reminds of a touching circumstance, and is, besides, characteristic of the man. I owed him fifteen francs for attendance at his lectures, and had paid for the course before leaving town for a time. On my return I found the money on my table, and the following note :—

"' MON CHER MONSIEUR,—J'apprends à l'instant même que ces 15 francs viennent de vous. Permettez moi de vous prier de les reprendre. Qui sait si je ne serai obligé d'interrompre mon cours, et si, dans ce cas, je ne serai pas l'injuste détenteur de cet argent ? mais en tout cas je l'aime mieux ne pas le garder, et je vous prie de me faire le plaisir de le remettre dans votre bourse. Je serai mieux payé de mes leçons par le plaisir de vous y voir. Votre dévoué, VINET.'"

Although devoting himself loyally and with all his abounding energy to the work of the Bible Society, it is evident from his journal that Charles yearned for occupation more directly involving the cure of souls. On the 22d of June he writes : "In England, in some respects, I feel out of my element. I am so *ecclesiastically.* I belong no doubt to the Church of Christ, and have and enjoy fellow-

ship with all Christians; but I have no position in any particular church or assembly, and apparently I *cannot have.* I am like a fish out of water. Yet I have a position in *the work of God* as carried on by the best and noblest of Societies, and perhaps the very fact that I hold no ecclesiastical position in any English Church, makes my connection with the Bible Society and my work all the easier. I am neither Churchman nor Dissenter, neither French nor English, or rather both, and thus am at my ease everywhere in all that concerns the British and Foreign Bible Society. Here, then, I should feel at home; and here I shall probably remain till God shall take me to a better home, or shall open to me some work more immediately connected with the interests of France or the French Church and pastorate."

In the course of prosecuting his work at Bedford, he writes on the 8th of June: "This has been an interesting week; the place is replete with reminiscences of John Bunyan and of Howard. On Thursday I called the attention of a meeting to the fact that on that day the Synod of the French churches was to meet for the first time after 213 years of legal suspension, and recommended them to the prayers of English Christians. May God put into the hearts of the brethren now met at Paris divine wisdom, that shall not only enable them to settle their differences, but lead to a more simple and earnest proclamamation of Christ, as indeed 'the way, the truth, and the life'!" On July 15 he writes: "Thank God for the immediate results of the Synod, for the unity and the faithfulness manifested. There must be a time of sifting, and the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed; but at all events there will be a *Church,* however weak in numbers

and in influence, and that Church will bear fruits, for it is Christ's."

"*June* 28.—My wife has returned from Paris, bringing good news. All our friends have returned to Le Vésinet, and have asked the Mayor for authorisation to begin again the services commenced before the war. I began with one person besides my own family. It grew to forty, and I have no doubt they will have that number every Sunday in summer. Some day, if they are ministered to regularly and faithfully, with love, there will be a large Protestant community at Le Vésinet. . . . Our flight from thence had been in haste, but we took what we could with us. Some few pieces of family china, etc., we hid deep under ground, and there my wife found it safe after the war. The Prussians first, and then the Bavarians, took possession of our house; the latter left the place filthy, but, wonderful to relate, most of our furniture had not been moved. We should have taken cheerfully the spoiling of our goods, now that we are safe in England."

At the close of 1872 he writes: "Here ends a year of hard work in connection with the best of our religious institutions. I have sometimes felt almost too old for it, but I have done my best, and have been blessed in my labours. Many a time, however, my thoughts revert to my missionary work in France, and in that I shall always take the most lively interest. Not unfrequently I say to myself, 'What is thine occupation? what is thy country?' and I should not be surprised if, sooner or later, I were again more immediately connected with the French people, even in England. After nearly a year and a half's work in nine or ten of the counties of England amongst various denominations, I have gained some insight into the state

of this country. Nearly two years ago I expressed to those two excellent men, Henry and John Venn, my fears as to the religious state of this land. I said I was afraid evangelical religion, if not decidedly on the decrease, was beginning to lose its influence. They reassured me, and said they thought that England was never in a more hopeful state than at present, that there never was more earnestness in the Christian Churches, and that the true gospel was faithfully preached by many, even of the ritualists. The opinion of two such men is worthy of profound respect; but I confess that I have come to a very different, and even opposite conclusion. I do indeed see that there are a great number of God's dear children in England, but I doubt whether they are either as earnest as Christians were twenty or thirty years ago, or are making sufficiently diligent use of the means of spreading gospel principles among the High Church folks—who seem to me to differ little *in essence* from the Romanists—or amongst the masses of semi-heathens in the towns, who, because of their natural coarseness, appear to me fully as bad as, if not worse than, our French Socialists. I fear much for the future, unless God in His mercy revive His own work in these days."

"*March* 2, 1873.—The death of M. and Mme. Champagnol of Bar-le-Duc has been a touching one. Years did not efface from their minds the memory of their blessed child. As age brought on infirmity, they still, though with difficulty, visited every Sunday, after divine service, the grave of Mélanie. With them both this seemed to be a religious duty, for, as they often said, she has shown to us the way to heaven. At last the mother fell ill, and could no longer walk so far. The father then went alone.

One Sunday last year he had just visited the grave, when on returning home to his sick wife he complained of faintness, and in an instant had gone to meet his daughter in the land of rest and glory. Within a few days afterwards Mélanie's mother followed her husband thither. All three now rest close to each other, in a sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life.

"The following conversation I had in a railway carriage with a jolly old man, who thus began it:—'Has any one an objection to smoking?' Two ladies looked at each other and said nothing. 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I have.' One of the ladies thanked me, but added, 'If this is a smoking-carriage we will get out at the next station.' 'This is not a smoking-carriage.' At the next station the ladies got out, and several men came in. The jolly old man repeated his question: 'Now the ladies are gone, has any one an objection to smoking?' I now remarked, 'Sir, the next compartment is a smoking-carriage; I have no particular dislike to the smell of tobacco myself, but I have a decided objection to breaking rules.' 'You are right, sir,' said a neighbour. 'Oh, I dare say,' said the jolly old gentleman; 'I have made plenty of rules for home use, but my wife don't keep them.' 'Of course, sir,' said I, 'if you do not respect rules yourself, you cannot expect your wife to do so.' A laugh, but no smoke.

"A Frenchman is taught blind obedience, rather than prepared by education to think and act for himself. He is taught, indeed, that in religion and matters of conscience he must not form his own opinion, by thinking, praying, reading, and acting for himself, in dependence on the immediate help and grace of God. These things are ready prepared for him by the Church. The conscience,

and therefore the moral being, is only half cultivated; it lies dormant. A good-hearted Frenchman, polished, kind, benevolent, generous by nature, is yet, therefore, by a general rule, only half a man. Rough Englishmen have a conscience, a will, a religious opinion, a faith of their own. An Englishman is a man, though not always a very pleasant one. He has a rule of his own, which he believes to be the very best, and he will not swerve from it. He is cold, and grumpy often to moroseness; but he will do his duty if he is convinced. The French are a nation of half-educated though not uninstructed schoolboys, with generous impulses. They do not know how to wait, and are, in a sense, too practical. Full of hope and elasticity, cheerful, contented, and laborious,—I speak of the rural population,—what a fine nation they would be if they only had moral culture: but there can be no real moral culture where the individual conscience is fettered, and private judgment is kept down. No open Bible, therefore no faith; but vague sentiment or blind fanaticism. No faith, and therefore no morality,—no power to sanctify. Dr. Moffat once said to me that he knew of no such admirable Christian men, no such successful missionaries, as the French Protestants in South Africa. They have the Bible, and faith, and power; so had the old Huguenots.

"It is for want of this faith that the French pass from one form of government to the other, through revolutions which have not yet ended. They feel the yoke of the priest, and rebel against tyranny and undue authority: then, having no rule of life and conscience to fall back upon, they cast off all religion and authority, and fall into anarchy. Feeling themselves then worse off than before, they throw themselves once more into the arms of their

blind guides. It will always be so till they receive the Word of God. I asked M. Guizot what, in his opinion, was the cause of the moral, social, and political evils of France; he replied, 'Want of faith. There is no confidence in God, therefore no principle, and men do not trust one another. Nothing can stand, nothing can prosper, without faith.' 'What then,' I asked him, 'do you think the best remedy for these evils?' 'I see but one,' he said; 'the gospel. Preach the Word, and circulate the Holy Scriptures.'

"A Frenchman is first taken and bound up tight in stiff swaddling-clothes, and he never morally or religiously gets out of them,—but he kicks. Why do they not let him have the free use of his legs and wits, and teach him to think and walk for himself? At school he has but little play in small space, at college he is drilled, and goes to his books at the sound of the drum. He is not trusted, and is never free. When he goes home he finds his father as unfit to guide him by example as he is to guide himself. Even in the superior schools and colleges the training is the same. The yoke is galling; a love of resistance is ever lurking, and there is no training for real freedom of thought and action. Yet the perpetual sound of rebellion against authority is to be heard everywhere. Outward freedom comes at last, but the man is as unfit to be free as the poor black man who was yesterday driven to work with the cat, and finds to-day that he may do what he pleases, and go where he likes. English boys learn to take care of *themselves*, and an unruly set they often are. The poor stroll about the streets ashamed of their parents, the better sorts are up to all kinds of mischief, but yet they are alive to a sense of honour and duty among themselves. The poor

are the shame of England; they are less honest and thrifty than the French poor, who are comparatively neat, and have a good deal of self-respect, which replaces, to a certain extent, high principle. Yet even amongst them, though they are freer in heart than those in the upper and middle classes in France, you will find less comprehension of religious truth than in the English poor. Much more is done now than formerly to bring the poor of England to a knowledge of the gospel, but they have not yet been reached as a class, and, on the whole, they are less civilised than the French. But if you step up to the middle and higher classes you at once feel how superior these are, not, indeed, intellectually, but morally and religiously, to the same classes in France. They are also more numerous and far more influential, and are the strength of the country. It is they who fill the churches, and maintain the moral order of the land. If they were to forsake the Scriptures and the good old gospel truth, old England would ere long sink far below the continental nations, for these have advantages which England has not, and the so-called Latin races have a quickness and refinement about them which are wanting in this country. 'Thou standest by faith, be not high-minded, but fear.'

"People talk of English homes as if there were no love of home abroad. They see the cafés open and crowded in *Paris*, and think that nobody in France remains at home, and that there is no family-life. This is a mistake, even in Paris. Very many who frequent Paris cafés are travellers, foreigners, and clerks. In France the climate allows of a man going out more; in spring and summer the whole family turns out together into the streets, the boulevards. In the country, in the woods, you meet them

with the little children, and all will go together to the *guinguette*;[1] thus they often spend the Sabbath-day, without prayer, yet in families. I take the family tie to be fully as strong in France as in England,—nay, a Frenchman loves France and his home and habits so much, that of all men he is the one who finds it most difficult to leave them. Generally, also, the French house is better kept, neater, with more white linen, a larger and more fruitful garden,—and, where there is not a religious spirit, there is less contentment in England than in France, at least in all the rural districts. There is, however, nothing like an English home, where there is plenty, along with grateful hearts.

"The English cottage is sometimes very beautiful, but in many districts the cottages are wretched hovels. So are they frequently in Normandy; but the Norman peasant has plenty of linen, and a thrifty wife who knows how to make good soup, and to make the most of everything. In other parts of France the houses are not roomy in the sense of having *many* rooms, but the rooms are large, with screens, and excellent beds. I remember that when her mother died, I sent my baby Rachel with her wet-nurse into the country to her nurse's home, warning the woman that when she least expected me I should pop in upon her. Just at that time I had heard of a poor French pastor who had lost his child under very painful circumstances. The poor little creature had had the croup, and the nurse wrote describing the infant's pitiable condition. They had sent for the doctor, but he despaired of the child's life, so, as a last remedy, they had hung it up by the heels when it was not yet quite dead! The father took coach and found the child in its coffin! Off I went to see my Rachel: first to

[1] Tea-garden.

Sanlieu by diligence, then on foot to the Commune d'Aligny. I there inquired where La Fontaine du Parc was. 'Oh, up at the top of the mountain!' Where had I sent my child! After climbing for three quarters of an hour, at the end of a barren bit of ground I suddenly came on the house. The nurse was furious with me; but I reminded her of my warning, and she was well paid. At last she calmed down on my remarking how clean and neat the child was, and how well she looked. She ordered her husband to go immediately and catch a fish or two in 'la fontaine,' a splendid bubbling spring close by. I sat down to a plain meal. A violent storm came on, and it was decided that I could not possibly that night regain the town, which, if I remember rightly, was about ten miles off.

"The house consisted of two rooms,—large rooms. In one were five cows, which gave plenty of milk for the family, and brought them in a little income. But what was the family? Not only the nurse and her husband and children, but also the nurse's sister and her husband and children. These occupied the other room, in which I saw, behind curtains and screens, some beds and cribs,—good large beds. My little Rachel had a nice little cradle of her own. Now where was I to sleep? I should have preferred sleeping in the cow-house, as peasants often do in parts of Normandy: but the good folks would not listen to that, and said, 'We will manage.' Being worn out, I retired early, and had a good large bed,—I might say all to myself, were it not for fleas innumerable, which disturbed me now and then. In that room we lay, not a few of us; there was myself and my child, the nurse, her husband, and four children, the nurse's sister, her husband, and six children, two dogs, and two fishes in a bucket of water!

Yet the room was so large and airy that I felt none the worse in the morning for so many fellow-sleepers. I do think I heard some of the poor children complain in the night, and I suspect I had taken their bed. The fishes were intended for my breakfast next morning. This is a specimen of the life which the poor lead in a retired hamlet of France. These were worthy people, but not over devout, for one of the men remarked to me that he did not see why he should not eat beef on Friday, as the ox ate nothing but grass!

"Clough, of the Amazon Mission, told me that he had seen a tree which produces a large nut, out of which comes a living grub which lies for a time on the ground, then creeps into the earth and produces a tree. This seems to me the most wonderful example of the connection between animal and vegetable life,—almost to confusion! I never heard the like before, and so sceptical is my nature that I shall await further proof."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1873–1878.

Enabled to join the English Presbyterian body, resigns his post in connection with the Bible Society, and becomes pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Kingston-on-Thames—Issues a circular on the subject of the distressed French pastors—New iron church opened at Kingston—Letter to his mother on his fifty-fifth birthday—Death of his aunt Cornelia—Her character—Last letter to his mother—His mother's death—Revisits France—Progress of his congregation—Elected Moderator of the London Presbytery—Letters from his widow and his daughter, giving details of his last illness and his deathbed.

"*May* 6*th.*—The Presbyterians have proposed a new formula, which may, perhaps, open for me a door of utterance amongst them, but in all things the Lord shall direct."

"*May* 18.—Preached twice at Kingston-on-Thames."

"*May* 21.—Having been offered work in connection with the Presbyterian Church extension, and feeling that my health does not permit me to look forward to working much longer as a district secretary, I have accepted the proposal, and resigned my post. To have been thus connected with the Bible Society will, at least in my eyes, have been my greatest honour in the Church of Christ, but if I can have more church communion, and be more directly useful to souls, and also to the cause in France, I shall be *plus que dédommagé* for what I lose, and it will be to me more congenial work. During the

last two years I have been often offered titles to different curacies, and if any bishop had come forward and offered to ordain me I might have hesitated to refuse,—although in the present state of the Church of England I might have accepted with fear and trembling. But to remain as I am, a Presbyterian, and to fall naturally in with the English Presbyterian Church, now that I can do so conscientiously, is more agreeable to all my feelings. I am not a high Calvinist, and believe that our good ancestors, in framing some of the clauses of the Westminster Confession, endeavoured to teach and to explain what God has left unrevealed. They were led to that course by their desire to exalt the free grace of God and to overthrow the Pelagianism of Rome. I adhere, with all my heart, generally to the doctrine of the Confession. When two years ago I refused to sign the terms of subscription, Mr. Matheson said to me: 'I wish there were just now twelve such men as you. Perhaps the Synod might be induced to alter the formula.' I do not venture to think that my decision has had any influence in this matter, but I do feel glad that God has given wisdom and moderation to the Synod, and that I can now officially join them. I believe that Presbyterianism, adhering, as it does, so strictly to the written Word, so free from mere traditional teaching, and so firm in upholding the doctrines of grace, is one of the main bulwarks of Protestantism in the world, and the strongest and most consistent opponent of the inroads of Popery."[1]

[1] With reference to the above, Mr. R. Lorimer writes as follows: "Although M. de Boinville was urged to join other denominations, he selected the Presbyterian Church as most nearly conforming to his ideas of what a church ought to be. One difficulty he had in the subscription to the Confession of Faith, . . . but this difficulty was overcome by an

"*June* 23.—How wonderful are God's merciful dealings! I find that unknown to me my kind friends at Blackheath had promised £150 a year for four years, if necessary, to the Church Extension Committee if they employed me in any field of labour,—a touching proof of their affectionate regard for me. That was the sum I expected to receive, but when calling to-day on the convener, I was informed that I am to receive £300—my present salary."

"*September* 9.—Attended as deputation for the Bible Society a meeting at Leominster, where I had not been for more than thirty years. I went next morning to see and to sketch the barn at Little Dilwyn, where first I read St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. There it was I received, when only seventeen, such deep impressions as were to change my career,—impressions lasting as my life. They were indeed based on a new principle of life, and I fully believe at this day that they were the operation of the Holy Spirit. That Epistle, a separate portion, was given to me by the hand of a child who was, no doubt, unconscious of the blessing she conferred."

"*April* 2, 1874.—Issued a circular letter on the subject of distressed French pastors and the duty of relieving them. May God bless this effort! It would give *me* unfeigned happiness if I could still be a blessing to France and to my former colleagues; but may the Lord do it for His own sake and glory! I am sure *something ought to be done.*"[1]

act of wise liberality on the part of the Presbyterian Church of England, which has substituted the signature of a formula by which the signatary signifies his adhesion to the doctrines stated in the Confession of Faith as founded upon the Word of God and agreeable thereto. M. de Boinville was a man of a singularly catholic and charitable spirit, who sought to *persuade* men to receive Jesus as the Saviour. He sought at all times to walk in His footsteps."

[1] See Appendix, p. 381. The Report issued by the Committee of the

Some extracts from the circular above referred to, and statement of its results, will be found in an appendix to this volume, and it is to be hoped that many readers of the Memorial of this devoted man will feel it to be a privilege to assist in maintaining and greatly extending the usefulness of the fund he instituted for relief of what may be truly called the *necessities* of his brethren in the ministry of the Reformed Church of France. No cause lay nearer to the heart of Charles de Boinville; no tribute to his memory could be more appropriate, or more valued by his family, than contributions freely given for its advancement.

We have seen that wherever M. de Boinville might be placed in pastoral charge, though only for a short and uncertain period, as in the days of his connection with the Wesleyan body, he immediately became anxious to secure the permanence of Christian ministrations, and following the example of the wisest of men, built for the Lord a house. Thus, on the 29th of July 1874, just a year after his settlement at Kingston, we find in his journal this entry: "To-day God has permitted me to see the opening of our iron church by the Rev. Dr. Fraser, who preached from these words: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' This is the third place of worship I have been permitted to assist in erecting, and about the twelfth which I have been privileged to open,—four in Normandy, two in the south,

French Pastoral Relief Fund for the past year, after the expression of their deep sympathy with Mrs. de Boinville, pledges its members to "continue with increased energy the good work to which their dear brother had devoted so much thought and prayer." This is indeed desirable, as the dimensions of the fund are very narrow, while the need of the poor French pastors is very great.

four in Lorraine, and one at Le Vésinet, near Paris, many of which are prospering at the present time. 'I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies;' 'Thy praise shall be continually in my mouth.'"

On the 1st of July he writes to his mother from Highdown near Hitchin: "We have been affectionately received by Mr. Pollard at this delightful residence. On a little eminence, and about eight miles off, I see a clump of trees called Ashwell Bush, quite near the place where I was born. When you gave birth to me on this day fifty-five years ago you little knew what afflictions awaited you, nor yet the spiritual blessings which God would send. The years are now a tale that is told, but we are yet living epistles to tell how God has loved us and led us to the Lamb. Well! I keep my birthday with good friends; the dear children here came with flowers and French verses for me, and amongst other things I have got a photograph of the house. At a juvenile meeting the collection for the Bible Society has exceeded that of all preceding years. They have also held a Dorcas meeting, and presently we shall have our Bible meeting in the great barn. The day glides pleasantly away, but my thoughts turn ever and anon to you, to whom I owe so much. Peace be with you in Christ Jesus."

In the autumn of this year he became officially connected with the Evangelical Alliance as assistant-secretary, but not finding his position in relation to it an agreeable one, though continuing cordially to approve the principles of the institution, he resigned the appointment before the close of the following year.

"*Oct.* 27.—Received the painful news of dear Aunt Cornelia's death, which was sudden, on the 25th inst., at 4 A.M."

If to be Christlike is to be a Christian, this noble woman was eminently one. In charity never failing, the life of Cornelia Turner (*née* De Boinville) was indeed an epistle worthy to be known and read. She lived for others, and found her highest happiness in promoting theirs. Love was the motive principle of her life. It was her daily work to cheer and comfort the sorrowful, to relieve the poor, and to help the bowed down to bear their cross with patience and in hope. Her smile was as sunlight, and radiated the love of which it was the expression directly into the hearts of those who looked on her. One to whom she had for many years been as mother, sister, friend, wrote thus of her last days a week after her death: "She lived chiefly by her heart, and so long as she could love and be loved life smiled upon her. Her son, some dear and devoted friends, and myself, we vied with each other as to who should make the most of her, and no day passed without her saying: 'What have I done to be loved and petted as I am?'—to which I invariably answered: 'You reap what you have sown, my best of friends.' She had sown indeed, sweet soul. 'Je ne souffre pas' were the last words she addressed to me,—a holy lie,—but she gently passed from the world without a struggle. Alas! those loving eyes are now closed for ever, silent for ever is the sweet voice. . . . Yes, my dear friend, it is my firm belief that we shall find again —never to part with it —the dear presence, only veiled from us now,—but in the meanwhile what shall I do? I have lost my all in all! So help me God to bear my cross in peace!"

"*Glasgow, March 17th*, 1875.—MY DEAR MOTHER,—Mr. Ruffini's letter is very comforting, and very beautiful. I will keep it safe and bring it back. To rest on the

promises is safety: do not fret about your want of consciousness in the great salvation. It would be well to enjoy perfect peace, but safety and a sense of safety are two distinct things; those may be safest who little think so, and those in greatest danger who cry, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' The disciples were as safe on the rough sea as on the calm, though they did not feel so,—for Jesus was with them. Try to look out of yourself, be willing to give up *your* peace, and take just what Christ gives. He is peace, and gives peace to us in giving Himself."

On the 18th of April in the next year he thus records the death of this beloved mother: "To-day at 10 o'clock we parted from one of the holiest of women and the best of mothers. She had been ailing for two days, but this morning she grew rapidly worse. After expressing the comfort she derived from a prayer offered, she ceased to speak intelligibly, and about two hours afterwards suddenly and quite gently she drew her last breath and departed. She dreaded suffering, she said, because she was not patient. The Lord took her without suffering. Oh what a woman was that! but 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"*June 25th*, 1876.—I scarcely wished, after my blessed and revered mother's decease, to continue my journal: on the one hand, much of the personal interest of life seems to have departed with her, and on the other, I feel as if I had arrived at a stage in my earthly career which calls for a halt; but on mature consideration, and on reading over past records of God's merciful dealings toward me and toward others, which I should probably have forgotten but for my occasionally writing down the chief facts and experi-

ence of my life, I have thought it better for my own sake and for my children's to keep up this record, at least for a time. Since my mother's death the chief events have been the meeting of Synod in Liverpool authorising the London Presbytery to admit me a member of the same, my induction on May 25th, when Dr. Donald Fraser and Dr. Moore officiated, and the happy consummation of the union, at which I was not fortunate enough to be present, having been called to attend our *conseil de famille* in Paris on June 10th.

"I have not been to France since the war, and it was not without considerable emotion that I revisited the scene of former labours, and looked upon the beautiful city,—never more beautiful, though the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville are not yet rebuilt. I called on several friends. The scenes that most impressed me were the sight of one aged and venerable-looking figure walking in the park at Ivry, whom I had not seen for forty-eight years!—the Château Chérincourt, where I spent a quiet Sunday, and where my wife and I joined in worship with M. Strohl and his son. I also went to Le Vésinet, where my heart was filled with the remembrance of sorrow and joy as I wandered alone amongst the old familiar woods and paths. I called on two families, and was glad to find that the good cause is prospering, and that they still have public worship every Lord's Day, and a Sabbath-school. These good people look on me as their father; the visit did me much good, and greatly rejoiced me. On the 16th we recrossed the Channel—I for the 116th time,—and arrived safe at our dear home."

"*July* 23.—Ordained three elders and three deacons, as good men as we could desire to have to fill these offices.

My picture and description of Joan of Arc's cottage is in the *Leisure Hour* for this month."

"*August* 20.—It is now three years since we came here. Though our church is still weak and small, God has blessed us. I feel to be getting old, and hardly up to taking charge of a large church; besides, I have my French work, which I do not wish to give up, and which I could not attend to if I had a wider field. But above all, I feel that if I left Kingston many would be grieved, and I myself might be grieving the Spirit. Nothing but a very clear and decided call would induce me to leave my present dear little church, although perhaps, owing to the fact that the gospel is preached now, I believe, in every church and chapel in the town, I should, if it had been left to my choice, have preferred work of a more missionary character. But here, as everywhere, I endeavour quietly and faithfully to preach to those whom God sends to hear me, and to visit those to whom God sends me as members of my flock, without trespassing on other men's ground. As to other Churches, I wish to take a Christian interest in all. . . . The great problem still is, how to bring the gospel to bear widely on the lower strata, as it does generally on the middle strata, of society."

"*September* 10.—Received tidings of the birth at Yeddo of our first grandchild, Mary Agnes; the Lord bless the child! She was born on July 17."

"*December* 31.—The chief events of this year in my personal history are soon told. The chief one, surely, is the departure of my blessed mother, for the rest and glory above; the remembrance of her is as a savour of life unto life."

"*January* 12, 1877.—The Committee of the French

Pastoral Relief Fund met, and we divided amongst the poor pastors the same sum as last year. At the recent meeting of the London Presbytery, I brought forward a motion for the appointment of a committee to consider and report upon the expediency of forming closer friendly relations between the Presbytery and other foreign Churches within the bounds."

"*May.*—Ill of ague, but have been able to preach till the last Sunday of this month."

"*June.*—Very ill; replaced by excellent supplies. May this be blessed to my people! My sketch of Bersier appears in *Sunday at Home.*"[1]

"*July.*—Somewhat better, but very weak and unable to begin work again. God's will is good, perfect, acceptable. May I be perfectly submissive, yea, and be made happy, peaceful, spiritually joyful! I have reason to be very grateful for news from France,—first from my most sympathising cousin C—, whose piety is edifying and consoling. She is particularly my child in Christ Jesus. She reports well of the work we began at Le Vésinet. Then from Cherbourg M. le pasteur Meyer writes to ask me for copies of my little book of family prayers, which are used by some of the people, and others want to have them for daily use. Then, too, my good friend Label, whom I received into the Church, has become a colporteur, and the most successful one in France. This is, I think, the eighth of my sons who has become a colporteur. In sickness these things revive the spirit."

On the 1st of July he records the fifty-ninth anniversary of his birth, and also that he took his seat on that day

[1] M. le pasteur Bersier, the well-known preacher of the Église de l'Étoile in Paris.

(probably for the last time) as Moderator of the London Presbytery. A brother member, the Rev. Mr. Matheson, writes to me as follows :—"M. de Boinville had only been a member of Presbytery for two years when he was unanimously elected Moderator for the usual term—six months,—an honour which, in a body consisting of a hundred and forty members, conferred on one so recently admitted, and one who made himself so little prominent, very emphatically marked the estimation in which he was held by his brethren. The office entailed a good deal of fatigue, owing to the frequent and protracted meetings of the Court; but up almost to the end of his term of appointment he was able to discharge the duties of the chair. At the last meeting, however, at which he should have presided, another had to take his place; and the Presbytery, apprised of his serious illness, offered united earnest prayer on his behalf."[1]

[1] Mr. Matheson adds, that special prayer continued to be offered at each subsequent meeting for his restoration to health, and that when intimation of his death was made, the Presbytery inserted in their Records the following minute :—

"The Presbytery have heard with much sorrow of the death of the Rev. Charles Chastel de Boinville, their late Moderator, and desire to record their sense of the loss they have sustained by the removal of a brother so beloved, and who during the few years he has been among them has done such good service as is evidenced by the formation of the congregation at Kingston-on-Thames. After many years of abundant and successful labours as a Protestant minister in France, the land of his ancestors, when compelled to return to England, the land of his birth, he threw himself into the work of this Church with much quiet energy and no little self-denial; and now that he rests from his labours, he has left behind him many pleasant memories in the hearts of fellow-labourers and of those who were benefited by his ministry. The Presbytery would express their interest in the flock deprived of the care of a pastor so watchful and Christlike; and they would tender also the assurance of their sympathy with the bereaved and sorrowing family of their lamented brother." This was the expression of the feelings of the Presbytery as a whole; but those who were more

The latest entry in his journal is that he preached in Brighton in the month of September. The last letter written *by his own hand*, which I have seen, is addressed to his brother William, and begins as follows :—

"*July* 9, 1877.—My dear William,—I write because I think it will give you pleasure to see my handwriting. I have been very ill, and thought for a time I was going to leave you all, and that my work was done upon earth. But though I am still very weak, I am getting gradually, very slowly, better, and I can praise God that after feeling almost dead to earthly enjoyments, and hardly able even to pray and be alive to God, I am comparatively alive again ; I could rest on Jesus—that was all. But I felt very much what the Psalmist says : 'I was as a beast before thee.' Now I can pray for you all. . . . Kiss Beatrice and the younger ones for their loving uncle. Mary joins me in love to Amy and all. Peace and love be with you. Do not let yourself get low without hasting to find out the cause. —Your most affectionate brother,

"C. de Boinville."

Later letters there were, which, though not written by his own hand, show that his affection for his friends was unabated, and that his interest was still lively in public questions, especially in the politics of his beloved France. But for the details of his last suffering months on earth we must turn to the following pages, furnished to us by the tender hands of his widow and his daughter :—

intimately acquainted with him, and who had been drawn to him in warm affection because of his single-heartedness and his loveable spirit, felt his departure a real personal loss.—J. M.

"IVEDON COTTAGE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES,
October 1879.

"MY DEAR MR. CONSTABLE,—You ask me to do what I feel quite unequal to in many respects, but still I will try to give you the details you want.

"From the time of his mother's death in April 1876, my dear husband's health seemed to be very delicate. He had been a constant sufferer ever since I had known him, but the last few years he was scarcely ever out of pain, which he bore in the most uncomplaining manner, and was always cheerful and patient.

"At Christmas 1876 we moved into a small house with a nice garden, which had taken dear Charles's fancy very much. It reminded him of France, and he took great pains in having his flowers, of which he was very fond, planted, and in filling the garden with fruit-trees. He even then used to say: 'I like to think that when I am gone, you and the girls will live in this house; it will be a nice home for you.'

"His preaching had become wonderfully spiritual, and I often felt, with a pang, that my darling was not long for this world.

"While he was attending the Synod of '77 in London, the Vicar of Kingston died quite suddenly, and my dear husband, who had the greatest regard for him, attended his funeral. The parish church was crowded, and the procession to the cemetery a very long one, the weather bitterly cold, with a nasty east wind, and my dear Charles came home so poorly that he could not return to the meetings of Synod. We thought he had got a chill, and would, with care, recover, but ague set in, and he got so

bad that at length he had to listen to our entreaties and call in his doctor, who found him dreadfully weak. We left home for a few days, hoping the sea-air would be beneficial, but other and more serious symptoms came on, and we had to return home. Our doctor was called in, and found our dear one dangerously ill. He told me he feared the mischief was of very long standing. He was most truthful in telling me of my darling one's precarious state. To that and to his *kind unceasing* attentions I owe, after God, the few remaining months of a most precious existence.

"By his advice Charles was kept in perfect quiet for four months, and the remedies used were followed by a partial return to health. Great exhaustion still continued, but by October my husband resumed the greater part of his duties, and preached on Sunday morning till February, when he took both services, and continued them with the week-night service and a Bible class up to his last illness.

"He was named Moderator of the London Presbytery for the summer months, and though, from his weakness, it was an effort to attend, yet he keenly felt the honour put upon him, and the love manifested to him by many of his brother ministers, and he considered it a sign of their sympathy for his French labours as he had been but so short a time with them in England.

"During these summer months he was often sorely troubled about the French Pastoral Relief Fund, and used to say to me, 'I wonder if any one will carry it on when I am gone. It is so much wanted.' He had been very anxious to get the Sustentation Fund understood and taken up in France, and had corresponded on that subject,

but his advice was only partially followed, and it was not acted on at the right time.

"During all this time Charles's state of weakness was such that I had to give him nourishment at least four times in the night, and I have often trembled when I saw him get into the pulpit lest he should faint or be unable to proceed with his duties; yet his energy was such that had it not been for his paleness, and had we not known what his sufferings were, we should scarcely have thought him ill.

"In August he was induced to take rest for two Sundays. We spent one with dear friends at Blackheath, when an invitation came to him to replace M. Gonin, the French pastor of Brighton, for two Sundays.

"I was very averse to his going, but he had set his heart on it, and I feared to vex him, as he said to me, 'I think it a duty to do all I can to get strength for the winter. Brighton has done Madame Gonin so much good, it may do the same to me.' We went, and he there grew rapidly worse, and had to return home. He preached three times in French while there, and his sermons did good to many, I was told.

"We returned to Kingston. The first few days at home, and the feeling that he was near his doctor, to whom he was much attached, and in whom he had great confidence, seemed to revive him, and he was able to preach for two Sundays. His last texts were characteristic of the man—Rev. iii. 20; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.[1]

[1] "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For

"On September 15th he was too ill to take his week-night service, but the following day went with me to baptize a child at Hampton Court. This was the last act of his ministry.

"He rapidly grew worse, and our doctor proposed a consultation with another medical man, which I did not think at all necessary; but he urged me, as he thought my absent ones might regret it had not taken place; so I gave way. The next day he came with a well-known physician and told Charles he had brought a friend to see him. In the night dear Charles had got very much better, and both doctors expressed to me a hope that he might once more rally. When alone with his doctor and me, Charles said to him, 'Now mind, I have perfect confidence in your skill, and do not want any further advice.' For a time he seemed to get better, but his strength did not increase, and he used to say to me, 'It is no use saying I am better, I feel getting weaker.' This state continued for a little while, and he was able to come down-stairs once more, but with such fatigue that we had a bedroom prepared for him on the ground-floor. The day he was to take possession of it, I went to help him up as usual, when he suddenly had a fainting-fit. When recovered, he got down-stairs, but seemed very low, and on trying to feel his pulse, I found it failing. I sent at once for the doctor, who fortunately was able to come directly and prescribed for him.

"Dear Charles seemed to be sinking fast, and said to me, 'Mr. —— thinks I am dying; had you not been with me this morning, my darling, I should have died.'

"We telegraphed to his brothers, and they both came

ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

the next morning, but the remedies applied had relieved my dear one, and once again I hoped against hope. Then came seven weeks of long agony, weakness, delirium, and pain. My dear Charles manifested such love to us all, such patience, such faith, such trust in God as are never to be forgotten. It was all peace with him, his constant prayer was for patience to the end. He continually called on God for mercy, for faith. He never doubted. He had often lost the power of expressing his wishes, and could not make us understand him. Yet even then he would repeat texts without a mistake, without a wrong word. He used to 'long for the coming of the Lord Jesus.' The last hymn that he enjoyed hearing, and that he tried to join in, was a great favourite of his—

> 'When I survey the wondrous cross,
> On which the Prince of Glory died.'

"During these last weeks he saw no one, but a few days before his death a dear friend, Mr. Finlay Gibson, came and prayed with him. My dear Charles was very pleased to see him.

"His last Sunday on earth was a very painful one. Our dear friend the Rev. W. Wright of the Bible Society had to come to supply my husband's place, and he also prayed with him. Charles was quite conscious, and thanked him, but he was in too much pain to say anything. His mind was constantly dwelling on the Book of Revelation,—standing by the tree of life, crossing the stream.

"He could not bear me out of his sight, and if I left the room for a moment would have a restless look in the eye till I returned. His nervousness and restlessness were

very great, preventing sleep during his illness and at the last. Opiates were of no avail, and seemed to increase the uneasiness. This had been constant for the last weeks.

"He fell asleep, and his breathing got more and more easy; a gentle sigh, and he awoke in glory.

"There is nothing, dear Mr. Constable, to tell of this long trial to my dear one, and I should like a veil thrown over it all but one thing. It was all peace with him; his faith never wavered. What he had preached to others he practised to the last. He was ever fearful of giving trouble and of dishonouring God. He used to say, 'I am so weary.' Now he rests, and we can only mourn; but I think I may say without murmuring, and with great thankfulness, that for thirty years God gave me such a loving, devoted husband, and to my children such a good and tender father.—Yours ever,

"MARY DE BOINVILLE."

The following extracts are from a letter written by Rachel de Boinville to her absent brothers:—

"Mamma asked me long ago to write you an account of our darling father's last illness. I did begin, but partly for want of time, partly for want of courage, it has never been finished. I might wait long for courage. As time passes and the seasons return all is so sad without that gentle hand to guide and to bless!

"It is now little more than a year since I took my last walk with papa. We went to Norbiton, where he visited first a poor woman of his congregation. Though suffering dreadfully himself, he came to console the sorrowful. Then we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, who had trouble to conceal that they were struck with his altered appearance,

and he must have noticed this, for when he got outside he said, 'I feel so ill, and sometimes I have such dark forebodings of what is going to happen to me.' I begged of him not to think of what might happen, as I was sure it would make him worse. 'You think I ought not? well then I won't,' and in an instant, to avoid giving me pain, he threw off his sadness and began to speak of other things. I could not persuade him to have a cab, so we walked back by a pretty lane, every inch of which I love. I shall never forget that walk, and the pain he went through, as well as the fear of fainting. . . .

"The nights in October were terrible for our poor mother. No watching was too long, or trouble too great; but the torture of seeing one so dear and so good unable to take the food or the rest he so much needed,—unable to find an easy position,—wretched because he kept her awake,—and yet nothing soothed him but the sound of her voice! Sometimes when she dropped to sleep he would raise himself to look at her and say, 'Your poor mamma! she 's so tired.' . . . When the time came for me to go to bed, she sat up and read to him. In the morning she always read him his portion of Scripture, after which he listened to the daily news, and took a keen interest in the French politics till about the end of September. After that he could only listen to a short paragraph, and some days none at all.

"The days were easier to get through than the nights, and one very good reason was that Nina was then able to look after his food and comforts. For months, beginning at five or six in the morning till nine or ten at night, she never ceased attending to him, and during the whole two years of his illness she was his tender and constant nurse.

. . . Nothing that could be done to relieve him was left undone, but the disease increased in spite of skill and care. He suffered with amazing courage; hours were spent in silent prayer, . . . but how can I realise, far less describe, a mind so spiritual, so nearly arrived at that perfection which he now enjoys, *wanting nothing.* His was a holiness which showed itself less in words than in the absence of all irritability or repining, so completely was he resigned to the will of God. For the two whole years he never uttered *one* cross word. When it seemed as if all should yield to his wants, he was more careful for others than for himself. . . . Once when his mind had begun to wander, when sitting close by him, I heard him say, very softly, 'O God, bless me and take care of me. I am a little child.' On a very cold night, when papa had been getting in and out at least every quarter of an hour, I entreated him to remain in bed. 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'I can't stay without complaining.' 'Then do complain,' said I. He replied by one of his loveliest smiles, and remained quiet another hour without complaining.

"On Sunday the 22d December, Mr. Wright preached in our church, and at papa's request came in and prayed. At about five o'clock he had begged to have a Psalm read to him. Mamma was quite unable to do it, so I read the 103d Psalm to the end of the 17th verse. His breathing being very difficult, I asked him if he was tired. 'Yes, *very*,' he said; so I left off, and he saw the book shut for the last time. Nina was also standing by him, and he said, 'God bless you both, my darlings!' Soon after eleven o'clock he said to mamma, 'Mary, my darling, we are standing by the Tree!' These were his last audible words."

APPENDIX.

FRENCH PASTORAL RELIEF FUND.

Owing to the extreme pressure of taxation and the great increase in the price of nearly all the necessaries of life since the Franco-German war, the stipends of the Protestant pastors of the different denominations, very inadequate before, have become altogether insufficient to meet the daily wants of those of them who have families, —a state of things which entails on those who have no private means of their own, cares, privations, and sufferings of a most grievous nature. This applies more especially to those residing in the smaller towns and rural districts, where there are none amongst the poor congregations who are able to assist them.

There are in France, in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, three categories or classes of pastors, all receiving pay from the Government, on condition that there shall be *no fees*. Of the *first* class we need not speak here, because in large towns the congregations generally add a pecuniary supplement to the Government salary, and thus make the pastor's position at least a tolerable one. Pastors of the *second* class have 1900 francs (£76) and a house. Of this class there are about 180. Of the *third* class, residing in rural districts, there are about 300 pastors receiving a salary of 1600 francs (£64) and a house, and having nothing more.

Add to these about eighty ministers of different churches which are independent of the State, or who are employed by the Evangelistic Societies of various denominations financially, but in a similar position, and you have in France about 460 pastors and evangelists who are, many of them, engaged in a painful struggle for their very existence. Not a few of these, almost unknown to the world, are

nobly and faithfully engaged in the Lord's work in the midst of the most anxious family cares.

A little assistance every year to help such would be an inestimable boon, and that is what we now ask from our Christian brethren in Great Britain. The French Protestants themselves wish to better the position of their country pastors, and so far as the Reformed Church is concerned, a Society has been established for this purpose at Marseilles; but its operations, confined to the Reformed Church alone, will necessarily be carried out amidst almost insurmountable difficulties, will be very slow, and for many years will be altogether inadequate to meet the craving wants of those who really need immediate relief.

The amount subscribed during 1875-76, the first year after the institution of the fund, did not quite reach £200; but the committee reported as follows:—

"Small as our funds may appear, and inadequate as they are, no doubt, to meet all the demands made upon us, and the wants of many excellent pastors' families, nevertheless the relief given was such as to call forth expressions of the deepest gratitude. This is *the only Society* which comes to the temporal relief of French pastors in distress. Other Societies assist in the noble work of evangelisation, carried on with admirable devotedness by many whom we would fain relieve if we had the means. But no Society but the French Pastoral Relief Fund comes to the help of those who are suffering from absolute want and penury.

. . . . . .

"Time and space will not allow us to place before you in detail all the cases which have called for relief. The funds we received last year enabled us to come to the help of *fourteen* families, comprising nearly a hundred individuals. Our French friends, who have so kindly assisted us in giving the necessary information, and in transmitting the allotted sums, bear witness to the excellence of this work, as do also the following touching acknowledgments

cited in the Reports issued with reference to the fund during the two earliest years of its existence :—

"'Will you convey to the committee, whose correspondent you are, the expression of my Christian gratitude? After the first movement of thankfulness to God, who directs the hearts of men and inspires them with good thoughts, I wish to assure our brethren in England that the moral good they do to the ministers of Jesus Christ whom they are helping is perhaps still greater than the material.'—This man was rearing a numerous family on a salary of £64 a year.

"'How have you been led to know that we were in need? I have kept our position secret? But, however it may be, you have formed a right opinion, for we have *the greatest need*, and I thank you a thousand times for having thought of us. We have five children, who are all growing up, the youngest being 13½ years of age, and only one earns enough to support himself. When our children were younger they were much less expensive, and then everything was cheaper than it is now. The assistance you have sent us, and which truly falls from Heaven, although it does not entirely remove our difficulties, comes to comfort us, and makes us take heart again.'"

Pastor Berthe, of Troyes, writes: "My dear Brother, —Yesterday I said in my sermon, *The gift freely given makes two persons happy—the giver and the receiver.* But I was not altogether right, for in the good which you have done there are four who participate,—*the giver, yourself, myself, and the pasteur* who receives the aid; you can easily convince yourself of this by reading these lines of ——: 'I beg you to thank our excellent brother, M. de Boinville, who remembers his former colleagues with such truly Christian sympathy, and beg him to thank our English brethren, who do us this service. The Christian heart knows no barriers, and charity crosses every frontier. They have wished, in aiding us, to remove from us certain anxious cares, so that we might feel more independent in our work; and their object has not failed—they do enable

us to labour with greater freedom. Thanks to all *those brethren, and may God bless them!*"

From another correspondent, Dr. Fisch, we have the following extract of a letter addressed to him:—"It is with profound emotion that we have received your brotherly letter, and the unhoped-for assistance which it enclosed. The Lord has seen our distress, and has put it into your heart to assist us; His faithfulness is great, He never abandons His children, He has given us to-day a fresh proof of this. May His name be blessed! Yes, my dear brother, your offering could not have arrived more opportunely; in the midst of our tribulation we were at the end of our resources, and at that moment our Heavenly Father has sent us deliverance. Oh, that this new evidence of His love may teach us ever to repose more surely upon Him, and be more faithful to Him! I cannot thank you, my dear brother, as I would. How can I express the lively gratitude with which our hearts are filled! The pen is unable to trace the sentiments which such sympathy inspires."

Much more might be added, but we think enough has been adduced in proof of the importance of the work in which we are engaged; and here we would again remind our friends *that this is the only Society in England* which aids the temporal wants of the French Pasteurs; the other Societies deal solely with spiritual necessities and evangelistic work, and not with the individual pasteur and his family.

In conclusion, we would heartily commend the Society to the support of all who prize the religious privileges they enjoy in Great Britain, and call to remembrance the words of the Lord Jesus, "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*"

Contributions may be sent to J. POLLARD, Esq., *Highdown, Hitchin, Herts.*

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